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THE ARTS

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OPENING EXHIBITION

The first of the six exhibitions (three of American art and three of French art) to be held at the Whitney Studio Galleries during the winter opens there in January. It will consist of the group of American paintings shown during November at the Durand-Ruel Galleries in Paris and is made up of pictures by the following artists:

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The Editor is always glad to consider articles for publication. Full return postage should accompany each manuscript. THE ARTS can not accept responsibility for material so submitted, but every care will be exercised.



THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED AMBROGIO LORENZETTI
Academy, Siena

THE ARTS

VOLUME V

JANUARY, 1924

NUMBER 1

WITH the January, 1924, number THE ARTS begins its second year under its present ownership and management; and the moment seems appropriate to review briefly what has been attempted during the past year, what has been achieved, and what THE ARTS hopes to accomplish in the year that is just beginning.

While we have received a respectable number of protests against certain phases of contemporary art, which have been discussed and illustrated in THE ARTS, most of the letters sent to us have been very encouraging and have recognized that THE ARTS, far from limiting its enthusiasms to a small circle of contemporary artists, has devoted its energies to keeping before the minds of its readers the idea of the universality of art.

The actual progress of the magazine in subscriptions and circulation has been beyond our hopes. The reception that it has been accorded during the past year proves that the scrupulously uncompromising policy of THE ARTS is appreciated, and that it is recognized as a unique vehicle for the discussion and for the reproduction of the art of all periods. Our readers are now to be found not only in the United States and Europe, but in South America and the Orient.

Our public has also indicated appreciation of the variety in our pages. A selection of a few items, made at random in glancing through the past twelve numbers, at least suggests the range of THE ARTS. Seurat, Eakins, Chinese Art, El Greco, Picasso, Demuth, Piero della Francesca, Romanesque Sculpture, Persian Paintings, Negro Art, Henry Lee McFee, Rembrandt, Daumier, Stravinsky, Schönberg—these names of artists and subjects discussed in THE ARTS, to mention no others, indicate not only the standard maintained, but also the stimulating contrasts involved in presenting our idea of the scope that we should aspire to.

The effort that we have made to cover the field broadly will be continued. In our first issue we stated that our conception of the most important function of the magazine was, "to offer art simply for enjoyment, not for educational purposes, nor for any other ulterior motive, than just for fun. Art gives the most satisfying pleasure in life, and THE ARTS hopes to share its enjoyment with its readers."

A few of our readers are still under the impression that this magazine is primarily a vehicle for modernistic propaganda. The fact is, that we have reproduced more than twice as many examples of ancient art as we have of modern art, and our interest in both is entirely devoid of any purpose to promote a cause of a special kind. To present the vital creative art of all periods, as well as we can, is our only aim.

In stating our position, once more we take occasion to thank our friends for the encouragement generously given to our earliest efforts and to ask for their continued support.

THE ARTS
per F. W.

Allegro marcato de l'Octuor

Flauto *f* ben marcato e secco

Clarinetto in Sol *f* ben marcato e secco

Fagotto *f* ben marcato e secco

Tromba *f* ben marcato e secco

Tromba in Fa *f* ben marcato e secco

Tenore *f* ben marcato e secco

Tromboni *f* ben marcato e secco

Basso *f* ben marcato e secco

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Lyon, 1923

A PAGE OF THE OCTUOR

IGOR STRAVINSKY

SOME IDEAS ABOUT MY OCTUOR

By IGOR STRAVINSKY

ED. NOTE.—Stravinsky's *Octuor* is his latest composition. Free from all the Russian influence that is felt in most of his work, the *Octuor* marks the most advanced point that Stravinsky has attained in music.

The *Octuor* has been presented to the public twice, once at the Paris Opera and recently at the Weiner Concerts.

This article, in which the author expounds ideas on his music in general and on his *Octuor* in particular, was especially written for THE ARTS and is the first article Stravinsky has ever written for publication.

MY *Octuor* is a musical object.

This object has a form and that form is influenced by the musical matter with which it is composed.

The differences of matter determine the differences of form. One does not do the same with marble that one does with wood.

My *Octuor* is made for an ensemble of wind instruments. Wind instruments seem to me to be more apt to render a certain rigidity of the form I had in mind than other instruments—the string instruments, for example, which are less cold and more vague.

The suppleness of the string instruments can lend itself to more subtle nuances and can serve better the individual sensibility of the executant in works built on an "emotive" basis.

My *Octuor* is not an "emotive" work but a musical composition based on objective elements which are sufficient in themselves.

The reasons why I composed this kind of music for an octuor of flute, clarinet, bassoons, trumpets and trombones, are the following: First, because this ensemble forms a complete sonorous scale and consequently furnishes me with a sufficiently rich register; second, because the difference of the volume of these instruments renders more evident the musical architecture. And this is the most important question in all my recent musical compositions.

I have excluded from this work all sorts of nuances, which I have replaced by the play of these volumes.

I have excluded all nuances between the *forte* and the *piano*; I have left only the *forte* and the *piano*.

Therefore the *forte* and the *piano* are in my work only the dynamic limit which determines the function of the volumes in play.

The play of these volumes is one of the two active elements on which I have based the action of my musical text (which is the passive element of the composition), the other element being the movements in their reciprocal connections.

These two elements, which are the object for the musical execution, can only have a meaning if the executant follows strictly the musical text.

My *Octuor*, as I said before, is an object that has its own form. Like all other objects it has weight and occupies a place in space, and like all other objects it will necessarily lose part of its weight and space in time and through time. The loss will be in quantity, but it can not lose in quality as long as its emotive basis has objective properties and as long as this object keeps its "specific weight." One cannot alter the specific weight of an object without destroying the object itself.

The aim I sought in this *Octuor*, which is also the aim I sought with the greatest energy in all my recent works, is to realize a musical composition through means which are emotive in themselves. These emotive means are manifested in the rendition by the heterogeneous play of movements and volumes.

This play of movements and volumes that puts into action the musical text constitutes the impelling force of the composition and determines its form.

A musical composition constructed on that basis could not, indeed, admit the introduction of the element of "interpretation" in its execution without risking the complete loss of its meaning.

To interpret a piece is to realize its portrait, and what I demand is the realization of the piece itself and not of its portrait.

It is a fact that all music suffers, in time, a deformation through its execution; this fact would not be regretted if that deformation were done in a manner that would not be in contradiction to the spirit of the work.

A work created with a spirit in which the emotive basis is the nuance is soon deformed in all directions; it soon becomes amorphous, its future is anarchic and its executants become its interpreters. The nuance is a very uncertain basis for a musical composition because its limitations cannot be, even in particular cases, established in a fixed manner; for nuance is not a musical fact but a desideratum.

On the other hand, a musical composition in which the emotive basis resides not in the nuance but in the very form of the composition will risk little in the hands of its executants.

I have arrived at this conclusion: when the center of gravity finds itself in the form considered as the only emotive subject of the composition, when

the author puts into it such a force of expression that no other force could be added to it (such as the will or personal predilection of the executant) without being superfluous, then the author can be considered as the only interpreter of his musical sensations, and he who is called the interpreter of his compositions would become its executant.

I admit the commercial exploitation of a musical composition, but I do not admit its emotive exploitation. To the author belongs the emotive exploitation of his ideas, the result of which is the composition; to the executant belongs the presentation of that composition in the way designated to him by its own form.

It is not at all with the view of preserving my musical work from deformation that I turn to form as the only emotive basis of a musical composition; deformation is always fatal and inevitable. I turn to form because I do not conceive nor feel the true emotive force except under co-ordinated musical sensations.

These sensations only find their objective and living expression in the form which, so to speak, determines their nature.

To understand, or rather to feel, the nature of these sensations according to that form (which is, as I said, their expression) is the task of the executant.

According to his temperament, the executant will bring out, more or less plainly, the sensations which have created that form. They will establish a sort of bond between the executant and the author through the form of the composition.

In this case the deformation that music will inevitably suffer through time, by the numerous successive manners of execution, will follow its normal path; and this path will be pointed out by the form of the composition. Then the deformation will not be in contradiction to the spirit of the music because its form will be the only guiding point for the executant.

Form, in my music, derives from counterpoint. I consider counterpoint as the only means through which the attention of the composer is concentrated on purely musical questions. Its elements also lend themselves perfectly to an architectural construction.

This sort of music has no other aim than to be sufficient in itself. In general, I consider that music is only able to solve musical problems; and nothing else, neither the literary nor the picturesque, can be in music of any real interest. The play of musical elements is the thing.

I must say that I follow in my art an instinctive logic and that I do not formulate its theory in any other way than *ex post facto*.





PANEL
National Gallery, London

MARGARITONE

MARGARITONE OF AREZZO

By JOHN BLOMSHIELD

ONE of the most meagre and most exasperating of Vasari's "Lives" is that which the old academician has built around the misty person of Margaritone d'Arezzo. Vasari, never too accurate, is sustained in his one significant statement, that the sublime old primitive "died at the age of seventy-seven (near the end of the thirteenth century) afflicted and disgusted that he had lived to see the changes by which all the honors were transferred to new artists." The new artists then were those of the budding Italian Renaissance who were struggling out of the Greek manner toward the greater freedom of naturalism. There is a hint of pathos in this note on an old man who, while still capable of doing fine things, found himself thrust into the past, relegated with his worn-out ideals. Either through the inflexibility of age he was unable to understand the new form of expression, or with a depth of sincerity he felt that the consequence would be destructive to the purpose of art. My admiration for Margaritone induces me to believe that for once in the history of painting an obdurate conservative was right; that he suspected the temporary advantages of the new movement, feared its

direction, and saw beyond the charming Duccio, Giotto and Martini into the horrors of Vasari's own period, even to the ghastly perpetrations of our late queen's academies.

It is reassuring to find that Anatole France accepts Margaritone in this light, as having not a dearth of vision, but too much of it. In *L'Ile des Pingouins* is a description of the old artist, worn with years and labor, visiting the atelier of a young painter recently established in Arezzo. There on an easel, the paint still fresh, was a Madonna which, because of a certain exactitude of proportion and a diabolic melange of lights and shadows, was beginning to assume some of the accident of nature and the fullness of reality. At sight of it the naïve and sublime old artist realized with horror the future of painting. Lowering his head, he covered his eyes. "Que de hontes cette figure me fait sentir," he murmured. "I see the end of Christian art." The vision of the advancing flood of realism sweeping away all that he held fine was too appalling. The great Margaritone died, "suffoqué par ce pressentiment horrible de la Renaissance et de l'école de Bologne."

Margaritone was born in the early part of the thirteenth century while the Christian world, particularly Italy, was charged with the new religious enthusiasm created by St. Francis of Assisi, and his painting is in many ways a result of this first Reformation. Like most of the artists throughout the Renaissance which followed, he was equally able as an architect, a sculptor, or a painter; and there was a time before he finally fell into neglect when he was charged with orders in all three branches of his art, and his work was greatly admired. But as the sixteenth century Ruskin says, the succeeding centuries found his work of interest only "for its antiquity and as possessing merit for a period when art had not acquired the elevation to which it has now obtained." For six hundred years he has been of interest only to the antiquarian, and practically ignored by the artist. The well intentioned pre-Raphaelites discovered him for an all too brief moment; now, however, there are keener critics to uphold the Byzantines, and perhaps Margaritone will come more permanently into a recognized position among the great artists of that period.

There are only a few works from the hand of Margaritone now extant, but they are better authenticated than those of most of his contemporaries. Of the two that I know in England the one in the National Gallery is probably the more important. In Italy, which of course holds the bulk of his work, there are only a handful of moderately small paintings, but no larger frescoes that I have seen which should carry his name. Of these paintings the figure of St. Francis in the *Accademia* of Siena is most typical, and I consider it finer than the same subject in the Vatican, or the excellent things in Arezzo. The Siena panel was my first introduction to Margaritone and for that reason I probably hold a feeling toward it which is aside from a calmly critical one.

What magnificent names the Italian primitives have—Coppo di Marcovaldo, Bonaventura, Cimabue, Margaritone; their intonation seems to carry some of the rich mellowness of the works for which they stand. It is easy to acknowledge that nothing must influence the true critic in the appraisal of a work of art except the bare object itself. But who does not find an added savor in an old wine if it has for a name "Clos du Roi" or "Amon-tillado," or if one loves the sunny district where it was grown and racked? And to know that this curious little San Francesco was painted in one of those *medievale* towns walled in on the crest of an Italian hill, bristling with ridiculous towers like the city of Lorenzetti's "Il Buon Governo," of which

San Gimignano still bears a moving suggestion; to know that it was painted in a century so misty and indistinct that imagination must tell us as much as document, by a naïve old artist whose contemporaries called him "Margaritone" "Margheritone d'Arezzo"; this may not add to the plastic beauty of the panel, but it must add an interest or an intimacy that will breed affection. And here I think the influence is almost legitimate.

There is an earthy quality in the San Francesco at Siena which seems as old as the mortarless arches in Volterra, and it is of Italy alone. Just as in Pisa I imagine I detect a vague something in the moral attitude, the accent and gesture, the tone of "Noi Pisani," which distinguishes them from other Italians, so I mark in all things done on Italian soil a *sève* that is always the same. With the Pisans I like to think this vague quality is an inheritance from their ancient Etruscan civilization in the art of Italy; it is the indigenous quality that runs throughout the history of the peninsula, linking earliest Etruria with the Renaissance. This strain is in their most ancient incinerary urns, giving a new character to influences from Greece and Assyria; it is in the she-wolf of the Capitoline; it is easily detected in the transitional reliefs of the fourth century where one feels a sturdy quality that must come, not from the east, but from the north; finally it is in the Italian primitives resisting the domination of Byzantium. It is asserted faintly, but it is there, and it is an added quality.

Of all the primitives Margaritone expresses most fully the naïveté, vigor and religious fervor of the thirteenth century. It is not confusing art with morals to say that the force of his ascetic simplicity should speak to virtuosity much as San Francesco and Santa Chiara speak to a vapid religion of elaborate forms. All three are great primitives; their expression differs, but the quality of the lesson is the same.

Henry James has said that naïveté in art is like a zero in a number; its value depends upon what is put before it. All of the easily analyzed qualities in painting, in the final appraisal, must be regarded as zeros. Realism, naturalism, abstraction, depth, dynamics, projection—all take their value from what is put before them. The one important factor, the only one that needs finally to be considered, is the spiritual dimension of the artist, his authority, his quality of greatness. Margaritone has none of the brilliant technical dexterity that brings the ready applause of the crowds; he has none of the subtler intellectual equipment which wins the approval of those on the inside. But he has in abundance that



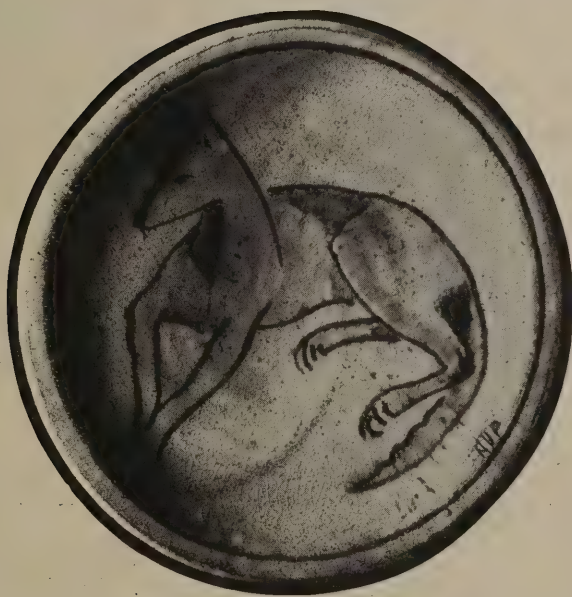
ST. FRANCIS
Arezzo

MARGARITONE

final quality of "plastic deep-feeling" which shows the vanity of mere accomplishment—a quality which it would almost be insulting to call "significant form."

Although he is a contemporary of Cimabuë, I feel that his work is of an earlier period than most of the work attributed to the Florentine artist. He is less "fin de siècle," he does not seem to stand in the transitional stage. Though he lacks their delicacy and lyric temper, he is more elemental and vigorous than either Duccio or Giotto. In my opinion, the word primitive loses much of its meaning when applied to the elaborately developed allegorical frescoes in the lower church at Assisi; it might with

more accuracy be used to describe much of the work of the "great French primitive," Cézanne. There seem to be centuries of sophistication between these magnificent allegories of Giotto and the simple virgins and saints of Margaritone. It would be fatuous to compare his relative value to Cimabuë, Duccio or Giotto; but it is not fatuous to maintain that he says something these men do not say, or states it with an important difference. This being true, it is not irrational to expect that his name should stand among theirs, for more intrinsic reasons than that assigned by the condescending chronicler—as "possessing merit for a period when art had not acquired the elevation to which it has now obtained."



DECORATED POTTERY PLATE
H. VARNUM POOR



DRAWING

H. VARNUM POOR

HENRY VARNUM POOR

By VIRGIL BARKER

A RECENT book on some phases of the technique of painting described the artist's education as the ascent of a ladder. The image is a good one in that it implies the necessity of effort on the part of the artist. The trouble is that so many of those who undertake the ascent are at heart unwilling to put forth effort; what they really want is an elevator.

And such a figure of speech needs the addition that, beyond a certain point, the artist must construct his own ladder as he goes. Until he begins to do it, nothing that means anything can be written about him, because only then does he begin to make plain what manner of man he is.

Varnum Poor has commenced his own section of the ladder. The exhibition of twenty recent paint-

ings afforded an opportunity to take stock of his progress and to reach some understanding of his mentality.

For him the essential thing in a picture is clear construction. In his effort after it he strips away such things as the accidents of contour and the confusion of too many colors. He refuses to be beguiled by that superficial charm of light which more often conceals than reveals; he puts into his pictures only such light as is necessary to the forms. Moreover, the forms which he puts in must be organized for singleness of effect, so that each painting will count as one whole rather than as a collection of details.

The range of palette within which he works is intentionally limited for the sake of starkness. This



STUDY FOR DECORATION
H. VARNUM POOR

is somewhat curious in view of the pleasure he finds in the complicated flamboyancy of Rubens. Though he likes painting that successfully runs the whole gamut of color, he imposes upon himself the severest restraint. The self-knowledge which distinguishes between his admirations and his own capacities is a mark of maturity.

This very self-limitation in the matter of color serves his end of attaining architectural design. It brings into prominence the interplay of planes, and the resulting concentration is quite emphatic.

The emphasis, however, is not mere over-assertion; that is the shallow device of those who manufacture the exhibition machines of a day. The emphatic quality of Varnum Poor's canvases is only the natural and unforced consequence of his effort to eliminate non-essentials.

And here it is, in this business of omitting things, that one approaches the heart of the painter's problem—of any painter, that is, who regards nature objectively and reverently as the primary source of beauty. Varnum Poor's art is the expression of love for things and people. He perceives in some

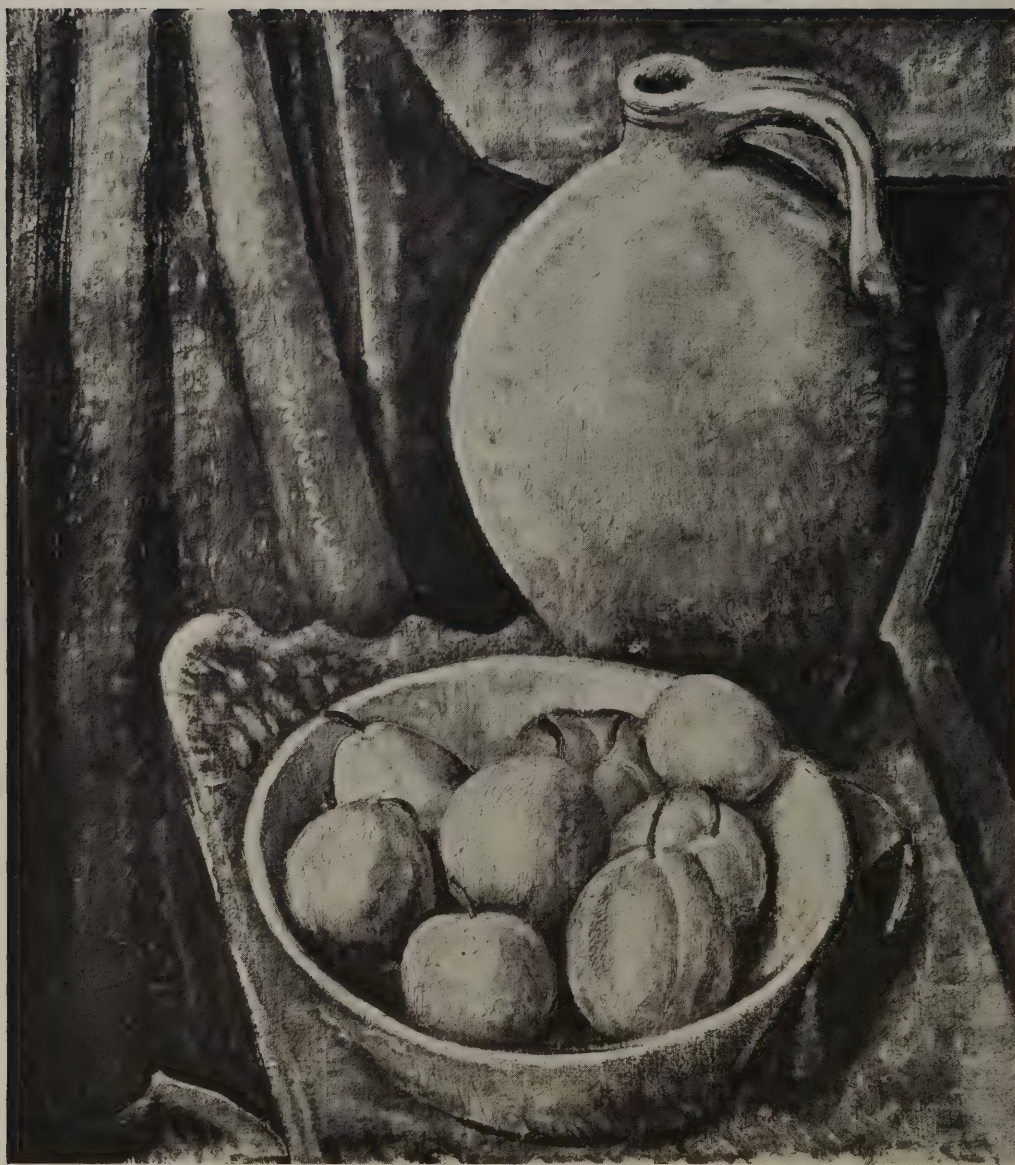
thing or some scene or some person a character which stirs a response in him; he makes his pictures out of those features of the subject which express the character he perceives. What does not help to express this character he omits, and it is this capacity for omission which gives his pictures their strength.

Thus the simplicity which shines out of them is not the naïveté of unthinkingness, but the candor of a man who knows his own mind. These pictures are the works of one who has learned to be natural, who is educated without being sophisticated, who has harmonized his own complex personality and so is thoroughly at home in a most perplexing world.

With such a man it does not much matter where he lives; wherever accident puts him he can find material for his art. But since he seeks in nature contact with spirit, he is more at ease in the country. The city thrusts away the homely, natural things and substitutes for them a life too largely concerned with mechanisms. There are increasing numbers who profess to find æsthetic satisfaction in machinery, who exclaim over an automobile engine and become enraptured over a locomotive. Such things do indeed have the beauty which arises from perfect adaptation to a practical end; but that sort of beauty is a cold and impersonal affair. There is certainly an intellectual pleasure in the contemplation of fitness for function, but such contemplation lacks

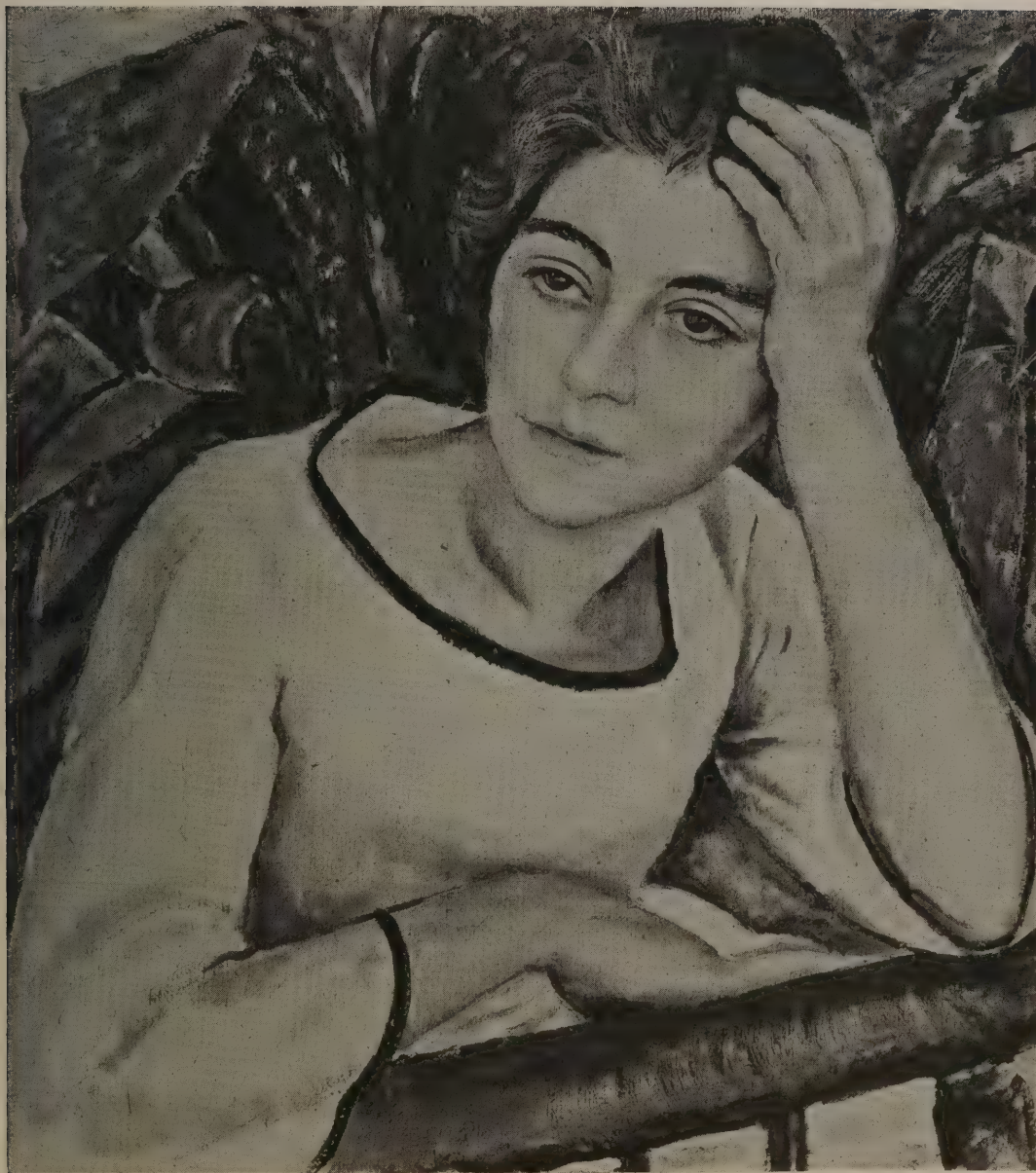


TERRA COTTA GRILL
H. VARNUM POOR



STILL LIFE WITH RED CURTAIN

H. VARNUM POOR



PORTRAIT OF WOMAN

H. VARNUM POOR

the warmth and tenderness of contact with spiritual reality.

Moreover, the city also tends to sterilize the artist by subjecting him to too many influences. All convincing art springs from a definite point of view, and in the present state of the world a definite point of view can be best attained by a sincere and intelligent provincialism. Consequently, Varnum Poor makes his home outside of New York, busy with his "farm," his painting and his pottery.

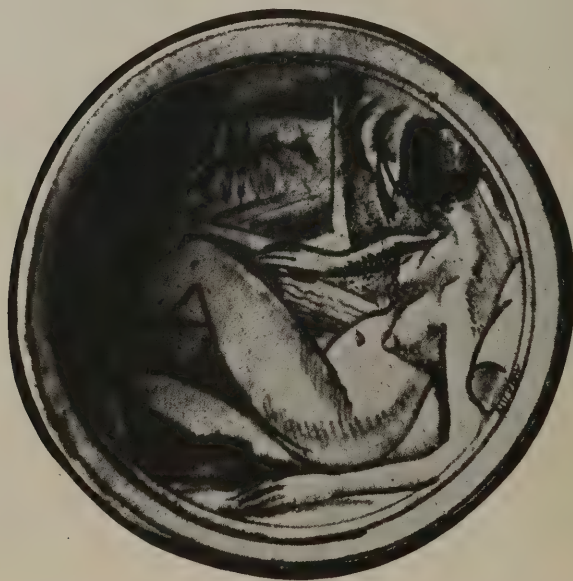
In his pottery no less than in his painting does he give expression to his feeling for form. In this case the form is conditioned by usefulness, and the decorative designs are in turn conditioned by the form. A plate must be useful as a plate, and the design on it should enhance, or at least not obscure, its plate-like-ness.

It seems reasonable to suppose that the lessons which Varnum Poor could not avoid learning in this strictly conditioned craft have been helpful to him in

painting. At least the latest works here illustrated show a gain over the earlier in the quality of concentration, and it is precisely this which would be fostered by the exacting demands of the craft which he practises so successfully.

The advantage of this is beyond computation. The very freedom of the painter of pictures too often proves his undoing. Seemingly at liberty to do anything, he is dangerously liable to attempt everything. Yet no picture can say all that could be said, and where any picture avoids superfluous statements it gives evidence of its painter's intelligence. Varnum Poor knows what to omit because he knows what he wants to say. And what he says is the considered utterance of an entire personality; therefore his art speaks not merely to the eye, but to the mind behind, and rewards attention by its measure of completeness.

The illustrations accompanying this article are used through the courtesy of the Montross Galleries.



DECORATED POTTERY PLATE
H. VARNUM POOR



BARN

H. VARNUM POOR

WILDNESS AND CULTIVATION IN LANDSCAPE

By CHARLES DOWNING LAY

I

IT IS often a surprise to one who has accepted civilization to find that some people seem to consider it a blight on an otherwise fair world. It means to them, I judge, only sorrow to have the rough work of nature smoothed out, the land cultivated and subdued, and man's organizing power manifested everywhere. Do they also wish we had never had a glacier in the North which leveled off a country wilder perhaps than the Rockies and made it what we know? Would they have a wildness that is chaos or a mitigated wildness like a South Sea atoll? All man's works are annoying to them, whether highways or railroads or bridges or towns. They think they would, if they could, be the companion of the Indian in his wandering life; but probably this is a pose, for it can be done, though few of them are willing to make the sacrifice. Instead, they content themselves with fantastic talk. We have had a great deal of this talk which, if not largely sentimental, is worse in its indication of inner desires by people who continue to live a life of ease, and by others who can only be considered monomaniacs.

Thoreau was in no sense uncivilized; one might say rather that he was so thoroughly civilized that he sought the quiet of Walden to avoid the barbarians of Concord, and became a partial recluse in order to have time to consider further civilizing influences. Like all great thinkers he valued the accomplishments of the spirit more highly than the material gain which might come from making lead pencils. His austerity was defensive, like the gray garb which the Quaker assumes to protect him from the world's expectation of frivolity. The serious-minded might even now find some costume which would protect them from such expectations, for they cannot always avoid the society of the fool.

Burroughs was a quiet, bookish man, interested in poetry and delighting in the observations of little things. He, too, was civilized and assumed an air of rusticity as the artist does, because such freedom is more in harmony with his inner state than the precise manner of a spiritually hardened business man.

Roosevelt, the great protagonist of the cult of the wild, was civilized but boyish. He saw perhaps

the last of our frontier and knew the West before the glamor began to fade. His expeditions may be considered the result of scientific curiosity rather than a renouncing of civilization; and his delight in them that of the boy at the prospect of adventure and danger to be met by physical strength, for the boy can never delight in the victories which are won in the domain of the intellect.

These three men have represented for many years in their different ways the romantic longing for a golden age when people were free, gentle, but uncivilized, for youth with its readiness for adventure, for the past and its memories, and for the fixed and determined characteristics of wild nature rather than of urban communities. These dissimilar interests support the popularity of the cult of the wild.

I have no quarrel with these men—some of them I still read with delight, and they were the heroes of my youth. They represent something which is not new, for the investigation of natural phenomena has become common since Aristotle, but different in that it is a popular scientific interest in all the activities of nature.

My quarrel is with their followers, who magnify their apparent wildness, forgetting their real cultivation, and seem to infer from it that all that is wild is good and all that is cultivated is bad.

It is not only that my profession is that of giving a high degree of cultivation to the land, even to the point of art, but also that my chief delight is in landscape which I would wish everywhere to be of the highest beauty and of the most moving quality. It is not possible, and certainly it would not be desirable if it were possible, to give any rules for landscape beauty; but we may well inquire into the causes of the pleasure which it gives us. What can be more natural than to speculate as to the differences in our pleasure and the reason for these differences as we consider different scenes?

Perhaps the greatest æsthetic emotion is that of space perception or, as Berenson calls it, space composition. Next to that surely are the dynamic qualities of the landscape shown in the outlines of its hills, in the courses of its rivers, its shore lines and the shaping of the whole surface. These lines which are the trace of great forces act upon us through empathy and have a kinetic reaction of beauty or the reverse. Color has its effect, of which

little is known, and other features which appeal directly to the sense of touch, such as texture, are through sense perceptions of great moment in the total result. In brief, these are the means by which we perceive beauty and the technique may be studied in any text book on æsthetics. We may dismiss them for the present, for all that it is possible to prove about landscape beauty is that it seems beautiful to me. Few, perhaps, will agree with me, yet that proves nothing, for they may come to do so if I seem to be in general accord with the teaching and feeling of past ages. I cannot separate my judgment from that of the past. It is the result of all that I know of that past and of the present, and I stand for the moment at the apex of a pyramid whose base is the entire artistic endeavor of the past so far as it is known to me. It is, therefore, with no particular egoism that I say what pleases me and what does not, nor have I any apologies to make except for the deficiencies of my education and experience.

II

Modern appreciation of natural landscape is largely due to the romanticism of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The pathetic fallacy that nature smiles or weeps with man served the needs of their sensibilities but is now a thing of the past. It may shock us that the sun should shine when we are weeping, but we know it happens so and forget to weep or forget the sunshine. Following romanticism and its sentimental attitude came a more scientific frame of mind, and we were impressed by the importance of little things and the essential equality of all natural events and features; so that we wondered at the beauty of a snow crystal as at the rainbow and felt pity for the fly caught in the web. The details of a shell, the unfolding fronds of a fern, were thought beautiful and worthy of study. There was next, as it seems to me, a utilitarian virtue given to many things. The pine tree which gives us such useful boards, turpentine, rosin and match sticks when dead, gives shade, protection, and holds in the rich humus below it moisture for our streams, on which depends our ability to make boards and match sticks. The pine tree thus becomes man's chief friend and must be respected, cherished, almost worshipped. It becomes for the lowest reasons a precious thing. These thoughts soon give rise to a sort of abstract veneration for all nature so that any part is of equal importance, and we think for a time rather kindly of the snake and the mosquito. This tended to make us regard natural beauty in the same light—any-

thing that was natural was, therefore, beautiful; but it is at this point that the artist revolts. For, indeed, no beauty exists except as we perceive it; for it is only our thinking so that makes a thing beautiful. It is not a quality of things but a perception, an emotion, of our own. So when people say to me of any object or scene "Is it not beautiful?" I am tempted to ask "Is it? And why?" Probably it is, for most living things have all the kinesthetic, tactile and color qualities necessary to arouse in us under proper conditions an emotion of beauty. But they are not always unfailingly capable of this, for the conditions of their environment, that is, their relation to other things and to us, may change.

Is the pine tree beautiful? It may be in its mountain fastness, with its wind-blown branches reaching for the sky, an appealing object; but that same tree somewhere else might leave us comparatively unmoved however perfect as a specimen.

The artist is critical of natural scenes and objects and other people should be more so; for, as Denman Ross says, the greatest pleasure in life is to be able to recognize the best. What is it then that is best in natural scenery? We may say at the start that there may be several bests, each suiting the peculiar subconscious and intellectual equipment of people equally well trained in seeing.

It is not a question of other emotion such as may be aroused by the force of wind and wave or the dynamic quality of mountains. These, it is true, fill us with awe and we are speechless before them, and may retreat rather than face them.

It is the scene which, by its abiding charm, its power to arouse in us the emotion of beauty and to which we return again and again for refreshment rather than intoxication, which interests us most. It may be that perfection in such a landscape has never yet been reached, except in pictures, and my moderate travels have not brought me to anything which I thought supreme and unparalleled; but I am sure that the acme when found will be cultivated and not wild. I know, though I have never really seen it, what untamed nature looks like in the East. How many of the wild people have seen it? There is little primitive nature left here. When they speak of woods do they mean the woods through which the Indians roamed (and how much did this roaming change their character?) or the woods of today which have been cut over, changed in their silva and show in varying degrees to the observing eye the organizing power and the hand of man? The loveliest scenes which I know have been so altered by man's interference that it seems almost as

if his interference were necessary to produce a beautiful landscape. It is sometimes thought by the romantic that evidences of man's occupation destroy the wildness of a scene and in the degree of his occupancy its beauty, but this can be shown to be a fallacy. Is the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum a blot? Does it not add something to the scene?

A lighthouse is a guide post for trade and speaks of cargoes of hides and oil and canned beef, but does it not enhance the wildness of the rocky wind-swept point on which it stands? And may it not also add to its beauty? Never have there been such ports of beauty as Claude's Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba or Cleopatra at Tarsus.

To come nearer home and take an example of an extreme change: We can easily imagine what Manhattan Island looked like on that day when Hendrick Hudson sailed up the river. Nowhere now can one find less of unspoiled nature, nowhere greater evidences of man's occupation. Yet I think it is more beautiful now than then, for we have made what was once quite commonplace nature, rather flat and low, possibly insipid, into a mountain, with great rocky needles rising from its mass. Seen from Brooklyn or from down the Bay it is one of the loveliest scenes in the world, inspiring to the painter no less than to the lover of landscape. It is thrilling in the flashing storm when thunder crashes, thrilling in the blizzard when the snow swirls round its many peaks and thrilling in the morning light with its high pinnacles lost in mists, but it is fairyland itself at evening when the sparkling lights begin to show and night to come.

We must in some way make people see that it is not the wild trail alone that leads to beauty, but that the dull railway may also carry us there and that it is light and air which show us the objects rather than the objects themselves which give us pleasure.

I have been on successive summers to the Adirondacks and to the White Mountains. The Adirondacks (Placid) are forested to the top. The form of the ground is hidden and one sees only the soft tops of trees. This density of forest growth is repellent—one looks at it and is baffled by its uniformity in color and texture and its lack of detail which the imagination can grasp and hold for a time to enjoy. Undeniably there are fine moments. One finds here as everywhere in hilly country the thrill of blue. We look at the distance and with a start and a gasp of pleased surprise see that it is blue. But the wooded hills are essentially dull. In the White Mountains I know only Chocorua, which rises in bald majesty against the sky. From

whatever distance it has an appeal to the imagination, for its shape seems to mean something and has some interest greater than that of massed tree tops. Squam Lake, from which it is best seen, has a greater charm than a wild mountain lake, for many of the hills surrounding it are bare to their tops. One of them, I remember, rose quite steeply from the water and was dotted with boulders, with small canoe birches and with blueberries; and one could see the clear-cut outline of the hill against the sky and as the light changed the hill itself revealed its subtly moulded form, so that what at first appeared a simply curved surface became full of delicate warpings and changes, stimulating the eye to agreeable movement and suggesting to the imagination infinite possibilities in organization to fit the needs of our subconsciousness, which seems to demand balance, harmony and rhythm.

I have seen recently the valley of the Chenango River, a rich, well-watered farm and dairy country of an appealing delicacy. It has interested me to trace roughly the lines of farms which seem to start at the highroad, run straight back along the river plain and up and over the hills. A cultivated farm might adjoin one which had its wood lot on that side, so that there was a straight, strong line of the woods' edge running over the hill. This might seem to the wild people a blemish but it served to emphasize and make clear the shape of the hill and it gave the eye something to follow and to hold. The pastures here are everywhere dotted with maple trees, with small thorn trees and with shrubs, all of which serve to indicate the size of things by comparison and again to attract the eye.

In a wooded country we could not see the hills nor could we see the stream in its moving, sweeping lines as it passes through the valley.

There is, in a place in Lancaster County, a row of Carolina poplars, tall, spindling trees, set close together and possibly a mile and a half long. The Lincoln Highway cuts through this row at the middle and at right angles. One sees the line of trees and the opening and holds to it from afar and as one passes through it seems a gateway as if one had entered the stockade. It is a thing without any reason that I could discover—just a row of trees. But how important to us who are thrilled by the beauties of landscape, to have that straight, strong line running across our path!

It is difficult to understand why the lover of the wild who preaches conservation for quite mercenary reasons does not like the farm which is so much more productive. Yet artists have always preferred the farm with its square fields, its straight rows of

trees, its changing crops and close-clipped meadows and pastures.

In the forest itself few are happy, and many get there that uncontrollable fear of the great God Pan which we call by his name Panic. I am not unaffected by the dark isles of the pine or hemlock woods, but they are limited in the pleasure they give. I have known fairer places. One a springy spot on a hillside where sugar maples grow, their straight trunks rising high in the air before branching. Beneath, soft, rich and closely grazed turf, boulders, ferns in thick beds, mountain laurel, mossy spots and a view of the far horizon. Below was the rich valley spread like a carpet at our feet and decorated in a pattern never to be exhausted, with farms, fields of grain ripening, meadows cut and uncut and with the hay in cocks, woods, corn-fields, a road leading to the distant orchards and rows of trees, with here and there an elm on the flat bottom. In such a place might one not see Apollo himself?

It is on the seashore that we get closest to untouched nature, for the rocky coast may be what it has been and always will be: but though the sea is destructive it still seems an agency of organization, for it batters down pinnacles eroded by wind and rain, it smoothes and polishes hard rocks. It covers with a delicately modelled surface of sand all within its reach. The rhythmic curves of shore lines, the sweep of its marshes, and its piled hillocks of sand in its dunes, have a certain wildness of wind and wave; but they are essentially organized far beyond the point of the Alps, and even in the Alps the subjection of wildness is under way. It is the last stand of earth against the organizing forces of air and water. It is inspiring, stimulating, perhaps beautiful, though in a limited way. Does not the fact that no great artists have been inspired to paint Alpine scenery show that something is lacking there?

Lakes, of course, are temporary, youthful features, soon to be filled up, created by the accidents of the glacier, volcano or alluvial stream. They are in themselves civilized and only acquire wildness through their surroundings. If their shores be cultivated they become the quiet part of a highly developed and emotionally exciting landscape. They may suffer from drought and they represent life in embryo. They are not yet living but may be at any time.

Tidal waters have more lasting charm than lakes. No drought disturbs them and they can change little in flora, for they are flooded with salt water at every high tide and only those plants which can

endure such flooding grow there. The flowing tides following the inconstant moon give us always the feeling of a living thing.

Our Palisades are beautiful but they are not too wild. They have the smooth Hudson always beside them and their top has been planed off by the glacier. The talus at their foot varies in height but is of an even slope, as if some engineer had built it for railway embankment.

Much of our scenery is essentially dull and can never be made anything else. It is dull in its flatness, in its silva, in all the features which together make a landscape beautiful. It can only be redeemed in small spots by great care in nurturing some and sacrificing other features. For this great feeling for the particular scene is necessary.

Buildings, I think, will never be absent from the view which approaches perfection. The sentiment connected with them is pleasing and not to be neglected. Their color is a relief to eyes wearied by green and their strong forms are a pleasing contrast with the too-soft herbage.

In many parts of the East the fences, the crops and the woodlots seem to be the making of the landscape which without them would be dull.

It is a mistake to believe that interest in primitive living indicates any considerable appreciation of natural beauty. I think the wild-life people delight in the sensual facts of life in the open but care little for what they see. They enjoy the fragrant breezes, the bodily comfort of outdoor dress, and may have some emotional thrill at the sight of dark forests or of wide spaces. A deeper reason for seeking the wild is, I think, that they escape the obligations of intercourse with their fellows and can give full expression to their own feelings and desires, without worry as to what the next man may think of them or of their actions or of what their consciences may whisper.

The wild ones must not be allowed to influence the artist or the people in their attitude toward out of doors, for the point of view of the artist and that of the follower of the wild are in most ways opposite. It is more important that the artist be stimulated than it is to give an outdoor person a chance to trap a beaver. We must not let them use our language and talk of the beauty of natural scenery and the need for its preservation, as if they knew something about it. We must restrain their zeal and attempt to make them distinguish between the merely curious, which delights because it appeals to childishness, or the unique natural feature to be preserved for scientific study because there is no other, and the scene which is capable of further de-

velopment into one of loveliness, charm and beauty.

We have done too little to enhance the great beauties which we have, and must in the future, if a scene is to be preserved for public enjoyment, do something more than let it alone, and have it perhaps grow into forest.

I have often wondered if the loveliest scenes may not be those where man has been civilized longest; but that cannot be if it should be found that the Mayas lived longer in their jungle than the Egyptians on the Nile, for the jungle is ever a thing

of today, always new and always the same. The desert or the temperate land is old and must inevitably show the marks of time and of use.

Would we ever tire of Greece, of Rome, of France or England, with their cultivation, their use, their plain showing of the organizing hand of man? We object to the scars which our intense use inflicts, yet I can believe that an aged railroad bed may have the interest of an old lake bench or of a sand dune, and a quarry in time become a grotto where nymphs may dwell.



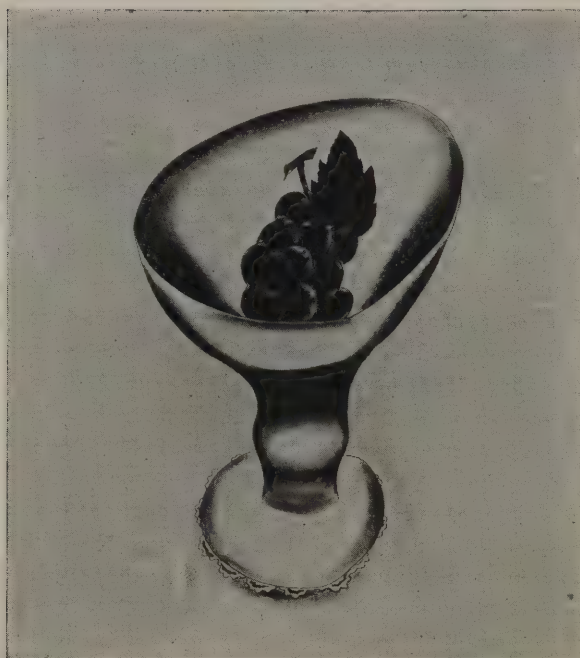
SQUASH (DRAWING)

YASUO KUNIYOSHI



COCK CALLING THE DAWN

YASUO KUNIYOSHI



GRAPES IN WHITE BOWL
(Drawing) YASUO KUNIYOSHI

YASUO KUNIYOSHI

By ALEXANDER BROOK

THE Russians have an expression which, freely translated, says, "God loves three of a kind." With such sponsorship to speed him, Kuniyoshi's third exhibition at the Daniel Galleries (New York) should prove more than a success, since success to a large extent has already been his. They could not be called, in the strictest sense, three of a kind. Each succeeding showing by him disclosed that the reservoir of ideas from which he draws is fuller than ever; his expansion goes on apace. His pictures differ in that from year to year he derives new interest from his immediate surroundings, though the same peculiarly whimsical turn of mind is ever present in them all.

Prior to Kuniyoshi's first exhibition he was scarcely known, but since then he has established himself well in the minds of artists and those concerned with art as a young painter whose work ranks highly with our foremost contemporary men. He is of a timid nature, and encouragement from a discriminating public has opened up more than ever his diverting sense of humor; it has given him stronger assurance and helped develop more quickly his ex-

traordinary talent. Conviction he must have had always, but it does help to be bolstered up by the few whose opinion is honored and whose sympathies are for the artists honestly trying to give expression to their beliefs. Kuniyoshi is upright and straightforward, with no frills attached to his personality.

His paintings are not the kind that one might think would appeal to the droll side of American perceptions, yet they are comic to us for some almost inexplicable reason. Witness the *Two Babies*, the *Captain's Daughter* and the *Two Sisters Frightened by a Whale*. I wonder why we think them funny, for, after all, though his figures are preposterous, they are not particularly mirth-provoking in themselves; nor is his sombre color of the kind customarily associated with pictures bidding for humor. The titles are appropriate and apt and have a deal to do with it; but perhaps what is chiefly accountable for our response to his paintings is that Kuniyoshi himself thinks them funny, so that naturally and immediately we take the cue. If the artist feels his ideas strongly enough we are bound to be impressed; Kuniyoshi is not lacking in this



BATHING BEAUTY

YASUO KUNIYOSHI



SISTERS FRIGHTENED BY WHALE

YASUO KUNIYOSHI

respect. He remains faithful to his standards and for this reason as much as any other his work is always a real pleasure to see.

One of the most delightful characteristics of his painting is the selection of detail and the precise depiction of the component elements. It is not calling too much upon one's imagination to fancy him wandering over the countryside, magnifying glass in hand, scutinizing with a penetrating eye the happenings of the barn-yard, growth of fungi, whales and what not, examining minutely things both great and small. When the proper model is found, microbe, tadpole or cow, as the case may be, one can seem to see him showing great tenderness towards it, tucking it under his arm, then departing to his studio, and there making a careful document to elucidate its color, mentality, habits and shape. One may also distinguish him chuckling over his new discovery. In fact, I have been told by one that sometimes when passing his studio, unbridled laughter was heard to issue forth. Upon closer investigation he was found to be alone. Kuniyoshi was painting.

The drawings of flowers and plants used as illus-

trations in botany books are not more authentically depicted than are those by Kuniyoshi, except that his have the additional advantage of being alive and growing in apparent health and happiness as all good flowers should grow, and defy the predatory Cock Crowing to the Dawn. This truly regal and magnificent bird stands as if guarding the destinies of the flora in a foreground and jauntily asserts that he is master of all he surveys. His haughty mien easily earns him the title of Major Domo of the exhibition, than which there is nothing grander. He is, indeed, pure swank.

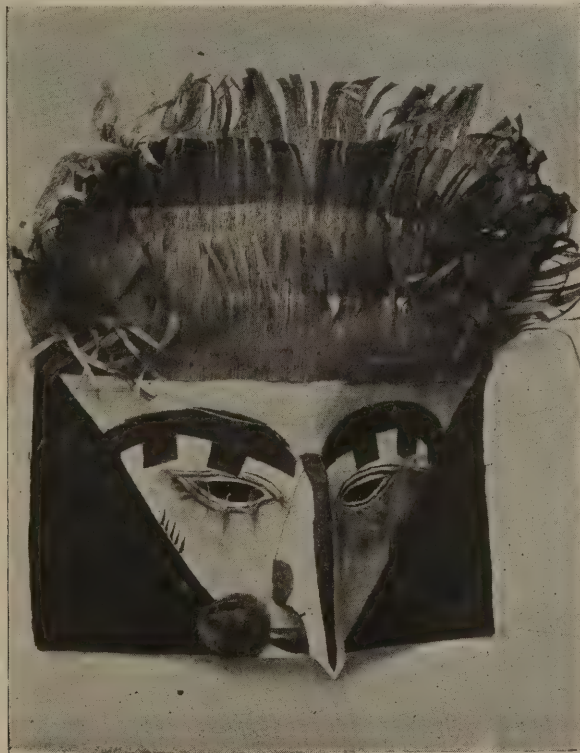
It occurred to me while looking at this cock that Kuniyoshi could acquit himself well of the task of painting royalty, high public functionaries, collar button magnates or any of the ultra pompous who think the sun rises but for them to make a noise about it. A portrait of Mussolini might be the most successful, with Poincaré running a close second. Perhaps Kuniyoshi had an idea of this sort when painting the bird; one can never tell. What actually motivates his thoughts is difficult to ascertain, but no conjecture seems too far-fetched. How we interpret it is, after all, a personal matter. That his

pictures are exceedingly well painted in a most distinguished manner is a fact upon which all will have to agree sooner or later. The majority will, of course, come later; and in the meantime we can only feel deep sorrow towards them for missing the pleasure this capable artist has in his power to give.

As yet half of Kuniyoshi's art has not been mentioned—namely, his drawings. They are not notes casually dashed off or studies in odd moments, but carefully considered pictures requiring the same sustained effort as his paintings. The introduction of color and pencil into his ink drawings is a new departure from those of last year, which were just black and white. He has handled this variation with originality and reserve, merely a tint here and there most tastefully selected. The actual workmanship of them, aside from anything else, is marvelous to behold. So neat and immaculate are they that a wayward atom of otherwise innocuous dust falling upon them would immediately be noticed as a disturbing excrescence. Particularly am I thinking of the Grapes in a White Bowl and the Squash

here shown, the reproduction of which, however, can by no means do full justice to the dazzling white paper and soft grays in the original. Chance plays a very small part in these drawings. One feels that it is not so much a matter of knowing when to stop with Kuniyoshi; it is the understanding of how to begin.

A soft pencil gray appears also without exception in his paintings. There is ever a definite relation between his paintings and drawings which permits the two to hang together without loss to either; rather do they support each other if any support is needed. Kuniyoshi's exhibitions are always bright spots in the art seasons of New York, the present one looming brighter and merrier than ever. Any tribute it is possible to pay to this hard and honest worker should not be stinted. No hushed and serious silence seems to pollute the atmosphere in the galleries, but instead one realizes instinctively that the artist has had a jolly time and proffers it to us. It is gratifying to know that many will accept.



THEATRICAL MASK
NATALIE GONTCHAROVA



STAGE SET FOR "LITURGIE"

NATALIE GONTCHAROVA

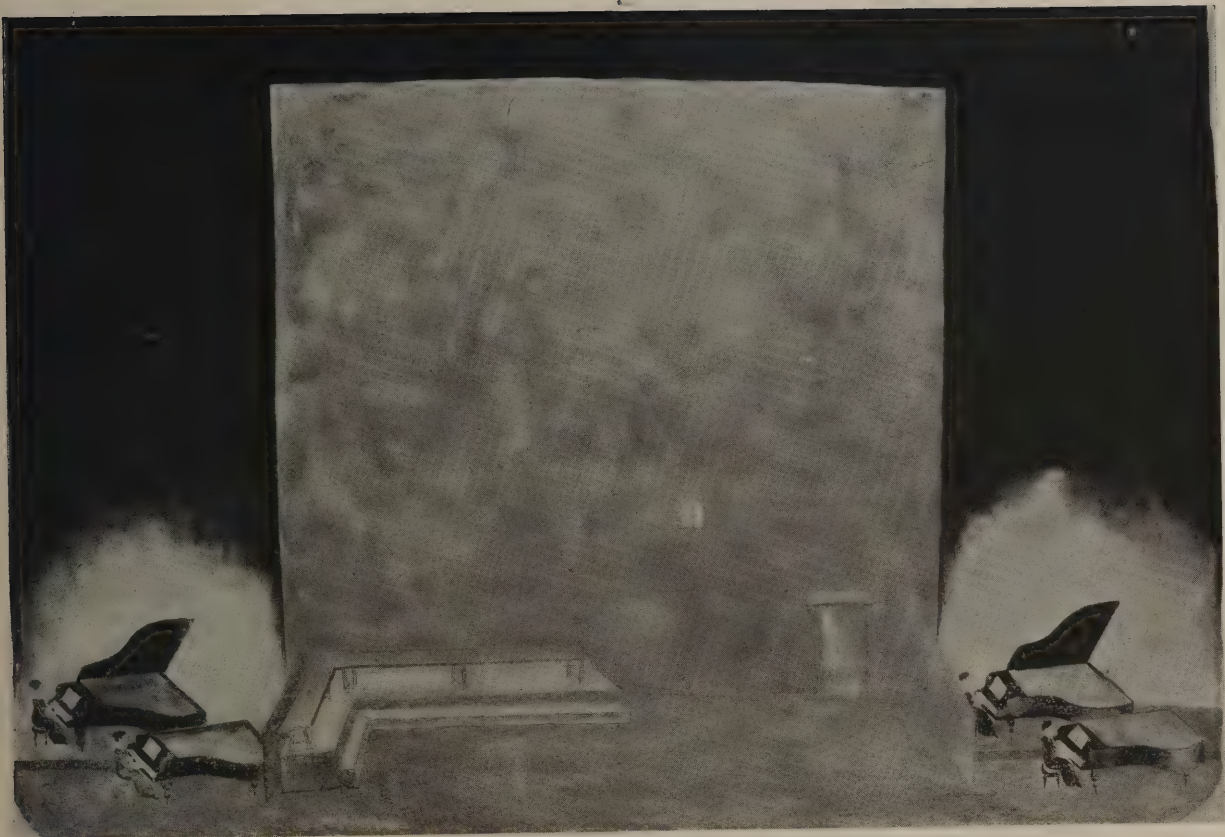
NATALIE GONTCHAROVA AND THE NEW ART DECORATIF

By FLORENCE GILLIAM

IN America the name of Bakst is always associated with the costumes and settings of the Russian Ballet. At the time when the organization visited America, Bakst's tremendous color sense, as displayed in the Oriental splendors of several of the ballets, was sweeping all Occidental countries. His name came to be as much a part of Russian Ballet tradition as did the name of Fokine in choreography and that of Nijinsky in dancing. Those were the days, too, when Rimsky-Korsakoff was the largest contributor of music to the ballet repertoire. And the influences exerted by Bakst's color, Fokine's dance figures, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's music are still not far to seek. Since the Ballet visited America in 1916 it has changed not only in personnel, but in

æsthetic outlook, as any such keenly alive and sensitively artistic organization must change during those years when all the manifestations of art were undergoing the most revolutionary transformations. This is evident in the powerful and creative music of Stravinsky which has come to dominate the repertoire of the Ballet, and in the new choreographies which Massine and more recently Nijinska (the sister of Nijinsky) have created in the light of new theories. But the entire change in the æsthetic viewpoint of the organization is in no respect better summed up than in the designs of Natalie Gontcharova.

Gontcharova was a well known artist in Russia long before she had any connection with the theatre.



STAGE SET FOR "LES NOCES"

NATALIE GONTCHAROVA

And since her association with the Russian Ballet and other theatrical enterprises, she has by no means ceased creative work along other lines. She frequently exhibits new canvases in Europe and America, and has provided elaborate and detailed decoration for the works of several modern poets. In the theatre she has developed new phases in the expression of decorative art, and in the ballet she is particularly concerned with a problem hitherto little considered—that of the relationship between costume and choreography.

Gontcharova was originally a sculptress. In 1892 she gave up sculpture for painting, but it was not until 1905 that she began work in the theatre. In that year she created the *decors* for *The Wedding of Zobeide* by Hoffmannsthal, in the manner of a modern primitive, ignoring then accepted laws of perspective. Her second contribution to the stage was in the Moscow Kamerny Theatre production of Goldoni's *The Fan* in 1913. Even now the creation of costumes by an artist without any imitation of the period in which the action of the play takes place is considered an extreme application of modern theories in the theatre. Ten years ago

Gontcharova did just this for the Kamerny organization, rightly considered at present the most advanced of modern theatres. There was nothing Italian in Gontcharova's costumes for the Goldoni play—if considered separately; the ensemble was intensely Italian. Not only were time and place ignored, but no attempt was made to meet realistic conditions of any kind. The beggar, clad in a canary-colored coat, trousers of orange, and a vest of Veronese green, slapped imaginary dust from these exquisite garments and exclaimed about his rags. It took Gontcharova's most convincing presentation of her artistic creed to persuade the actor playing the part that such conceptions would not make him ridiculous. He came to realize, however, that, selfishly regarded, his acting would never be brought better into relief than by the contrast and interplay of his costume with the background of sky and earth and with the costumes of the women in lavender and black.

In this year of 1913 Gontcharova became the most talked of artist in Russia. Her exposition of hundreds of canvases representing *Light*, presented in several enormous panels, was the subject of ani-

mated discussion. Gontcharova, working in a small atelier, had, with characteristic energy and certainty, painted these great panels in sections, from memory, and had never seen them assembled until they were displayed in the galleries. Those who did not understand the formal elements in these compositions could grasp their more obvious characteristics, and soon people in general were imitating her unique use of color in dress and all sorts of personal ornamentation. Diaghileff ordered from her the designs for *Le Coq d'Or* produced by the Russian Ballet at the Paris Opera in the spring of 1914. This production with its simultaneous effect of music, dance, and *decor*, its complete harmony in music, background, and movement, was epoch-making in the history of the modern theatre. Everywhere *Le Coq d'Or* has been recognized as an important example of a new form combining opera and ballet—the lines sung by chosen singers and the action presented by chosen dancers and mimes. In Europe, the Gontcharova presentation of the Rimsky-Korsakoff dance-opera has been called the introduction of futurist art into theatrical production. The settings were bathed in hot yellows and flame reds. There were castles with tops like chess-pieces, walls decorated with primitive animal drawings and mammoth swirling flowers. The costumes showed a wide range of color, fantasy, and humor. The American presentation at the Metropolitan some years later was done with Pogany settings, Gontcharova being unwilling to work and direct at such long range.

Since then Gontcharova has been the creator of several diverse realizations for the stage. One of the most original of these is called *Liturgie*. It is a church mass representing seven moments in the life of Christ. The music is in the ancient Russian unison style and is not made to accompany the action, but is played during the *entr'actes*. The floor is hollow like a drum and the resonance of the steps forms the rhythmic accompaniment to the dance. The dance figures are governed by the costumes which are made in heavy materials: leather, wood, and metal. Most of the personages clothed in these costumes can make only simple and restricted movements on a single plane, and these constitute the dance. Masks are worn; attitudes and expressions are fixed. The settings are presented in painted wood and wrought metal, one scene in the manner of an ikon screen, another like the interior of an inverted cupola decorated in Byzantine mosaics. Immense forms of Kings and Apostles pass through the little cities represented on the sides of the *decor*. A Christ doll is brought in and worshipped: a mon-

umental carving on a donkey which has asymmetric legs. Combined with the primitiveness of style there is an enormous amount of decorative detail, wrought largely in relief. It is an extraordinary evocation of mediæval ecclesiastic ceremonial and primitive artistic feeling.

Gontcharova's interest in Oriental decorative detail and the preciousness of exquisite craftsmanship finds an affinity in the Spanish scene. For Ravel's music she has created a vision of Sevillian gardens, with great lamps, an assemblage of disjointed surfaces, and towering women in costumes which are original compositions of motifs taken from the shawls, laces, and combs of Spain. In *Esther*, Gontcharova has realized a biblical subject in gold, rose, and black—an exquisite elegance combined with a magnificent solemnity. For the Fairy Tale episodes in *La Belle au Bois Dormant* of Tchaikowsky, produced by the Russian Ballet, she invented the most delightful and exquisitely delicate fantasies, maintaining a unity of treatment throughout the variations of the tales.

Gontcharova's most recent work represents a complete reaction from the glorious colors—the orange, lemon, magenta, blood-red, and rose combinations—and from the rare and complicated ornamentation of much of her earlier work. The presentation of Stravinsky's embodiment of the chants and ceremonials of the Russian peasant wedding in *Les Noces*, the most recent creation of the Russian Ballet, relies upon plastic beauty, upon the interplay of form in undistracting black and white, for its æsthetic quality. Gontcharova's sets consist of great black draperies on three sides with an inner stage at the back concealed during the early scenes by either a gray or a pale blue-gray curtain, the first surface broken by a single tiny window design of black and white squares and the second by two of these same designs. For the last scene of the ceremonial the inner stage is revealed—a mere platform for the wedding families with a wall of plain white wood broken by a doorway leading to the inner chamber in which is visible a painted bed with its heaps of pillows. At the close, a third inner curtain, this time palely decorated in small interwoven designs, descends and shuts out the inner stage first. The costumes are intensely severe combinations of black and white. All this simplification has resulted after years of work on the ideas of *Les Noces*, which has been long in preparation. Gontcharova, the leader of the advance guard in the exploration of all the possibilities of color, has reached to the furthest border, and now turns in the other direction—toward concentration upon pure form.



TORSO (Marble)

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO

NATURE THE POINT OF DEPARTURE

By ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO

EDITOR'S NOTE. *Alexander Archipenko, who states below in unmistakably clear language his æsthetic beliefs, was born in Kieff in 1877. Although still young as artists go, his exceptional energy, as well as the fact that he is a distinguished member of the contemporary movement in art, has won for him an international reputation. Exhibitions of his work have been numerous and have taken place in most of the countries of Europe, as well as in many countries of South America. One more indication of the fact that The United States is becoming the art centre of the world is seen in Mr. Archipenko's removal from Europe to America. He is now settled with his family in New York, where he will practice his art and expects to open a school. Although a few of this artist's works have appeared from time to time in New York exhibitions the forthcoming exhibition of his work, to be held at the Kingore Galleries, New York, beginning January 5th, will be the first time that Americans have had a full opportunity to study the development of an artist so well known by reputation to all students of the more advanced movements of contemporary art.*

THE true artist never considers art merely a copy of nature. In every epoch the great masters sought, each according to his personality, to take from nature only the material needed by them to create works superior to nature. Nature for them was only a point of departure; therefore it is absolutely true that art begins where nature ends.

The change and evolution of art is interminable, the variations of form innumerable. Look at all the styles of the past epochs, Egyptian, Gothic, Chinese, Buddhist, Byzantine, etc. Our epoch alone is miserable from the point of view of style, because the academy, which is incapable of teaching art to its pupils, insists that youth copy stupidly only what the eye sees, without adding that which elevates his soul. Happily there have lately appeared some artists who have given us works that are interesting and contain the precious elements of a style.

For a long time I have been preoccupied with the effort to solve many plastic problems (that is why my works are so varied in form) and I have succeeded in becoming acquainted with the mystery of styles by separating the elements of which they are composed. Line, rhythm, composition, volume,

space, etc. No work of art can be created without understanding those elements which were developed and projected in forming style.

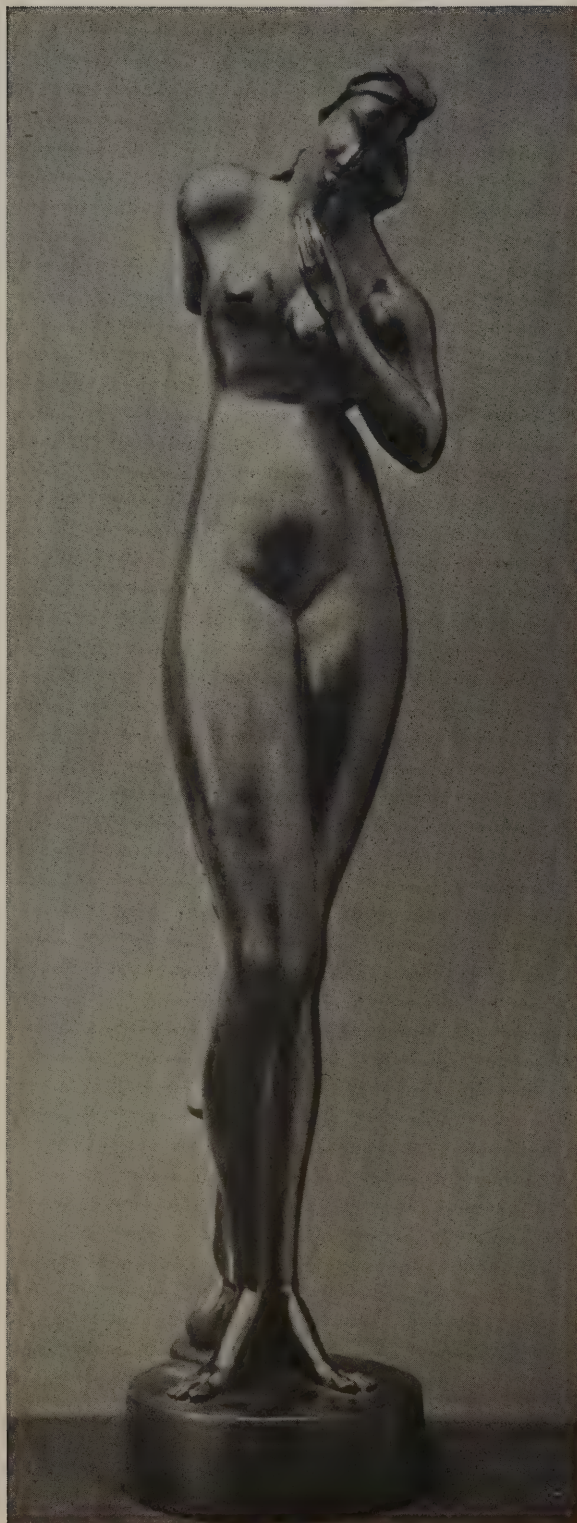
Among the different problems, the problem of uniting color with form is one of the most important. For a long time we have abandoned that art, which was one of the richest. The Greeks, the Gothic artists, and above all the Egyptians united these two aspects of art to perfection.

Beginning in 1912, I made a number of works which I call *Sculpto-peinture* (Sculpture-painting). In these works I united form with color; and in my school at Paris and at Berlin, I also taught my pupils that often we grasp form solely on account of its coloration. I asked myself whether man is not in error in making sculpture in a material to which color is not added—marble, bronze, or what not—when we remember that there does not exist in the world a single object which has not both form and color. Even the liveliest imagination cannot conceive an object without color. Naturally, it would be ridiculous to unite the forms and the colors in the fashion of hair dressers' mannequins, for art is not an imitation of nature. It needs an entirely different conception from the sentimental psychology of our period—it needs a new style.





TORSO (Marble)
ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO
National Gallery, Berlin



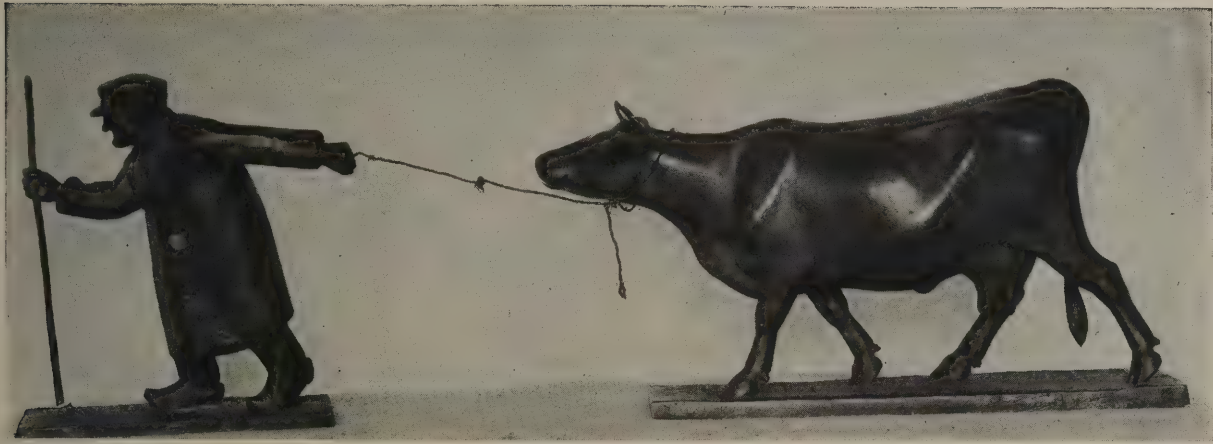
STATUETTE (Bronze)
ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO
Museum, Rotterdam



W O M A N (In Various Metals)
ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO



STATUETTE (Bronze)
ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO



PEASANT AND COW
Milch Galleries

JANE POUPELET

NOTES ON THE EXHIBITIONS

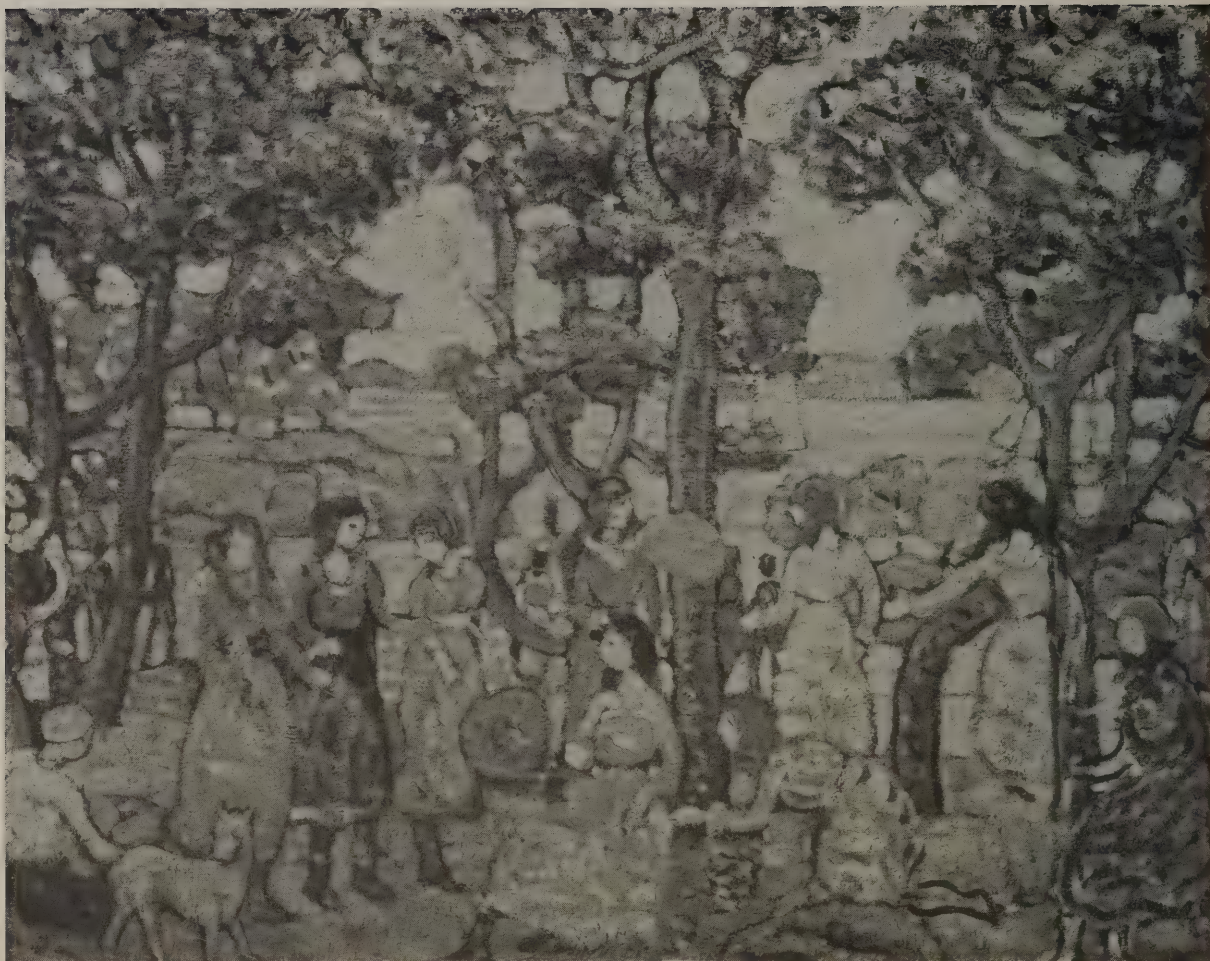
THE ninth exhibition of contemporary American oil paintings now to be seen at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington is not actually reactionary, and on the whole it has maintained a higher technical standard for admission than do the more frequent official exhibitions that are comparable to it in size. With a large proportion of its pictures invited before the jury began to function and with even the one ostensibly radical member of that jury chosen because of the recognition which he has wrested from the established powers of art, it was inevitable that the exhibition itself should be preponderantly conservative.

This is hardly censurable. Conservatism in general, with its academies and its big official exhibitions and its jury system, plays a definite rôle in the contemporary world of art. As was remarked in the exhibition notes last month, "conservatism can be positive and distinguished when it is forceful and intelligent." Even when it is merely mediocre it still serves a purpose in this complex and utopian world. And as for the Corcoran's present exhibition, its conservatism is on a perceptibly higher level than the Winter Academy of this season or than the Pennsylvania Academy of last.

For one thing, about a dozen well-known elderly conservatives do not appear on this occasion. If these omissions are accidental, the exhibition is lucky; if they are designed, the discretion of them deserves admiration. Would that it could have been even more widely applied! For then the show would not have been burdened with such things as

McClure Hamilton's *Cornhuskers*, George Alfred Williams's *Resurrection*, Horatio Walker's *Circe*, and Philip Hale's *Romance*. Objection to these specific pictures need not be extended to include all the works of these men; and certainly objection to them is not made because they are conservative. They are mentioned not because they belong to any particular kind of painting but because they are bad of their kind. In retrospect they appear bad enough to warrant being singled out in a manner of which every conscientious critic desires to be sparing.

Much more positively this exhibition contains a larger number of paintings which are unquestionably both conservative and fine. The outstanding landscape is that by John Sharman; so far from being a hasty report of accidental appearances, such as Sargent's somewhat casual *Artist Sketching*, which was the prize of the Grand Central Galleries' first drawing, Sharman's picture bears the impress of intimate knowledge given beautiful expression. Something of the same thing informs Edward W. Redfield's *The Mill in Winter*. This painter puts into circulation so many variations of so few themes that it becomes difficult to discriminate, but surely this large picture contains the best that Redfield has to give. Commanding an important vista, Cameron Burnside's *Le Toilette* triumphs over its own monotonous color and texture by virtue of its distinguished design. Two paintings of the Munich School brownness, both by I. H. Caliga, give the shock of contrast in these surroundings and serve



LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES

MAURICE PRENDERGAST

Awarded the Third Clark Prize and Corcoran Bronze Medal at the Ninth Exhibition of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington

to show that the average run of conservatism today, in brightening its palette and loading its brushes with pigment, has succeeded only in being different, not necessarily better. In Hawthorne's prize picture the vari-colored handling of the model's head is only a superficial gain; it is not actually more true to reality. Hawthorne does redeem an otherwise empty picture by his interpretation of character, but that is a thing which numbers of his predecessors did even better.

The lack of representation of the radical painters forms the weak spot of this exhibition. Doubtless the majority of them thought it hopeless to try to get past the jury and refused to make the attempt. Thereby they saved themselves considerable trouble and some expense, but they weakened their own case. To have sent and been refused admission would have placed them in a much stronger position.

The ease with which little coteries of radical artists and appreciators are formed in this country is a detriment rather than an advantage. The issue ought to be more directly fought out. The radicals ought to engage in a continuous assault on the official exhibitions; they have little or nothing to lose through no matter how many rejections as such, and a perpetual battle in contemporary painting would at least produce a greater respect for the enemy and for one's self than the stagnant sulkiness of cliques.

At any rate, there is precious little modernism to be seen in the present Corcoran show. Bellows's prize picture, reproduced herewith, is the finest achievement to his credit so far. In Kent's Sunlit Valley can be felt the first coming of man into a wilderness. Two minor examples of the sort of thing towards which the modernists incline are



SUNLIT VALLEY

ROCKWELL KENT

In the Ninth Exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington

Anthony Angarola's *Bench Lizards* and John R. Grabach's *Woman and Wash*. Other painters here represented who are more or less associated with the radical movement are Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, William Glackens and Allen Tucker. The picture by Arthur B. Davies is not compelling enough to be sent to exhibit where modernists have to fight their way into the general understanding. As things are in Washington, it may be safely affirmed that the majority of the visitors to the exhibition will charge up against modernism every instance of raw color and poor drawing, everything that looks messy or distorted or affected or absurd.

Suggestions are easy to make; and in an article where they have been so freely given to the radicals, one may be unoffendingly offered to the Corcoran Gallery. Since its official exhibitions are predominantly and, on the whole, intelligently conservative, could it not some time spare its galleries for a showing of the really good modernists? Let the

Corcoran Gallery simply give such an exhibition space and time in which to be seen, and nothing but good can follow. The public wants to know; it should be given an opportunity to see for itself. The resulting interest will help all art, conservative as well as radical. What the Metropolitan Museum did for the now dead "classics" of the modernist movement can surely be done for the living by the Corcoran Gallery; and in thus giving a sort of unofficial hearing to a thriving and growing group of American painters the Gallery would be fulfilling the intention of its founder just as much as in its official biennials.

MEANWHILE New York has finished the year with a set of exhibitions which, for one reason or another, require recording.

At Brummer's the Lascaux exhibition was followed by a group of paintings and drawing by Max Jacob. In the best sense of the word, they are the work of an amateur; that is why they have more

spirit and charm than most professional performances.

Marie Laurencin piped a shrill treble in competition with Picasso's resonant baritone. One painting by her is reproduced in that best of books on the post-impressionists—Jan Gordon's *Modern French Painters*—and the reproduction awakened anticipations of lovely transparent color. Such anticipations were sadly disappointed at the sight of the opaque original. A high-keyed palette cannot save her work from a general effect of drabness, and the reiteration of its two or three colors is too monotonously saccharine to be endured. It is conceivable that once upon a time Mlle. Laurencin's pictures

had the freshness that occasionally blooms upon those from hands which have had insufficient technical training; but the ten brought over by M. Rosenberg are just dull products of a recipe.

A refreshing contrast in this respect was the room at Weyhe's full of drawings and water colors by Arthur B. Davies. Not all of these were equally delightful, but their creator has never been the victim of a formula; in each and every picture could be felt a new attempt to realize some phase of beauty. Davies is beyond the need of momentary applause for a temporary exhibition; the time approaches when there must be a comprehensive survey of his entire achievement.



THE CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST
New Society, Anderson Galleries

GEORGE BELLOW'S

Childe Hassam is also in some sort already historical, so that his exhibition at the Milch Galleries could be only a paragraph in his story. But what an interesting paragraph! Of course, there were the inevitable wooden figures and the equally inevitable over-large interiors, but there was more. The painter has made a dozen or more efforts to compose his picture in a very difficult long horizontal shape. A row of nudes on a beach was simply a row of figures doing something like a daily dozen; another smaller and uncatalogued version succeeded beautifully through the wave-like rise-and-fall into

which the figures were patterned. Young Pan and the Old Pepperedge Tree gave a pleasure as keen as it was singular—the pleasure of Hassam's robust impressionism modified to express a Davies-like fantasy. Both in this picture and in the still smaller Little Peconic Bay, Hassam worked to a large extent in solid masses of pigment; and this last-named painting is fair game for some buyer who is intelligent enough to prefer a beautiful picture to one which can be instantly spotted by superficial mannerisms as being what is called "characteristic."

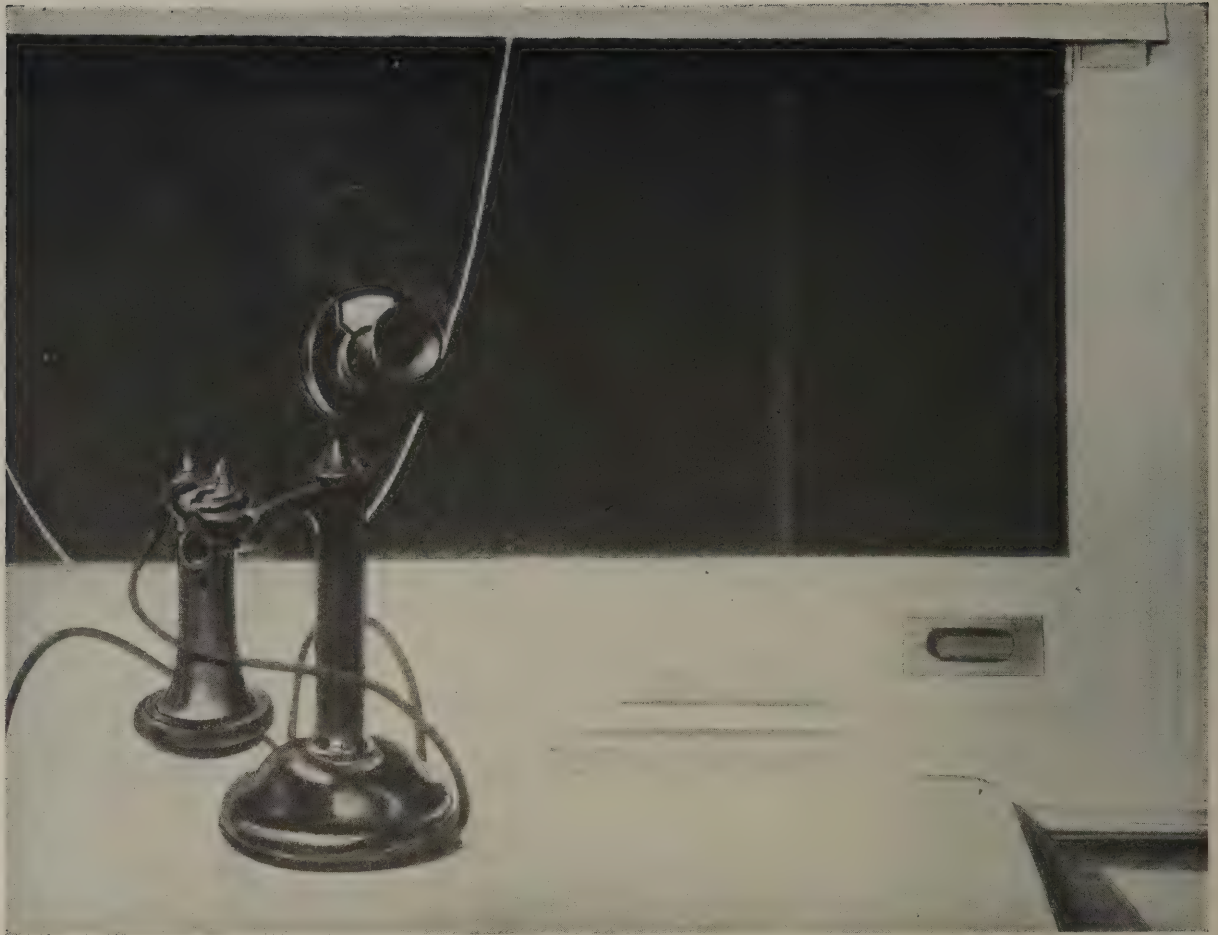
VIRGIL BARKER.



EMMA AND HER CHILDREN

GEORGE BELLOW S

Awarded the First Clark Prize and Corcoran Gold Medal at the Ninth Exhibition of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington



STILL LIFE
Whitney Studio Galleries

CHARLES SHEELER

OPENING THE NEW YEAR

By FORBES WATSON

DURING the holidays there is always a pause in the season's activities and then, catching its breath again, the exhibition pace quickens, so that from now until late spring an increasing number of events will compete for the public's attention. A day or two before the January ARTS appears The New Society will celebrate at the Anderson Gallery in New York its fifth anniversary with what one of its members calls the best exhibition that this precociously august body of artists has ever held.

A Crucifixion by George Bellows (page 40) is the particular painting that without question is destined to be the most discussed canvas in the

exhibition, for even through the medium of a black and white reproduction, it can be seen that Mr. Bellows is not afraid to challenge comparisons that are irresistible. How successfully the original itself meets the challenges that in reproduction it appears to make, cannot be surmised until the canvas is seen. So far I only prophesy discussion.

Among the pictures most liked by the artists at last year's exhibition of The New Society were several by Maurice Sterne. Two of the paintings by the same artist which he has sent to this year's exhibition are *Child's Head* (page 43) and *Bread Makers* (page 54).

For some time Mr. Sterne has been living in



CHILD'S HEAD
New Society, Anderson Galleries

MAURICE STERNE



FANNY BRICE
Montross Galleries

ALLEN TUCKER

Italy, where he has been successful both as a painter and a teacher. Addicted, one might almost say, to a reverent study of the early Italians the work that he is now showing reflects both his addiction and considerable reverence.

Mr. Sterne in person does not appear particularly humble and yet in his painting I find a certain humility. He has the humility of the first-class workman, of the man, who, having a job to do, is at least able to forget himself in the job. Humility to this extent is discoverable in the paintings that represent his development since his Italian residence, together with a highly eclectic professionalism.

Another painter whose success last year in the Society's exhibition is likely to be repeated this year is Eugene Speicher, an artist, who, like Mr. Sterne, takes pleasure in good workmanship. I should

have reproduced Mr. Speicher's paintings also except for the fact that in the immediate future *THE ARTS* will devote a special article to his work.

The New Society is rapidly taking the place which The National Academy once occupied and has come into existence largely owing to the fact that the older institution turned its back on progress. Enough Academicians, however, were found willing to give a hearing to the younger men and out of this feeling the new club came into being. It contains among its members by far the best of the Academicians and a sprinkling, too small a sprinkling, of younger spirits.

The life of such a society depends entirely on how frequently it takes in new blood, but the sure sign of the moribund is when societies, clubs, or associations, call them what you like, start to give prizes



THE LEADING LADY
Montross Galleries

ALLEN TUCKER



VAUDEVILLE
Whitney Studio Galleries

CHARLES DEMUTH

and from this stage of debility The New Society is a long way removed.

Walt Kuhn and Allen Tucker

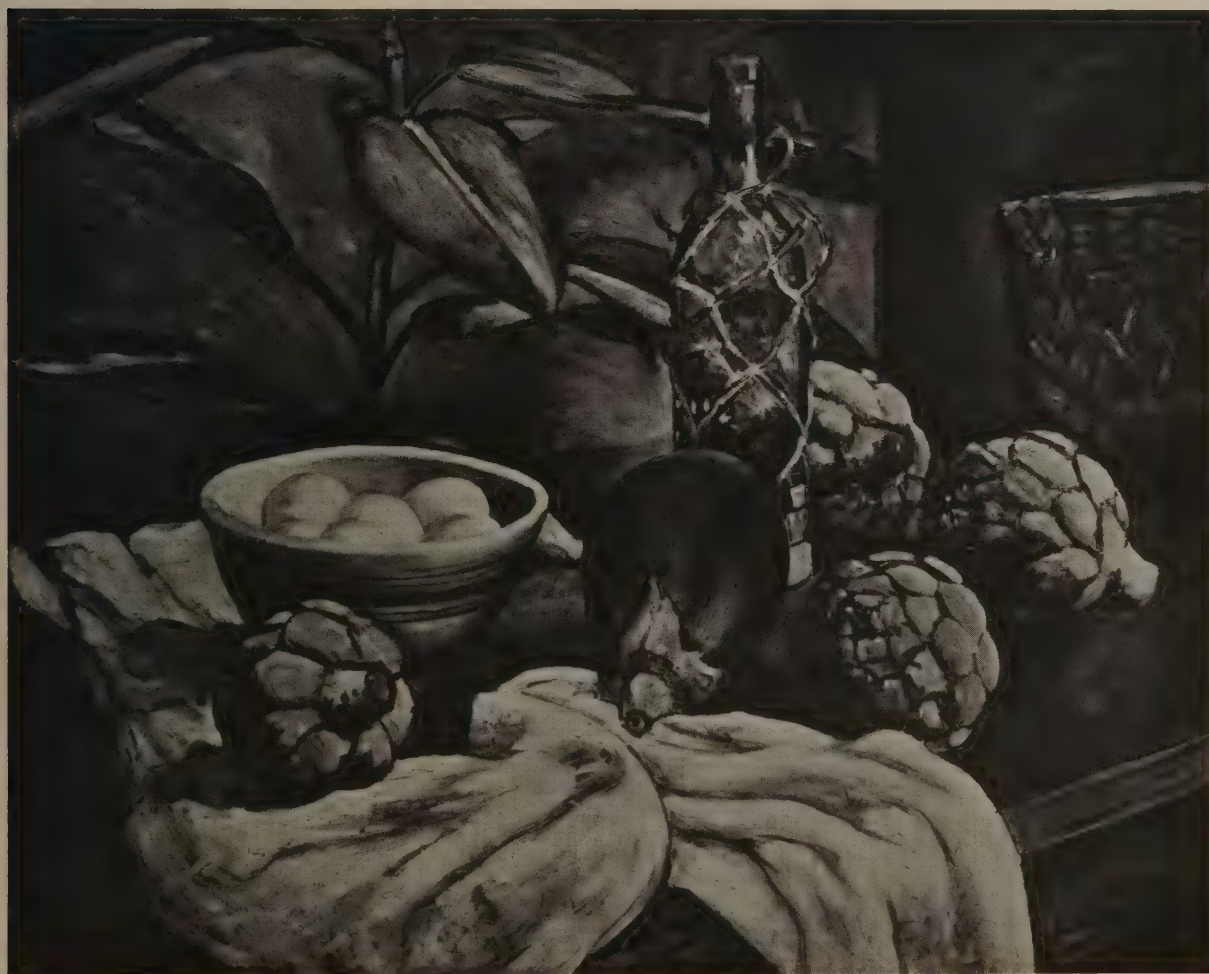
Among our reproductions from exhibitions that open this month are Fanny Brice (page 44) and The Leading Lady (page 45) by Allen Tucker, as well as Head (page 48) and Landscape (page 49) by Walt Kuhn. Both artists will hold individual exhibitions at the Montross Galleries, New York, beginning in the first week of January.

Both Mr. Tucker and Mr. Kuhn have advanced steadily toward unalloyed independence. Here the comparison ceases, for the first prerequisite of independence is the courage to be oneself and each has that courage.

Walt Kuhn has always been in the thick of the battle, for his is a masculine spirit with nothing

plaintive or appealing about him. He touches life at many angles, looking at it with a vigorous and a humorous eye. This gives to his art its many facets, its denial of artiness, its quaintness and humor. An independent of the independents, he does not lean on organized support but goes out, a single battler, to win his own battles in his own way. This may be why there is always a wayward humorous turn in his expression as a painter, because he doesn't take himself too seriously, himself as distinguished from his art, which he takes with entire seriousness.

The development of Allen Tucker's art has been particularly inspiring to watch because he has never lost sight of his own goal as an artist, never deviated to win the plaudits of one group or another. He loves light, pattern, pure color. Let the whole world hate all three. Allen Tucker could not



STILL LIFE

Whitney Studio Galleries

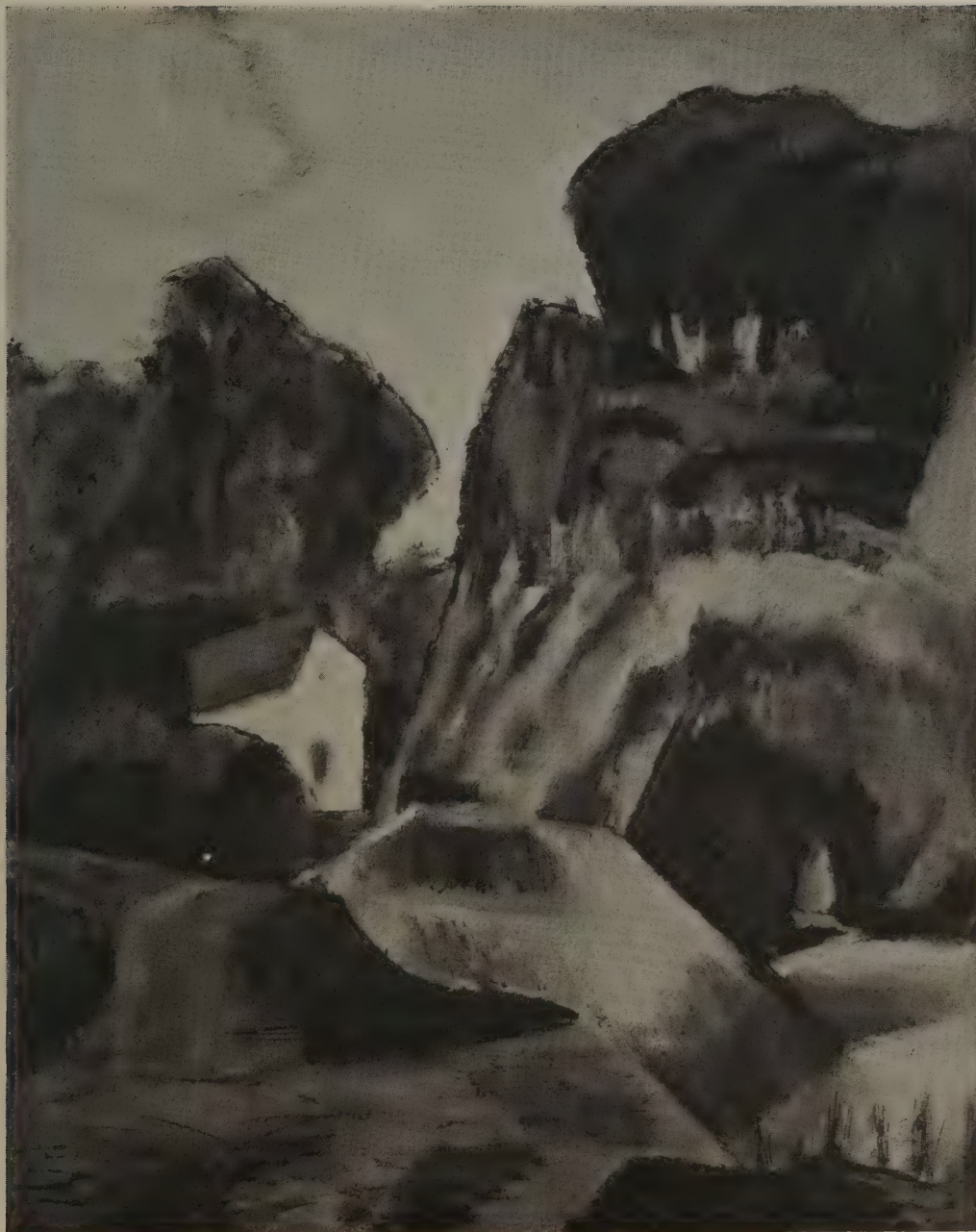
H. E. SCHNAKENBERG

Photograph by Charles Sheeler



HEAD
Montross Galleries

WALT KUHN



LANDSCAPE
Montross Galleries

WALT KUHN



DANCER

New Gallery

JULES PASCIN

change and would not, and out of this purest integrity has bloomed the flower of his art. His recurrent exhibitions are attracting more and more people susceptible to that high quality of originality born only out of the clearest artistic honesty.

I recommend strongly the exhibitions of Messrs. Kuhn and Tucker.

The Whitney Studio Galleries

By no means the least interesting of the January exhibitions will open late in the month at The Whitney Studio Galleries, New York, and will be composed of the pictures which were exhibited last November at the Durand-Ruel Galleries in Paris. This group includes seven painters: Charles Demuth, Walt Kuhn, H. E. Schnakenberg, Charles Sheeler, Eugene Speicher, Allen Tucker and Nan Watson. And it would be hard to find greater di-

versity in the same number of artists. None of them has anything in common with the others.

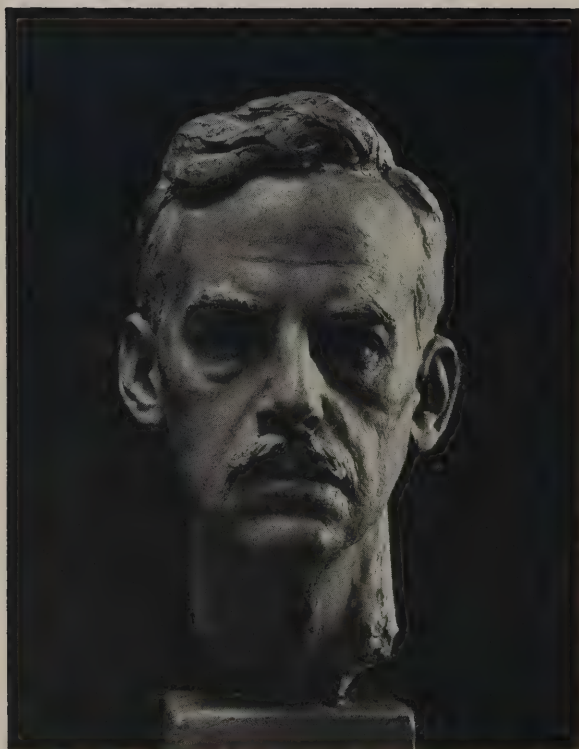
At the beginning of this article is an illustration of Mr. Sheeler's portrait of a telephone. There is something so exceedingly contemporary about a telephone and something so resolutely inartistic that it is surprising Marcel Duchamp did not paint a portrait of a telephone descending a wire. However, he didn't as far as I know. He left the telephone as virgin soil for Sheeler to explore. Mr. Sheeler, besides being one of the best photograph-makers, is a draftsman of an extremely ascetic type. He draws in black and white and in color and rarely uses oil paint, a medium in which he is not practiced and which he does not like.

Coming upon the telephone, to judge by this single representation of it, he was divided between a desire to draw it and the desire to photograph it.



STILL LIFE
Whitney Studio Galleries

NAN WATSON
Photograph by Charles Sheeler



EUGENE O'NEILL, DRAMATIST
EDMUND QUINN
New Society, Anderson Galleries

Still Mr. Sheeler has certainly tackled a new subject and one cannot think of anyone except Marcel Duchamp, who would have tried it. This picture marks, I believe, the entrance into serious art of the telephone. However, with wireless coming on so rapidly telephones may soon become antiques and be sold by interior decorators as early American gutta percha. Then Mr. Sheeler's portrayal of the telephone may be classed as a vastly valuable historical document.

Very far removed from Mr. Sheeler's stern telephone receiver is the Vaudeville by Charles Demuth (page 46), one of a series of pictures of similar subjects which helped to give Mr. Demuth his present well-deserved fame.

I have already spoken of Walt Kuhn, Allen Tucker and Eugene Speicher, all of whom are represented at The Whitney Studio Galleries.

On page 47 may be seen a reproduction of a Still Life by H. E. Schnakenberg, sound, solid and serious. Like all of the other members of the group Mr. Schnakenberg is represented by several paintings that have been extremely well chosen. The group is completed by Nan Watson (Still Life, page 51)

EXHIBITION CALENDAR FOR JANUARY

ACKERMAN, 10 East 46th Street: Etchings by Hedley Fitton.

AINSLIE, 677 Fifth Avenue: Portraits by Learned, January 1-15; Garden Pictures by Abbott Grades, January 15-30.

ANDERSON, Park Avenue and 59th Street: Works by Members of The New Society.

ART CENTER, 65 East 56th Street: Works by the Children of Vienna, to January 20; Paintings by English Illustrators and Works by Pupils of the Metropolitan Art School, January 3-15; Miniatures by Eulabee Dix Becker, January 5-18; Exhibition of the Guild of Bookworkers, January 14-19; Paintings by American Illustrators and Decorative Car Cards and Posterettes by A. Broun, January 15-30.

BABCOCK, 19 East 49th Street: Western Paintings by William R. Leigh.

BELMAISON, Wanamaker's: Paintings by Modern Americans.

BOURGEOIS, 693 Fifth Avenue: Modern Paintings.

CARRINGTON, 707 Fifth Avenue: Lithographs by C. H. Shannon and Woodcuts by Albert Durer.

DANIEL, 2 West 47th Street: Paintings and Drawings by Yasuo Kuniyoshi.

DUDENSING, 45 West 44th Street: Paintings by Clarence Johnson, January 7-19; Paintings by Ramon and Valentin de Zubiarre, January 14-31.

DURAND-RUEL, 12 East 57th Street: Paintings by Renoir.

EHRICH, 707 Fifth Avenue: The American Society of Miniature Painters and a Panelled Room painted on Gesso by Frances Burr.

FEARON, 25 West 54th Street: Recent Sculpture by Jo Davidson.

FINE ARTS BUILDING, 215 West 57th Street: The New York Water Color Club and the American Water Color Society, to January 15.

GRAND CENTRAL, Grand Central Terminal: Memorial Exhibition of Paintings by the late Max Bohm.

KENNEDY, 693 Fifth Avenue: Etchings by D. Y. Cameron, Muirhead Bone and James McBey.

KEPPEL, 4 East 39th Street: Etchings by Arthur W. Heintzelman, January 15-31.

KINGORE, 668 Fifth Avenue: Sculpture by Alexander Archipenko.

KNOEDLER, 556 Fifth Avenue: Portraits and Flower Pieces by Mrs. Henry Mottet.

LEVY, 559 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Bonamici, January 15-29.

MACBETH, 450 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Robert Henri and Grace Ravlin. January 1-21; Fourteenth Annual Exhibition of Thirty Paintings by Thirty Artists, January 22 to February 11.

MILCH, 108 West 57th Street: Works by the Aquarellists, January 1-12; Paintings by Eugene Ullman, January 14-26.

MONTROSS, 550 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Allen Tucker, January 3-24; Selected Works by Walt Kuhn, January 5-26.

NEW, 600 Madison Avenue: Latest Work by Utrillo, Pascin, and other European Artists, January 3-24.

RALSTON, 4 East 46th Street: English Eighteenth-Century Portraits and Landscapes by the Barbizon Painters.

REHN, 693 Fifth Avenue: Paintings of Golf Subjects by Childe Hassam, January 1-15; Paintings by George Bellows, January 15-31.

STERNER (MRS.), 22 West 49th Street: Oils and Water Colors by Henry G. Keller.

WEYHE, 710 Lexington Avenue: The Dial Exhibition of Originals and Reproductions of Works by Modern Artists.

WHITNEY STUDIO GALLERIES, 8 West 8th Street: Paintings by Charles Demuth, Walt Kuhn, H. E. Schnakenberg, Charles Sheeler, Eugene Speicher, Allen Tucker and Nan Watson.

WILDENSTEIN, 647 Fifth Avenue: Portraits by Mrs. Leslie Cotton, January 7-17; Recent Paintings by Bracque.

YOUNG, 620 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Birge Harrison.

Important Art Books Recently Published

Note: The following books have been chosen from the new publications as being likely to interest readers of THE ARTS. Some of them have been reviewed in recent issues; some are reviewed in this issue, and others will be reviewed later. Any book here listed may be obtained through the office of THE ARTS at the prices noted (carriage charges extra).

PAUL CEZANNE: HIS LIFE AND ART, BY AMBROISE VOLARD (TRANSLATED BY H. L. VAN DOREN): NEW YORK, N. L. BROWN, 1923. (\$3.00.)

MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS, BY JAN GORDON: NEW YORK, IMPORTED BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, 1923. (\$7.50.)

CHINESE PAINTING AS REFLECTED IN THE THOUGHT AND ART OF LI LUNG-MIEN, BY AGNES MEYER: NEW YORK, DUFFIELD & COMPANY, 1923. (REGULAR EDITION, \$10.00; *De Luxe* EDITION, \$100.00.)

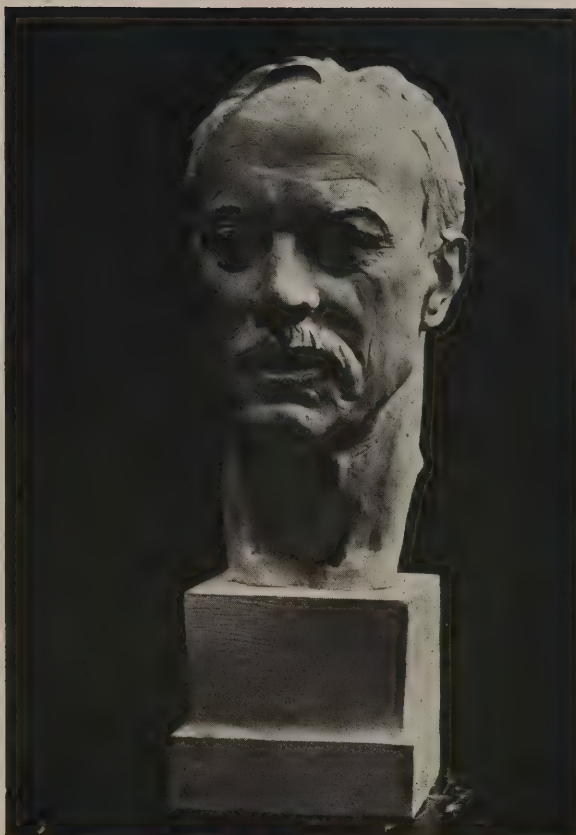
HISTORY OF ART; VOL. III, RENAISSANCE ART, BY ELIE FAURE (TRANSLATED BY WALTER PACH): NEW YORK, HARPER & BROTHERS, 1923. (\$7.50.)

DEGAS, BY JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE (TRANSLATED BY J. H. REECE): NEW YORK, ALFRED A. KNOPP, 1923. (\$20.00.)

THE ART SPIRIT, BY ROBERT HENRI (COMPILED BY MARGERY A. RYERSON): PHILADELPHIA, J. B. LIPPINCOTT, 1923. (\$2.00.)

REMBRANDT AND HIS SCHOOL, BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE: NEW YORK, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1923. (\$12.00.)

AMERICAN ARTISTS, BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ: NEW YORK, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1923. (\$3.00.)



HEAD OF A MAN TALKING
A. STIRLING CALDER
New Society, Anderson Galleries

PORTFOLIO OF INDIAN ART, WITH TEXT BY ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY: NEW YORK, E. WEYHE, 1923. (\$35.00.)

A HISTORY OF MUSIC, BY PAUL LANDORMY (TRANSLATED BY F. H. MARTENS): NEW YORK, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1923. (\$2.00.)

A HISTORY OF ORNAMENT; RENAISSANCE AND MODERN, BY A. D. F. HAMLIN: NEW YORK, THE CENTURY COMPANY, 1923. (\$5.00.)

ARTISTS' PIGMENTS, BY F. W. WEBER: NEW YORK, D. VAN NOSTRAND, 1923. (\$2.50.)

EGYPTIAN ART, BY JEAN CAPART (TRANSLATED BY WARREN R. DAWSON): NEW YORK, FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, 1923. (\$5.00.)

ANIMALS IN CHINESE ART, BY H. D'ARDENNE DE TIZAC: NEW YORK, BRENTANO, 1923. (\$30.00.)

WESTERN ART AND THE NEW ERA, BY KATHERINE S. DRIER: NEW YORK, BRENTANO'S, 1923. (\$7.00.)

A HISTORY OF ITALIAN PAINTING, BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.: NEW YORK, HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, 1923. (\$3.50.)

JAPANESE COLOUR PRINTS, BY LAURENCE BINYON AND J. J. O'BRIEN SEXTON: NEW YORK, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1923. (\$25.00.)



BREAD MAKERS
New Society, Anderson Galleries

MAURICE STERNE

BOOKS

A HISTORY OF ITALIAN PAINTING, BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.: NEW YORK, HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, 1923. (\$3.50.)

A text-book composed of lectures delivered at the Cleveland Art Museum in 1919-20 and now "only slightly retouched and amplified." It is "frankly a beginners' book," omitting "whatever might confuse the novice, including many painters inherently delightful." The material is arranged according to the customary schools: Florence, Siena, Umbria and Rome, Venice, Bologna, and Naples. Frequently the illustrations are of more than average interest. It is a pleasure to discover a number of excellent things to be seen in America: the Jarves Temptation of Saint Antony by Sassetta, the Morgan Portrait of a Young Man by Andrea del Castagno, and panels from the Gardner, Widener, and Johnson collections. All of these have freshness. After them a group of old, old friends emerge and bow wearily: the Ruccellai Madonna, the Primavera, the Dream of Saint Ursula, Mona Lisa, and the Sistine Madonna. Of the remaining cuts many do not rise above the accustomed level of text-book illustration. The Last Judgment of Michelangelo is reduced to the size of four postage stamps. A larger fragment follows, but the tone is dark and the figures barely visible in the obscurity. None of the reproductions, it must be admitted, have beauty of their own. Nor are the details selected with the tact and imagination displayed in the volumes of Elie Faure, where time and again a sensitively chosen fragment of some hackneyed masterpiece restores to us the painting's original charm. Here details appear with no other purpose than to show the figures on a slightly larger scale. And yet, for some beginners, these bloodless ghosts of superb paintings may hold enough of strength to people the world with august and living forms.

Wholly admirable is the clearness with which the widely various tendencies of Siena, Florence and Venice are analyzed. Not less successful is the author's exposition of diverging aims within the school of Florence itself. Here his arrangement of the artists reminds us agreeably of the precise and orderly grouping of the just and the damned in a Last Judgment. For this the student cannot be too grateful. No longer need he despair of finding the straightest path across that colorful labyrinth of names so puzzlingly alike. Throughout the book there is enthusiasm, care in the arrangement of excellent material, and a nicely

balanced emphasis—qualities which, in text-books, are as rare as they are desirable.

With some dismay, therefore, we find the author telling us on page 274 that the "justly famous fragments of playing angels" by Melozzo da Forlì came "from the demolished sacristy of old St. Peter's at Rome." Such is not the fact. In 1472 Cardinal Riario entrusted to Melozzo the decoration of the newly constructed tribune in the church of the Santi Apostoli, close to the Palazzo Calonna. Michelangelo's life at Rome was passed in the parish. There in the semidome Melozzo painted "the Ascension of Christ amongst cherubs . . . with the apostles looking up, and angels, variously foreshortened, attending or playing divers instruments. When the tribune was taken down in 1711, the figure of Christ was sawed from the wall and placed on a landing of the staircase leading up to the Quirinal Palace." It remains there today. At the same time the other fragments were removed to the existing sacristy of St. Peter's where they may still be seen. The quoted sentences are from Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

True, it does not matter much where the fragments originated, now that the fresco of which they formed a part no longer exists. Yet the name of the church does explain to us the reason for Melozzo's, or the Cardinal's choice of subject. Certainly the original location of the work, if worth mentioning at all, is worth mentioning correctly in a text-book which we pardon for not stirring our hearts or sharpening our sensibilities, but in which we expect accuracy.

According to its preface the book is intended as much for "the intelligent traveller in Europe" as for the classroom. But now we have grown cautious. When we learn from the title beneath Titian's Virgin with the Rabbit that the painting is in London we immediately wonder if it may not be in the Louvre. A trifling matter? Undoubtedly. For the author's account of Titian and the transformations of his style which began "with the cool preciseness of Giovanni Bellini and closed with a passionate mystery of expression which foretells Rembrandt" is a fine example of the many excellent characterizations in these pages. Yet imagine the intelligent traveller to be an earnest and enthusiastic school-teacher who has desired all her life to see Titian's Virgin with the Rabbit. Her European tour, made on the savings of forty years, is drawing to its close. All its delight has seemed but as a pre-



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lude to the realization of her dream. Arriving in London from the continent she hastens at once to the National Gallery. The picture is not there. She should have seen it in Paris. Too late.

Minor points of scholarship aside, the volume is abundantly instructive. It is brief but not meager, it is clear, and readable, and, on essentials, trustworthy. The reader is enabled to grasp with ease the precise significance of each artist and the nature of his contribution to painting. There is a keenly appreciative paragraph on Barna. The scientists receive intelligent, if not ardent, praise. Though it becomes necessary to admit that Perugino's "exquisite art in his later years shows a certain relaxation," yet the superlative qualities of design in his early *Giving of the Keys* to Peter is rightly acknowledged. Orthodox admirers of Leonardo da Vinci will cheer on reading that "even in its ruined estate the *Last Supper* is perhaps the most impressive picture in the world." The Venetian camp, while admitting that Leonardo in 1500 may have preached the gospel of opaque shadows to Giorgione in Venice, will feel glad that Giorgione was inattentive during the sermon. To the stimulating and sympathetic pages on Titian allusion has already been made.

Three "modern" artists whose names we meet along the way in positions of some honor are Besnard, Simon and Whistler. Renoir and Cézanne do not appear.

Like all text-books, this one, to be most useful, should be read with a doubting heart, with vast independence of spirit, and without too great earnestness. The wisest student is he who steals the most time from his lesson to look longest at paintings with a mind not darkened by the cloudiness of words.

DUDLEY POORE.

LIVING ART: TWENTY FAC-SIMILE REPRODUCTIONS AFTER PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS AND ENGRAVINGS, AND TEN PHOTOGRAPHS AFTER SCULPTURE BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS: NEW YORK, THE DIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1923. (\$60.00.)

The Dial Publishing Company has just brought out the handsomest portfolio of contemporary art that has been produced in this country. It includes color reproductions of paintings by European and American artists, Matisse, Charles Demuth, Paul Signac, Duncan Grant, John Marin, and others. Also it contains reproductions in black and white after works of Picasso, Pascin, Wyndham Lewis, and good photographs of the sculpture of Alfeo

Faggi, Lehmbruck, Archipenko, Maillol, and others. The effect of each one of the reproductions is to give importance to the work reproduced, and the effect of the portfolio as a whole is to add weight to the public's consideration of contemporary artists who occupy a position outside of the academies. Some of the reproductions, notably that of Marin's *Lower Manhattan*, are extraordinarily true.

Already there has been discussion about the choice of the pictures reproduced and it is a little difficult to see why certain painters were included in a list that is not comprehensive. I find it hard to discover sufficient importance in the water color called *Woman with Ewer* by Duncan Grant, or the water color called *It is Written* by Mark Chagall, or in the pencil drawing called *Head of a Girl* by Wyndham Lewis, to justify their inclusion in the portfolio; but fortunately, as I have said elsewhere, no two people could possibly agree in the selection to be made for such an undertaking.

The main purposes of the portfolio have been achieved. One of these purposes undoubtedly was to present reproductions after contemporary artists of such exceptional quality that they would give as complete a statement as possible; another purpose was to select a sufficient number of the works of contemporary European and American painters to indicate the scope of the vital art of today. Unfortunately the expense of such a work makes it impossible for it to have a wide circulation, but libraries and art schools and a certain number of individuals will undoubtedly take the opportunity which the portfolio offers to survey the field of contemporary art. It would require a good many portfolios to complete the work which *The Dial* has started; and every one interested in contemporary art will hope that this first portfolio is sufficiently successful to justify a second. There are two or three American artists, particularly, who should certainly have been included in this handsome work; but on the whole the list is well chosen and *The Dial* is to be congratulated for the solid encouragement that it has given to *Living Art*.

FORBES WATSON.

JAPANESE COLOUR PRINTS. BY LAURENCE BINYON AND J. J. O'BRIEN SEXTON. 1923. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK. (\$25.00.) 225 PAGES. 46 PLATES, OF WHICH 16 ARE IN COLOR.

The authors of this volume are the bearers of admirable credentials. Mr. Laurence Binyon's earlier book, "*Painting in the Far East*," has long



KNEELING FIGURE
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ARISTIDE MAILLOL

been known to all students of art or of Asia: to say that it is the best and most illuminating introduction to the study of Asiatic art is mere under-praise, for there is no other book that can be regarded as a possible competitor. Also Major J. J. O'Brien Sexton has recently deserved the thanks of lovers of Japanese prints because of his indefatigable researches into some of the obscure problems which make this field perplexing. Thus it might well have been hoped that the combined activities of Mr. Binyon, who is known to us primarily as a poet and humanist, and of Major Sexton, who is known to us primarily as an investigator, would result in that great and definitive history of the Japanese color-print which we have long awaited. Indeed, we had expected this book to be a miraculous combination of accurate research and wide imagination; we had expected that the whole subject would here be given such final and adequate expression that no one need ever write about Japanese prints again.

This hope was premature: the classic history of the Japanese print still remains unwritten. Though the volume under consideration contains an immense amount of material that is valuable to the specialist, it fails to pull the subject together into a significant picture. One has only to recall Mr. Binyon's earlier book—its perspective, its depth of background, its creative and interpretive fire—to realize that there are deficiencies in the present volume. The former was a piece of passionately fused imagination; the latter, a loosely connected series of detailed investigations. Were the authors of this book to honor the reviewer by asking him how, in his opinion, so large a body of heterogeneous material could have been handled in any other way, he would refer them to the works of Walter Pater and of Mr. Binyon himself for examples of the miracle by which the data of scholarship can be translated into interpretive literature. Mr. Binyon's *Painting in the Far East* has given many a reader his first insight into Asiatic art, and has started many a mind toward a life-long and delighted study of this rich field. But it is difficult to believe that anyone except an already-hardened addict will be able to surmount the barrier of confusing minutiae which stands between the ordinary reader and the best passages of *Japanese Colour Prints*.

Yet perhaps I am prejudiced in this matter. I recall that for some years an amiable war has been going on among the more sophisticated lovers of Japanese prints. On the one side have been those of us who have been too eager to seize the honey—so that we have rushed in boldly to doubtful regions, in advance of exact information, and have been well laughed at for our pains when some doddering cataloguer thought that he had caught us in an error of fact. And on the other side have been those who sternly frown upon any attempt to regard Japanese art as anything but grist for the mill of research; these equally benighted partisans snap crossly when they encounter frivolous persons who are so ignorant as to regard art as an opportunity for emotion and a field for enjoyment. Both of these parties are demonstrably wrong in so far as they accept limitations; but since I myself am of the first-named party, I naturally lament the fact that Major O'Brien and Mr. Binyon have leaned so much, in this book, toward the side of the frightfully earnest cataloguers.

All this can be no reproach: it is only a regret—a regret that this very valuable book is not the monumental volume whose coming we still await. Certainly much credit must be given to the present authors. Their book is the only reasonably accurate volume that has ever been written on the subject. It is written with sanity and cool intelligence, by men who are not easily led into the traps of utter misunderstanding which Japanese life and art spread only too freely for the unwary and sentimental wayfarer. Further, the authors' æsthetic judgments on particular prints and particular artists happen to be so nearly in harmony with those of this reviewer that the reviewer's vanity forces him to regard them as almost infallible. For such reasons, and in spite of the fact that the "outsider" has been given scant consideration in these pages, it can be asserted with confidence that the book is quite indispensable to the collector and to the specialist. And obviously this, and no more, is what the authors intended.

Most of the thirty black-and-white plates are poorly selected and unattractive; most of the sixteen colored plates are superb, and finely chosen. One is puzzled to account for this difference.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

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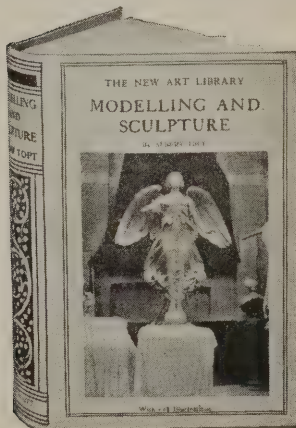
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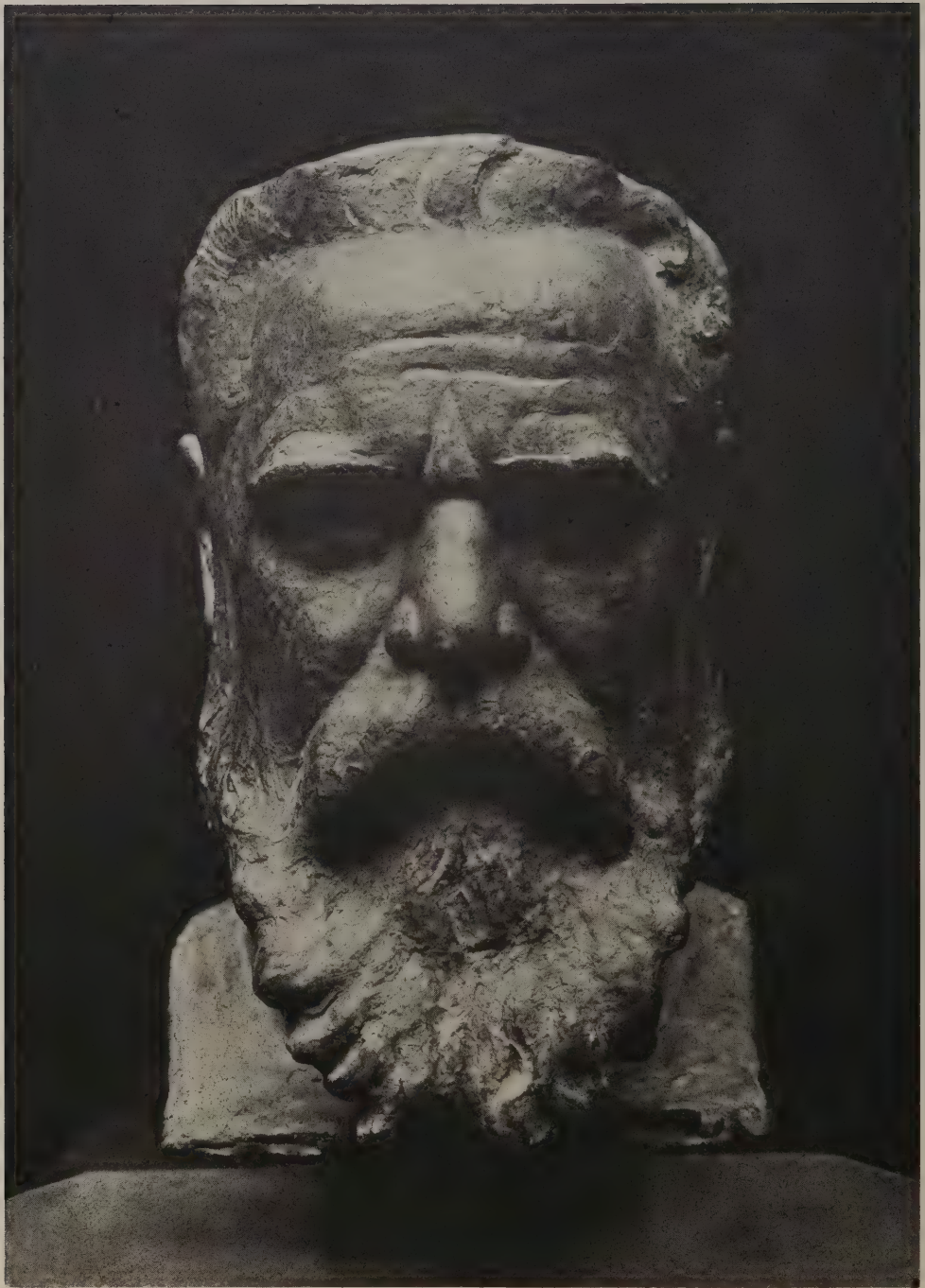
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Mr. Alan Burroughs, the author of the article on Thomas Eakins which was published in THE ARTS for December, 1923, wishes to make acknowledgment to Mr. Charles Bregler, a former Eakins pupil, for the use of his class-room notes.

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HEAD OF A PAINTER (Bronze)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL

THE ARTS

VOLUME V

FEBRUARY, 1924

NUMBER 2

THERE has been much discussion in recent years as to the cause of the misunderstanding which exists between the general public and a large number of the artists who are creating the most living work of our time. Of course, at whatever point one reads history, there seems to be always a golden age in the past to look back to with regret.

In keeping with this historical precedent is the fact that many people today are fond of casting a wistful eye on some chosen period of the past, the Renaissance, let us say, as being a time when the artist and the general public understood each other. Yet probably that discerning porportion of the public which is able to penetrate to essentials in art is just as large today as it ever was. With our immensely increased channels of communication it may well be larger.

That the present-day artists are asking a good deal of their public cannot be denied. The more adventurous and inventive type of artist is asking his public to accept his own conceptions of what is æsthetically significant, and he is not making any concessions to the popular demand for naturalistic representation, a demand that is based on long-established mental habits.

There is nothing the average man resents more than being asked to change his habits. Perhaps the artist is asking too much. Yet, in spite of so many official pleas for stagnation and imitation, in spite of the sleepless fight waged against original art by the organized mediocrities, the public for the real artist is widening to a degree that is thrilling.

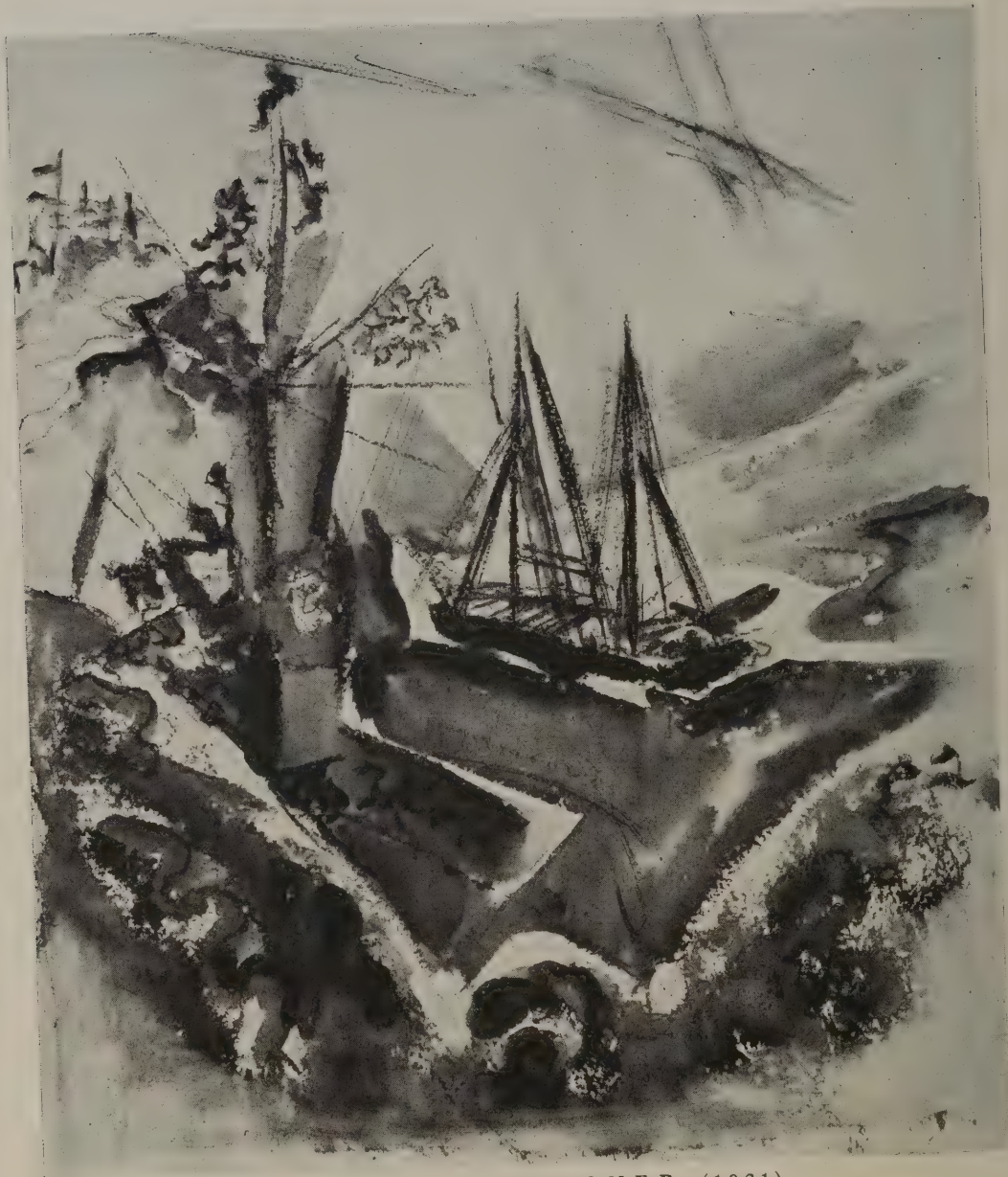
Only the more lively-minded people can be of their own time. The original artist brings a fresh vision into the world, and it is only those who are accustomed to using their own minds and eyes who recognize the fresh vision and relish its freshness. Many people build up their ideas slowly from an accumulation of other people's ideas, and since their knowledge is indirect and second-hand the very freshness of a fresh idea gives them offense, for the new is more than merely new. It is a challenge.

They usually conceive that art should "be like" nature. Their ideas of what the world looks like are formed, not so much from nature as from many pictures, and when a picture appears that does not resemble previously seen pictures they find themselves incapable of estimating whether it is like nature or not, because they really have not looked at nature. They have simply accepted what they have been told about it. They cannot compare the new picture to nature—only to other pictures, and they feel outraged at the difference.

But if they feel outraged when they encounter a fresh vision of nature it is nothing compared to their indignation when the artist boldly declares, and makes it unmistakably plain, that his work is only remotely connected with the appearance of natural objects, that it is a creation emanating from his own mind and exists in and for itself.

In past times, as now, the artists have presented æsthetic values. Never until our own day, on the other hand, have they attempted to make these acceptable without combining them with other elements, elements which could be grasped by the average observer without disturbing his comfortable habits. In doing this the artists at first estranged a large part of their audience, the part that in the past appeared to be in harmony with the artist while really only appreciating non-essential naturalistic details. However, the conviction and the stirring quality of the new art, as well as its fine intellectual stimulus, has created a new public which is gradually doing much more than merely praise. It is beginning to support the new art in a substantial fashion.

FORBES WATSON.



TREES AND ROCKS AND SCHOONER (1921) JOHN MARIN

THE WATER COLORS OF JOHN MARIN

By VIRGIL BARKER

ENJOYMENT of contemporary innovations in painting is in no way promoted by ignorance of the art's splendidly prolific past, but a knowledge of that past most decidedly tends to make such enjoyment—well, discriminating. All the more reason, therefore, to make known the fact when a radical of today achieves such convincing work that it warrants "the noble pleasure of praising." Of course, it is too late to *discover* John Marin; Stieglitz and the frequenters of 291 Fifth Avenue did that long ago. But his water colors already form a development in the history of American art important enough to require frequent critical discussion.

In view of the significance of his work in its own right, it may be suggested that he need no longer be tagged as a modernist. That word is fast declining into semi-respectability; once the rallying-cry in a hard and honorable fight, it is being progressively debased through its appropriation by every month's freak gallery-exhibitionist. As a mere means of classification it cannot apply to Marin; labels of that sort are simply the world's way of pigeonholing the second-rate. The only way of fitting the word to Marin is to make it mean that his own individuality places him in the vanguard of contemporary experimenters and discoverers.

The nature and particularly the medium of his researches render them peculiarly difficult to write about. Words can only hint at the extreme subtleties of vision which he records, and in any process of reproduction more is lost from water color than from any other sort of painting.

Even in half-tone, however, it is obvious that his pictures are not tiresomely detailed reproductions of dead objects. Marin is not the victim of the Victorian illusion as to the virtue of high finish. He does not fancy that the minute and superficial imitation of a scene will awaken in the beholder the emotion which the original awakened in himself. Rather does he concentrate attention upon his own emotion and attempt to make all his shapes expressive of it. He is perpetually restating nature in forms which approximate more and more closely to his apprehension of it. Long ago Omar Khayyam rather plaintively wished to remake the world nearer to his heart's desire; John Marin does it.

Should a first sight of his pictures suggest that he does not so much remake the world as shatter

it to bits, let the imagination attempt to alter one line or one wash. It will then be perceived how finely they are organized for unity of effect. Note how some of them show the original paper-edges in all their unevenness; obliterate these with the ruler-straight edges of a superimposed mat and observe the cramped result. Study of such details will eventually dispose of any wonderments about Marin's brusque distortions and sharp emphasis; it will build up an entire trust in the painter's eye and hand. His paintings oftentimes convey the energy and vitality of the world in an almost intolerable degree, but they are, for the most part, themselves pictorially balanced.

Yet this balance is not the frigidity of mechanical arrangement. Marin's brain does not sit detached and apart and, after steady scrutiny of what lies before it, coolly send directions to the hand what to put down. When he puts down a sudden wash to express part of his reaction to a given scene, he is that stroke. So the next stroke is governed by an instinctive and imperative necessity. It is as if one should suddenly raise a leg; some other muscular adjustment has got to follow to keep one from falling. The picture thus grows out of the painter's effort to maintain his own equilibrium. The resulting balance is therefore nothing static like that of objects paired off along a mantel shelf, but a thing of pulsing poise which sets one's nerves a-tingling.

In front of some of Marin's later work people have been heard to murmur "Cubistic!" This is confusing things with a vengeance; how great a gulf divides Marin from the cubists can be shown by a little analysis.

In cubism the actual chunk of nature which occasioned the picture was, before the making of it, mentally sliced into segments. This was done on principle; the picture was deliberately fabricated out of such segments rearranged to suit the painter. The rearrangements frequently gave interesting, even exhilarating, patterns; so that it was possible to get a wall-paper, Persian-rug pleasure from looking at them. But as soon as one pushed deeper into the picture, one was up against the problem of oneself putting back together again all those dislocated segments. One soon discovered that neither in theory nor in practice were the cubists able to surmount the inseparability of form and substance.



LOWER MANHATTAN (1921)
Reproduced in The Dial Portfolio of Living Art.

JOHN MARIN

Now, Marin's endeavors are centered overwhelmingly on substance. His art has never for a moment lost touch with the concrete. His pictures, so far from being cubistic abstractions, are pre-eminently realistic.

In that last word a writer on art often strikes the snag of misunderstanding. The minute imitation of surface appearances which Ruskin praised was not realism; it was a direct contradiction of visual reality. Impressionism came considerably nearer to the truth of sight, but even so it fell short. It caught the play of light, the atmospheric shimmer; yet it did not grasp the processional movement of volumes which characterizes the quietest landscape as perceived by the human eye, the thrust and counter-thrust of line and mass which becomes violent in proportion to the speed of the eye's apprehension.

And it is into such unfamiliar regions of truth that Marin leads. He snatches out the essential from the inessential and flashes it out on paper in a swiftly running pictorial shorthand.

Yes, Marin's water colors are things of substance and vitality, convincing re-creations of reality. A poet once wrote:

"There lives the dearest freshness deep down things."

It is into this that Marin dives headlong; it is this restorative freshness which he offers us to live with.

Thus with Marin, as with every artist of sufficient greatness, the question of technic is relegated to where it belongs—which is not first place, though all known painters should assert the contrary. The secret of every art is style, and the test of style, as George Bernard Shaw has pointed out, is effectiveness of assertion. "He who has nothing to assert has no style and can have none; he who has something to assert will go as far in power of style as its momentousness and his convictions will carry him."

This by no means implies that Marin's technic is unimportant. The quality of his wash has been acclaimed superior to that of every other water colorist; the only comparison which to other critics seems adequate is with the ancient Chinese masters. Marin's wash is not the broad-flowing precision of Winslow Homer's tropical scenes; it is more nervous and more subtle. Nor is it the tawny staccato flick of Sargent's brilliant travel-notes; it is more solid and more frugal. And certainly it is not virtuosity for its own sake such as is found in the work of Dodge Macknight. It is something wholly

personal in its complete responsiveness to his perceptions. It dashes boldly across the paper with a scurrying wave or pauses in still pools; it builds itself up solidly with a Maine hillside or floats in transparent depths of sky; it takes captive those instantaneous flashes of life which occur as often in calm as in tempest; it makes permanent the most evanescent aspects of the shaggy-lovely world. Marin's technic is great because it carries great matter, because it says superbly just what its medium is best fitted to say.

For those to whom Marin's pictures present problems in optics, there is more than one way out. They might find such a comparatively simple picture as *Blue Sea from Crotch Island* and look upon it merely as a sketch; if they stay with it long enough, they will gradually perceive how much more it says than the most highly finished piece of pre-Raphaelism. When they pass on to a somewhat more complicated example, such as *Cerulean Sea and Isle*, they have only to keep their eyes fastened upon the important part (what that is Marin always indicates plainly enough) and the rest will soon fall into relation with it. Marin frequently uses what may be called a frame within a frame; if it proves bothersome, one has only to imagine that the nearer lines signify the edges of a cave from which one is looking or the fluttering curtains at a window. Another means of attack by the spectator is the old-time one of the half-shut eyes, pushing the picture farther away. Still another is to look at the picture intensely for only a moment and then immediately close the eyes tightly, letting the image remain on the retina for as long as it will.

All these devices are purely mechanical, of course, so many attempts to slip through into the pictures. But very possibly they may arouse some measure of mental alertness and activity. The reason for all such attempts to exchange one's own habits of vision for Marin's is that they are the necessary stepping-stones to æsthetic pleasure.

However, even as we occupy ourselves with such trivialities, we should recognize them as only preliminary tinkering with our receiving sets, only the necessary adjustments to the artist's own wavelengths. Appreciating pictures involves a certain quiescence of the rationalizing activities with which our hurried days are so full. When we comprehend a Marin, as distinguished from merely recognizing what happens to be in it, something stirs within us far below the level of consciousness on which such recognitions take place. Fortunate are those who need no laborious tuition in Marin's art, who apprehend it with no more difficulty than attended the



AUTUMN (1923)

JOHN MARIN



MARIN ISLAND (1915)

JOHN MARIN



THREE MASTER (1923)

JOHN MARIN



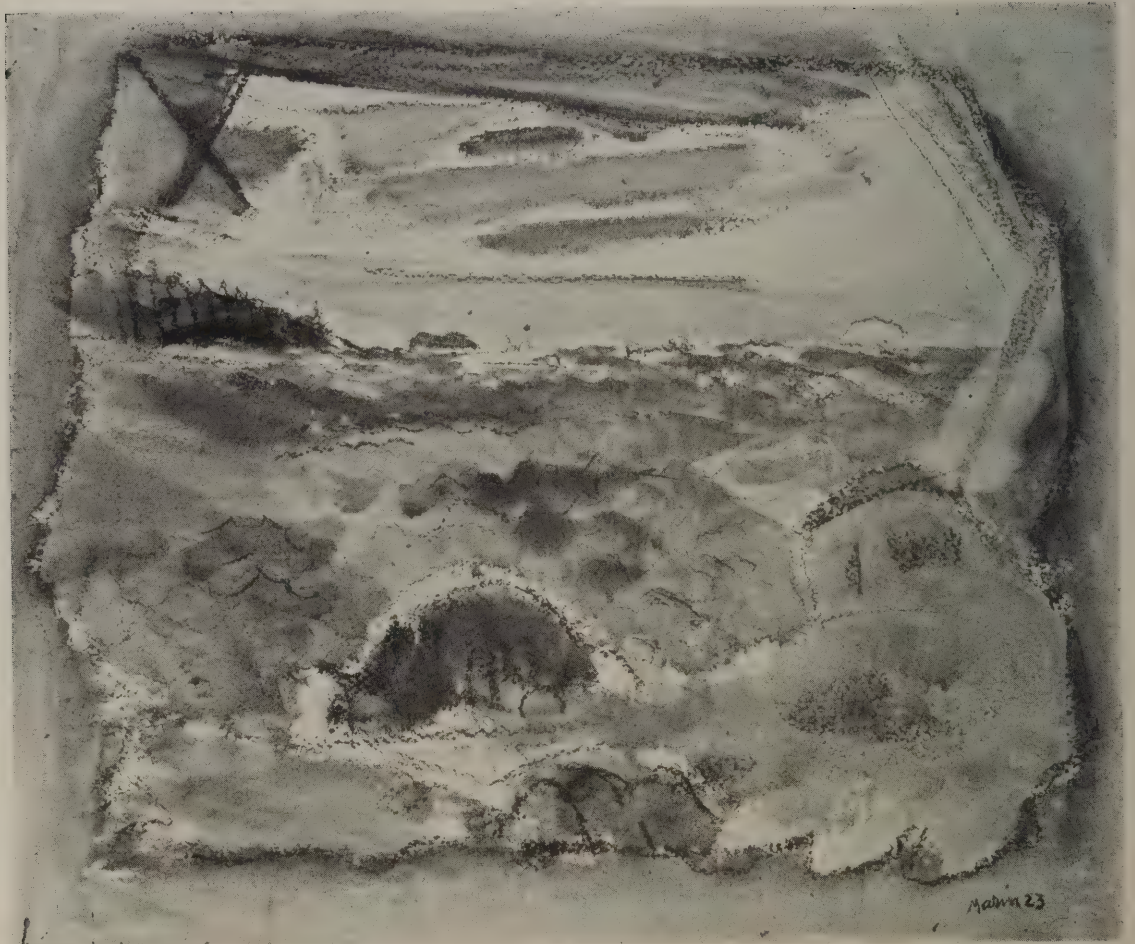
LOWER MANHATTAN (1921)

JOHN MARIN



SCHOONER YACHT GOING (1923)

JOHN MARIN



THE GREEN SEA (1923)

JOHN MARIN



THROUGH DEER ISLAND THOROUGHFARE (1923) JOHN MARIN



LOWER MANHATTAN (1921)

JOHN MARIN



BLUE SEA FROM CROTCH ISLAND (1923)

JOHN MARIN



HILLSIDE AND BUILDINGS (1923)

JOHN MARIN



LOOKING NORTH FROM GREEN HEAD (1923)

JOHN MARIN



DEER ISLE HARBOR (1923)

JOHN MARIN



TWO MASTER (1923)

JOHN MARIN



MAINE HILLSIDE (1923)

JOHN MARIN



CERULEAN SEA AND ISLE (1923)

JOHN MARIN



DRAWING

ARISTIDE MAILLOL

ARISTIDE MAILLOL

By WALDEMAR GEORGE

THE sculpture of the nineteenth century appears as a succession of fragmentary efforts. While one can follow the evolution of modern painting in the work of Eugène Delacroix, Daumier, Corot, Manet, Renoir and Cézanne, one can also see that, being deprived of its natural supports, architecture and applied art, sculpture developed itself erratically. The nineteenth century gave birth to some great sculptures, but it did not produce a statuary art.

Previous epochs had created styles and solved definite problems. Each epoch accomplished its task. Michelangelo affirmed the unity of form, rounding the rigid outlines still apparent in the work of certain statues of the fifteenth century. He co-ordinated masses and achieved a close relation of volumes. While his predecessors perceived profiles frankly delimited, Michelangelo, by compact blocks that modelled the light, chiaroscuro, enriched the surfaces; and baroque sculpture was born.

First with John of Bologna, and then with Bernini, the static form with symmetrical and frontal lines, such as in the work of Sansovino, developed; the spiral figures seemed to turn around their centers. Violent contrasts of light and shadow with salient and receding points, rapid movements as if snapped in flight, the material (marble or bronze) sometimes conquered, at others misused, but always submitted to the will of the artist—such appears to us that baroque sculpture which was for a long time stigmatized as decadent by the lovers of the archaic and the classic.

The sculptors of Versailles assimilated the conquests of Bernini. They adopted the formulas of the baroque. But they remained classicists at heart. Pierre Puget is perhaps the only French sculptor whose dramatic passion could adapt itself to the constructive principles developed in Italy, home of baroque sculpture, and southern Germany.

The reaction against the baroque and the rococo



DRAWING

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA (Marble: Uncompleted)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



STATUETTE (Bronze)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



STATUETTE (Terra Cotta)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL

manifested itself almost simultaneously in sculpture, painting and architecture in the time of Louis XVI. But the neo-classic ideal in sculpture was clearly formulated only by Canova and David d'Angers. Under the influence of the Greeks, for whom they had a devoted cult, the sculptors of the First Empire performed the work of archæologists. Their art was stricken by impotence from its inception.

Barye, who put his science to the service of a personal conception of form, who studied the fundamental laws and not the aspects of ancient sculpture, and Rude, the precursor of modern sculpture, who first found the plastic equivalent for the romantic spirit, appear today as the liberators of form, giving it an emotional power independent of its contents. Neither Mandrin, whose romanticism was decorative and rather illustrative, nor Carpeaux, who restored the forgotten sentiment of grace, made any contribution to the development of sculpture.

The ephemeral splendor of the Second Empire found in Carpeaux a worthy historian. His water colors of the dances of the Opera and of the *bals* given at the Tuileries by the Emperor Napoleon III, his memorable gallery of portraits, in fact his masterpiece, the group of *The Dance*, which is a part of the edifice of Garnier (the Paris Opera)—all these reveal in him a great modeler capable of adapting form to a preconceived idea. But after

Carpeaux the problem of modern sculpture remained unsolved. He "softened" form, making it ductile and malleable. While Rude freed form from the grip of classicism, Carpeaux raised it to the rhythm of the poetic thought of his time.

But as form disintegrated under the dissolvent action of light, sculpture entered into the domain of painting. Rodin, whose work was the epilogue of a cycle, treated plastic volume as Eugène Carrière treated his surfaces impregnated with gray shadow. When he hammered blocks, when he executed portions of statues, when he destroyed the unity of volume, when, mistaking the nature of marble, he treated it as wax or plasterine, sculpture lost little by little the sense of its mission, which is to fill space and to live under all conditions of light. In spite of Rodin's efforts to substitute a spatial conception of the statue for the linear conception of form favored by his contemporaries, in spite of his studies of the successive profiles of a head or of a nude figure for the sake of rendering their complete synthesis, he was unable to stop the fatal course of that development which carried sculpture to decrepitude. For if *The Walking Man* and the *St. John Baptist* embody a splendor of vision, a knowledge of plastic laws, and a unique mastery of form, yet *The Burgers of Calais* and the rough model of the *Balzac monument* are shapeless effigies which live only by means of a spotlight.



STATUETTE (Terra Cotta)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL

When Maillol started as a sculptor, having had no master, he was forced to take up, one by one, the initial problems of his art. His work might appear monotonous on account of its striking homogeneity. Maillol circumscribes form within the pre-existing limits of the block. His simplified volumes remind us of the body of the ancient columns. His ample proportions exclude all ideas of preciousness. In the austere statues of Aristide Maillol there is no place for effects which decorate form without modifying its essential character. The masses, movements, gestures, attitudes, draperies—all are subservient to general effect.

Maillol never indulges in a formula. He builds in accordance with certain laws of harmony. He imposes frequent corrections upon nature; although he often refers to nature, he refuses to copy her in a servile manner. Into the chaos of contemporary sculpture Maillol has brought the elements of a new order. Yet he has been modest; his work has not the highly philosophic aim of Rodin's sculpture.

For Maillol sculpture finds in itself its *raison d'être*. It does not embody symbols; it does not express any idea foreign to it. He ignores fable, history and allegory. Maillol takes up such eternal themes as *The Bathers*, standing, seated or lying at rest. The bodies which result from the efforts of the artist to render with exactness their harmonious plenitude are to be valued for the richness of

their multiple profiles. There is nothing arbitrary or left to chance in this well-thought-out work, in which each new state marks one step more toward the perfection that Maillol is ambitious to attain.

The method of his researches is a simple one. Maillol approaches the making of a statue as a workman who knows the resources of his art, not as an aesthete or as a theorizer. He has an inborn sentiment for beauty of proportion, a feeling that many great sculptors lack. He studies the antique and penetrates its secrets without being misled by appearances; he goes to the bottom of things, dissociating the superficial theme from the intimate essence of the work.

The monument to Blanqui, *Action Bound*, and a figure of a delicate youth are statues in which Maillol proves himself able to express the structure of the body, to give the feeling to the bony skeleton under the muscular and palpitant flesh. The *Blanqui* monument represents a herculean woman with her hands tied behind her back; in an effort of supreme energy she tries to break the bonds that confine her.

The *Pomona* and the *Flora* are frontal statues that gain when seen from a certain angle. The great *Bather* figured in the *Salon d'Automne* of 1921. The *Monument to Cézanne*, now being executed, was intended by Maillol for Aix, but the ædiles of the old Provençal city rejected it; so it is to occupy a place in the Garden of the Tuileries in



STATUETTE

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



MAN AND WOMAN (Stone)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



STUDY FOR THE MONUMENT TO CÉZANNE

ARISTIDE MAILLOL

Paris. It reminds us somewhat of the Recumbent Diana, by Jean Guyon, on account of its elongated and idealized lines, the lofty form of the torso, the round and high forehead and the wavy hair peculiar to the French statues of the sixteenth century.

At present, if one must attempt to determine the historic importance of Maillol's work, it appears to consist in its harmonic rhythm. His portraits are heads scarcely individualized. Maillol undoubtedly translates the particular character of each human face; but that face preserves always the value of a general type.

Classic in spirit rather than in letter, Maillol was influenced in his youth by Gauguin. The latter's influence is felt strongly in the paintings and tapestries which Maillol accomplished before undertaking his work as a sculptor. One could still discover some traces of that influence in his wood statues with drooping shoulders, with arms close to the body, and with narrow, delicate hips.

Maillol could once have been mistaken for a primitive. He has been said to derive from the Egyptians, from the Etruscans and from the Greeks of the sixth century. He was indeed one of the first to understand that art should return to its sources. He simplified it. He confined it within

stern lines which made a contrast to the stormy work of Rodin. Without doubt, Maillol is a primitive in the economy of the means he employs, in his respect for his material, in his organic conception of volume. But he does not imitate the styles of the past.

Too many artists have believed that they would find again the lost freshness of vision and sentiment by inspiring themselves with the sculptures of the Gothic Cathedrals, or of the Romans, or of the Egyptians. Some of them have gone so far as to renounce the work of modeling and *mise au point*. Casting aside these mechanical procedures, they work directly on the marble or the stone in the hope of uncovering hieratic figures with purely sculptural forms and workmanship.

Maillol has never, to my knowledge, taken any such travels through the history of art. His conception of style is too personal to lend itself to retrospective and eclectic translations of known styles. And he does not believe that an art can be revived or renovated through manual craft alone.

This Latin, who affirms every minute his attachment to Latinity, remains within the lines of French tradition which, enriched by foreign contributions, maintains always a characteristic manner. Maillol



POMONA

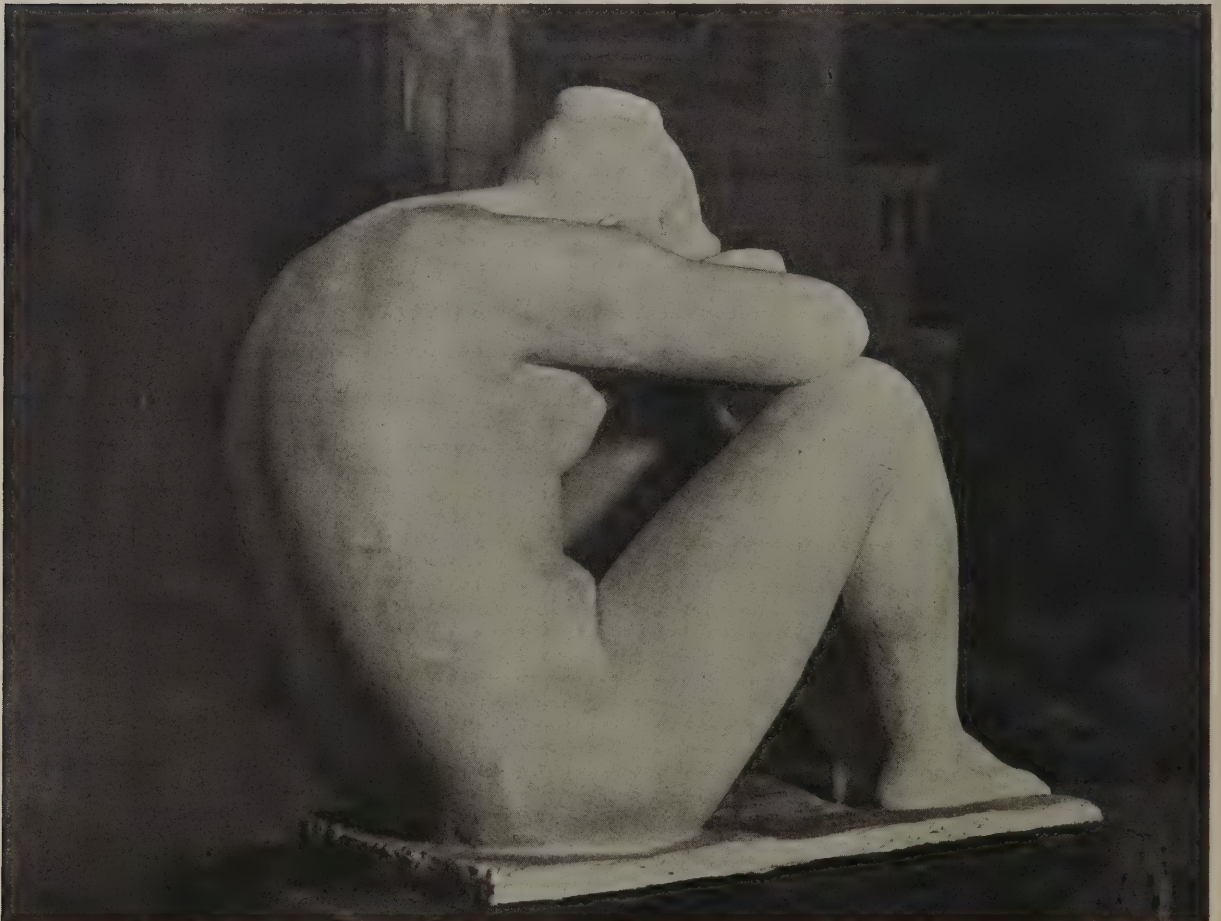
ARISTIDE MAILLOL

has confronted the remains of the pre-Hellenic art with his vision of a man of the twentieth century. He has not deviated from the road which he follows with the ingenuous assurance and devotion that a faithful artisan has for his work. He has absorbed all the ideas he has acquired, and a wide knowledge has not limited his creative efforts.

The merit of Maillol is to have revealed to his contemporaries the virtues proper to the art of sculpture. No other of the French sculptors of his generation has been able to accomplish that. Bourdelle is a powerful stylist; but his forms reflect alternately the Chaldean bas-reliefs and the French statues of the thirteenth century. Despiau carves the most

subtle luminous nuances, but he shows himself unable to create plastic entities.

Maillol is one of the rare living artists capable of keeping the aspect of his figures in accordance with visual reality. He is too saturated with humanism to transgress the limits of the normal vision. Nevertheless a statue by Maillol is not a simple study of the nude. Incarnation of a visualized idea of rhythm and harmony, it embodies a perfect accord between spiritual thought and its material expression. In this epoch of feverish research, the work of Maillol shines with the pure brilliancy of the antique pieces discovered in Italian soil during the days just before the Renaissance.



NIGHT

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



STATUETTE (Terra Cotta)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



STATUETTE (Wood)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



STATUETTE (Plaster) ARISTIDE MAILLOL



THE THORN PICKER (Terra Cotta)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



THE THORN PICKER (Terra Cotta)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



BATHER (Bronze)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL

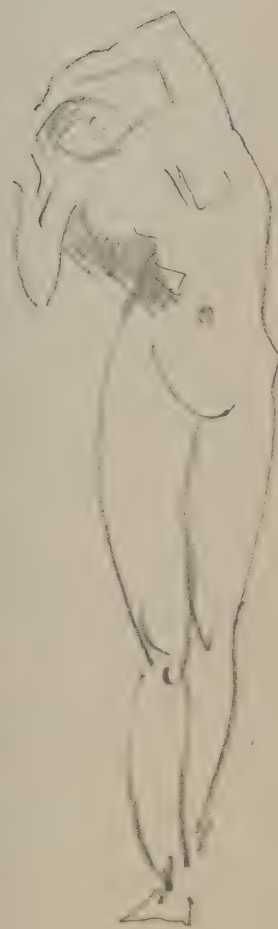


BATHER (Bronze) ARISTIDE MAILLOL



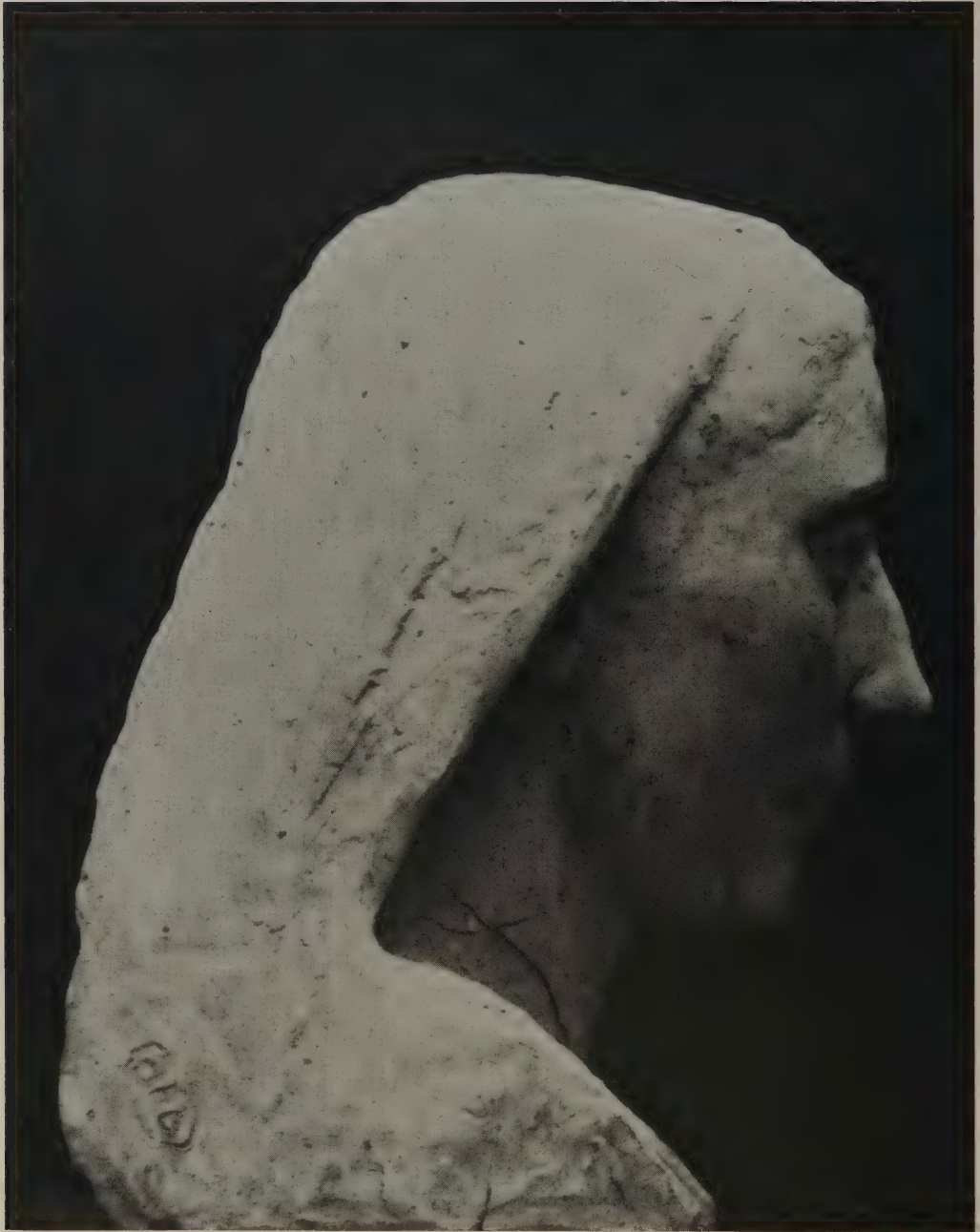
DRAWING

ARISTIDE MAILLOL

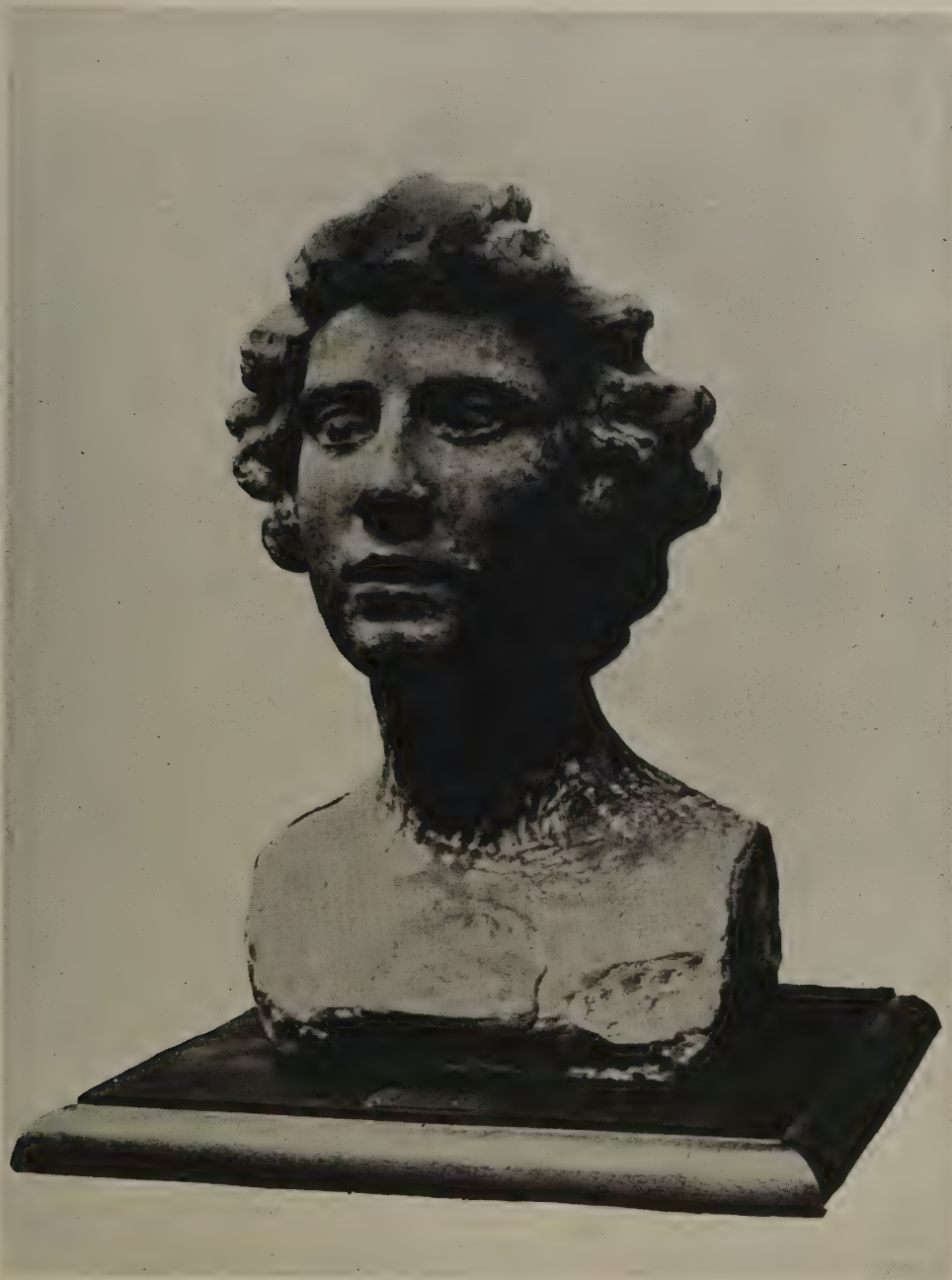


DRAWING

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



HEAD OF A CATALONIAN WOMAN ARISTIDE MAILLOL



HEAD OF A CATALONIAN GIRL ARISTIDE MAILLOL



STATUETTE (Bronze)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



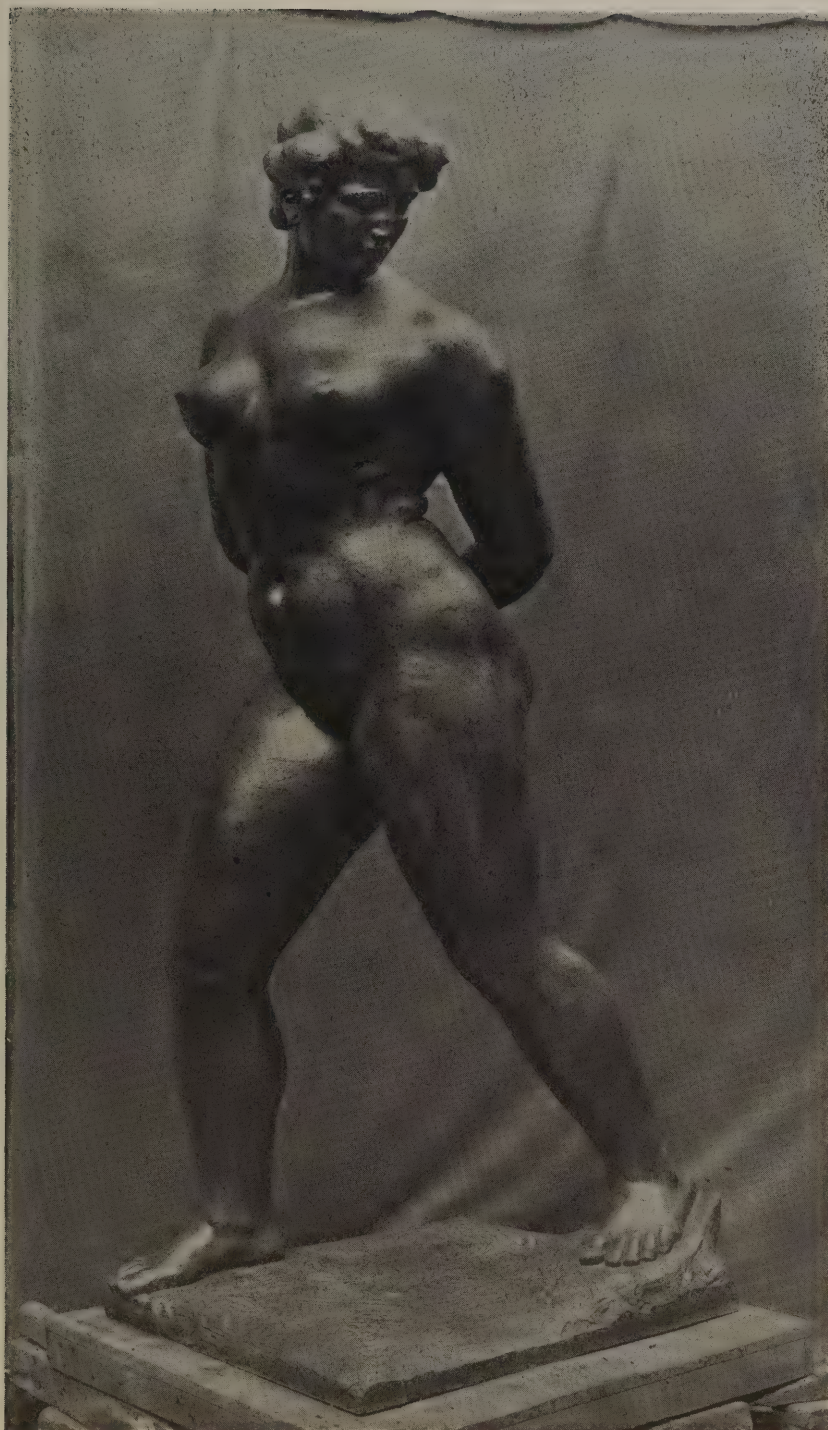
STATUETTE (Terra Cotta)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



ACTION BOUND

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



ACTION BOUND

ARISTIDE MAILLOL



THE CHAPEL OF ST. ROCH
New Gallery

SIMON MONDZAIN

NOTES ON THE EXHIBITIONS

IN THE European exhibition at the New Gallery during January the star performers were four—Jules Pascin, Maurice Utrillo, Simon Mondzain and Leon Sola. Pictures by the latter pair are reproduced herewith and show one trait in common which seems to be characteristic of the younger men today, not only in France but wherever the French influence is acknowledged. The trait in question is an evident striving for clarity of statement. And this is to be praised even when, as in the instance of these pictures, such clarity is not achieved with finality. A picture that is to deserve being called great must be so complete in itself that nothing

could be altered without in some way marring the effect; but below that lonely eminence lies many a level of admirable attainment. It is told that Utrillo in France, like Bellows in this country, has already reached the point of having his work fraudulently imitated; this might in part account for the over-insistence of the signatures in the examples shown on this occasion. But this is merely a detail which corroborates a suspicion arising from an examination of the pictures themselves—they are essentially vulgar. This opinion is not based upon subject-matter, though heaven knows that the fat-tight curves of his tiny females are unladylike

enough. Their vulgarity appears in the drawing as drawing and the color as color, the former being coarse and the latter raw; the very buildings seem tawdry and boorish.

Pascin's work is quite another matter. He can be wicked but never vulgar. In his *Young Girl Sleeping* there is not the slightest suggestion of impropriety in subject-matter, but the charmingly reprobate quiver of line is positively scandalous. How delightful Pascin's dissolute technic can be was visible in the *Ballet Dancer*, which was reproduced last month.

In spite of two or three attempts to attract attention, a very sedate air pervaded the exhibition of the New Society at the Anderson Galleries. In fact, there was found here a good deal of what should be found regularly in the exhibits of the National Academy of Design. This is not surprising in view

of the fact that the New Society is regarded (whether rightly or wrongly is of no great consequence) as a secession from the larger body. With the Winter Exhibition of the Academy and this of the New Society as a basis, some interesting statistics can be compiled.

The New Society has forty-eight members, and of these, thirty are also members of the Academy. Of these thirty, who could send work to both exhibitions, only one preferred that of the Academy to the exclusion of the other. Five sent to neither, and eight sent to both. Of the latter, no more than two were as well represented in the Academy as at the Anderson Galleries. And of the thirty here being considered *sixteen* showed works at the latter place only.

Of course, there is no telling what statistics might result from a similar analysis of this exhibition and



LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE
New Gallery

LEON SOLA



THE DRAWBRIDGE
New Society, Anderson Galleries

HAYLEY LEVER

the Spring Academy. Nor need too much importance be attached to those here given; they are not set forth as being particularly significant of any thesis or as a basis for unreasonable inferences. But it is interesting to speculate upon how helpful would have been the result of the component parts of the New Society's exhibition being sifted through that at the Fine Arts Building two months ago.

In connection with the exhibition were given three demonstration evenings—one on portrait-painting by George Luks, one on drawing by Albert Sterner, and one on modeling by Mahonri Young. Circumstances prevented the writer from attending the second and third, but a description of the first may help to spread an idea which deserves to be carried out more generally.

Mr. Luks had for his subject Mr. Louis Wolheim, who played the part of The Hairy Ape and who proved very *simpatico*. The painter's monologue throughout the evening was received with considerable enjoyment and the progress of the portrait

followed with great interest. What he achieved in not much more than an hour of actual labor can be estimated from the accompanying illustration, which fully reveals what the painter called the "reminiscences" of the sitter's face.

Mr. Luks poured forth a stream of vigorously worded observations upon many things—the supremacy of draughtsmanship, the silliness of the usual society portrait, the financially profitable table manners of some painters, the mock artists who live from one tea to another, the "fourth-dimensional paintings by third-rate painters," the folly of buying old masters when their equals (at least in portrait-painting) are now alive.

Altogether it was a very spirited occasion, and it is to be wished that the public everywhere might have such treats. This one was an entire success simply as a stage performance, being none the worse for a slight touch of vaudeville. There is no need to advocate artists in general forsaking their real business for the sake of competing with the Swiss

bell-ringers; but more such entertaining demonstrations more widely distributed would help to swell attendance at all of our museums and improve the quality of the public's interest in art. Incidentally they might increase sales.

VIRGIL BARKER.

* * *

IN SOME respects the most important event during the past month has been the exhibition of modern art that was held at the club rooms of the Junior League of New York. Its importance derived not only from the quality of the work shown but from the fact that a lay organization, in the first exhibition that it has given, should evince a youthful and courageous spirit. It would have been so easy for the exhibition committee of the Junior League to hold an exhibition safely outside of the dangers of criticism. They might have borrowed some old masters, a Barbizon group of landscape paintings, or, if determined to present contemporary work, they might have selected only that which had

already proved itself acceptable to a lay audience.

What the exhibition committee actually did was to collect works of men who are young in spirit, adventurous and original. Pictures by Sheeler, Dickinson, O'Keefe, Marin, Davies, Demuth and many other artists were hung and created a homogeneous effect, for although there was great variety in the work, in almost every case the spirit of youth and inventiveness manifested itself.

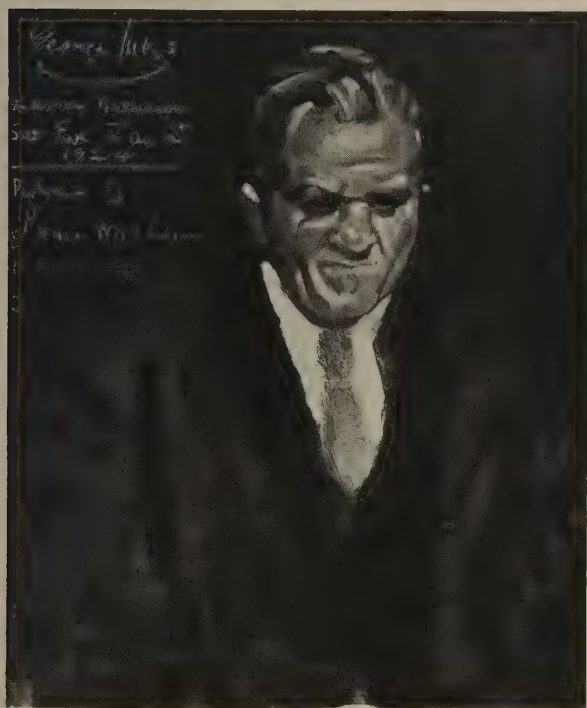
Generally, organizations like the Junior League begin the work of forming exhibitions in a tentative manner. The Junior League, on the contrary, bravely faced the problem of selecting the works which are genuinely contemporary and which still excite debate and criticism. By bringing a new audience to see this work the members of the exhibition committee showed courage and really did something worth doing.

It would be too much to hope that an exhibition of this calibre could make a tour of the various Junior Leagues throughout the country. But that this invaluable beginning, which the Junior League of New York has made, will be followed by the Junior Leagues of other cities can be hoped. The quality in the exhibition reflected a taste that was not formed on hearsay. It showed knowledge of contemporary art. It proved that the contemporary artist of the more inventive kind is winning for himself a valuable audience, which, like the artist, has the spirit of youth. The Junior League deserves the highest praise, not only for the exhibition itself, but because it has done a most valuable piece of work for the artist of today.

* * *

At the Whitney Studio in New York Marius de Zayas has arranged an exhibition of French and American lithographs and etchings. The exhibition was not on the walls at the time that we went to press but from the works seen, a number of which are reproduced herewith, it is possible to form some estimate of their variety and quality. They include the two superb Ingres lithographs as well as carefully chosen examples of the black and white work of Daumier, Cézanne, Matisse, Davies, Hopper, Lautrec, Monet and many others.

FORBES WATSON.



LOUIS WOLHEIM GEORGE LUKS
New Society, Anderson Galleries



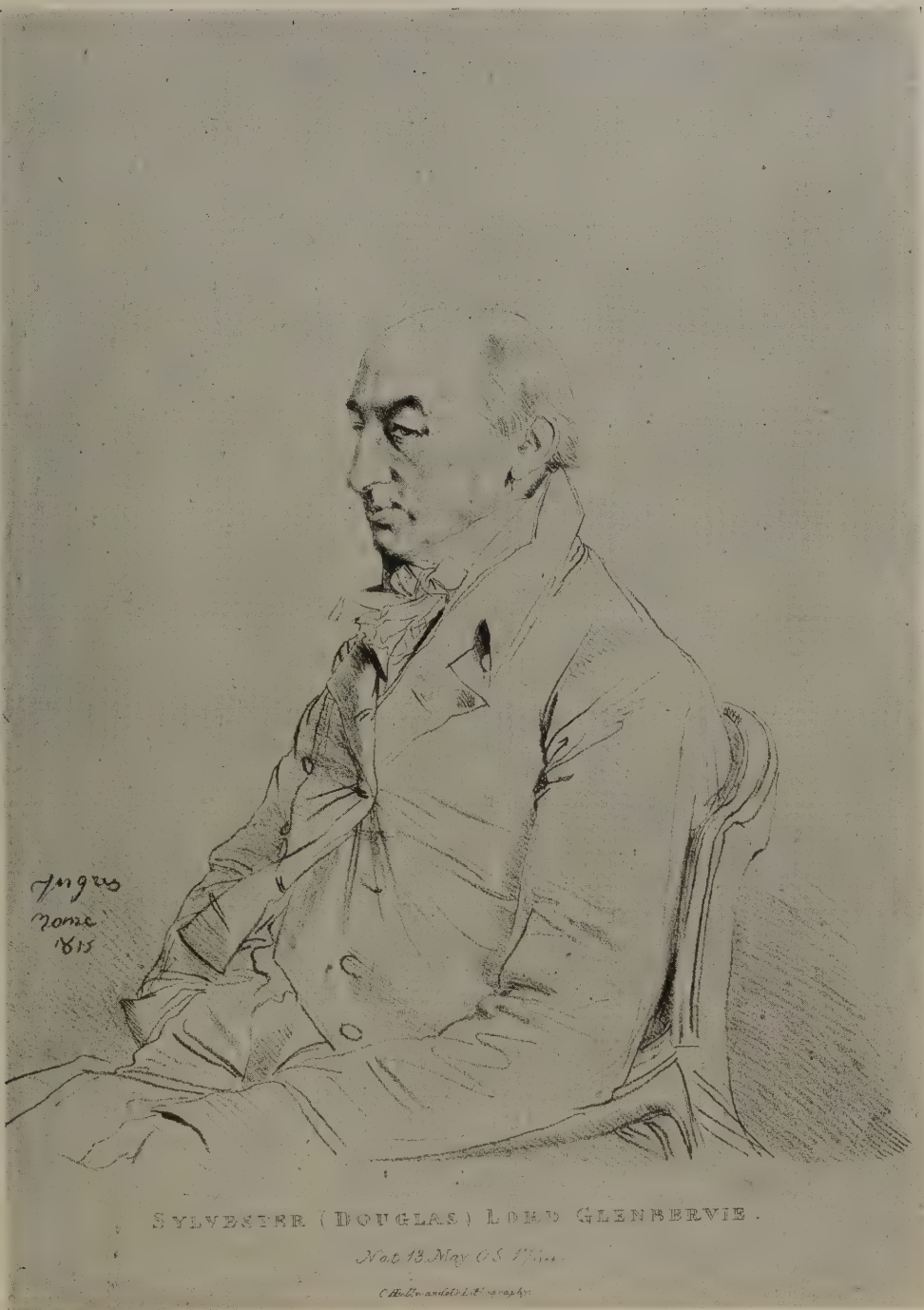
KATHERINE ANNE (NORTH) LADY GLENBERVIE.

Nat. 16 Feb. 1760. Mort. 6 Feb. 1817.

C. Hullmandel Lithograph.

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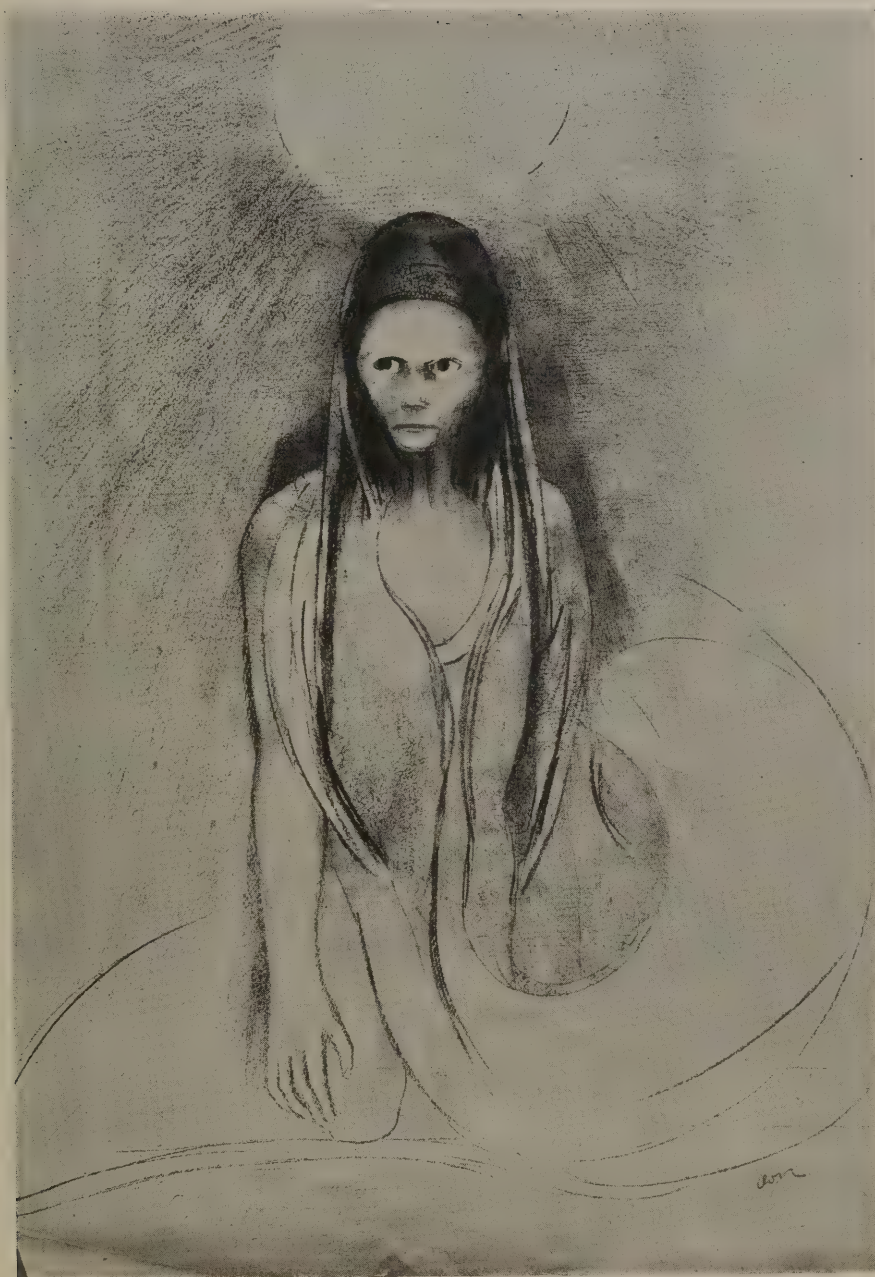
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ODILON REDON

BOOKS

RENAISSANCE ART by Elie Faure (translated by Walter Pach): New York, Harper & Brothers, 1923.

I.

THE author has prefaced his volume with a disarming motto from Cervantes, urging us to "withdraw and pray while he engages upon an unequal and perilous combat." How better may we answer a request so humble than by assuming the required hieratic pose? The battle will be long, and while kneeling beside a Gozzoli angel with wings of peacock feathers there will be ample time for us to glance across the hedge into the meadow where Elie Faure, more in the character of St. George than of Don Quixote, rushes with superb temerity upon the art of the Renaissance that like a terrible dragon writhes and vomits flame under his horse's hoofs.

Indeed there would seem to be some need of prayer for one whose clear purpose is to carry the day on a spear-point of metaphor. This knight in burnished armor has no intention of doffing his mail to assume the pedagogue's robe and bonnet. He will not pause to instruct the onlooker concerning Dragons, their ancestry and education, nor attempt to convert us to his party by a cunning array of facts, nor beseech the reason with argument. Rather would he startle us, quicken the beating of our hearts, and rouse us to enthusiasm by the spectacle of brilliant horsemanship, audacious bearing and intrepid charge. We have no more than time to fall upon our knees and, pressing the palms of our hands fast together, to mumble a few syllables of Latin before the lance is laid at rest and the knight, with visor down, is galloping across the meadow, straight upon the foe.

II.

"In the antique the form is calm and full as Florentine form is sharp and dry and strained," we are told, and immediately the pages describing the art of Florence bristle with words that are themselves sharp and dry and strained. All is tense, brutal, fevered. Nothing occurs without violence. Antique marbles are torn from the earth, sculptors tear statues from the marble, even musicians are made to tear notes from their vitals. Jacopo della Quercia 'utters his cry of alarm.' Donatello and Brunelleschi 'go mad when they have unearthed a cluster of four or five old stones.' The followers

of Donatello 'listen with eyes closed and hands clenched to the sound of a harp of iron playing of itself somewhere in space.' Terror surrounds us. Savonarola is the 'terrible monk,' Venice the 'terrible republic,' a 'terrible force dwells in sculptured stones,' and as in Vasari the youths of Donatello have 'terrible pride.' Faces are 'convulsive masks,' Boticelli's are 'convulsive drawings.' At every moment something twists and writhes like flame or steel. Little by little we are led to think of that whole century as a burning city filled with the shout of pillaging soldiery, the shriek of townsfolk put to the sword, and the roaring of flames, where artists armed to the teeth pause now and again from the battle to grind their colors, or chisel their images of violence and desire. "Why should one not taste life to its full," they are made to ask, "when life is so quickly spent, when poison and the knife lie in wait for it at every turn, when all may well ask themselves in the morning whether they will be there in the evening?"

A furious vitality sweeps through these pages. It is not easy to name another book where, with such intensity, works of art belonging to another age become for us completely animate things, compact of vital energy, with a burning life in them like that of flesh and blood. Nor is the effect of brutal force gained altogether at the cost of veracity, though Andrea del Castagno, perhaps for the sake of color, is allowed to remain a murderer in despite of the modern scholars.

"Of the strong and healthy joy of Giotto, cradling in his great undulating line of lofty certitudes on which all medieval society lived, nothing much remained" to the Renaissance. Only in the cloister did the belief in them persist "like an illusion voluntarily accepted." There the monk Angelico "celebrated Christianity somewhat as one illuminates a legend in the margin of an old book." For him "the most terrible stories unrolled like a child's tale." From mystic Siena had come "the cry of an angry prophet," Jacopo della Quercia. Masaccio heard that voice, and "immersed in a milieu more alive was destined to act much more directly upon the mind of his time. He gave birth to the Renaissance, and it was because he lived that it sought by its earnest study of form to renew the lost rhythms of life. He invented painting. His forms emerge like great larvae of the renewed spirit and heart of man coming forth from the confused energy of primitive matter."

Donatello's "will to be calm lifts the marble and the bronze into motionless attitudes in which the steel springs of his mind are stretched to the breaking point. The blade burns in its scabbard. The fury of the city boils in his stoic heart. The metal obeys him just as clay does. He twists it, stretches it, and drapes it according to the direction of the fierce impulses of his logical mind. His figures do not make a gesture, they do not move, but the inner being bursts forth with immeasurable energy."

Andrea del Castagno is "a man with a mind as sharp as an ax, who painted his Christ upon the walls as a butcher hangs a piece of meat. His cuirasses, his swords, and his black laurels offer us a world of iron."

Benozzo Gozzoli's mind "flowered like a meadow. He gave peacock wings to the angels mounted on his red clouds, or those that gather blood-red roses in his black gardens." His country is "somber and glows like a mirror of green bronze." He is "a rich spirit, tenderly ironical, but first of all a painter. Not only is he the colorist of Florence, but perhaps also the first among all the modern painters of Europe to venture upon a radical transposition of the colors of nature."

For Filippo Lippi "love was a kind of fury. Between two fiery adventures he worked in a state of exaltation. With him Florentine line becomes enervated, exaggerates its curves, begins to distort bearing and gesture, the inclination of the head and the twist of the neck on the shoulders, the folds of garments, and even the form of flowers. All his pupils and even the sculptors, Agostino di Duccio among others, will follow him in this respect."

Botticelli is a sick, self-crucified soul who "lacked nothing of the great man save simple humanity. He loved flowers so much that he caused them to rain from the sky. But they exhaled the mortuary odor of dead flowers. His is an artificial work, undecided, painful, abortive, the saddest in the history of painting. And yet one of the most noble. His intense restlessness is aspiration toward an intellectual harmony which a less literary and more plastic culture would have permitted him to achieve. He illustrated the *Inferno* of Dante with convulsive drawings that make one think of a dance of madmen in the nave of a cathedral."

Through such passages as these—here greatly condensed—the heroic narrative moves. If the Florentine chapter suggests stormy sunlight on a forest of spear-points, shaken plumes, and intricately overlapping armor, that on Venice evokes

the image of a state barge moving with slow magnificence across the hot lagoon. On a canvas almost as grandiose as their own Elie Faure re-assembles the sumptuous world of Titian, the "disordered, gorgeous, brutal" visions of Tintoretto, the banquets of Veronese "whose very name when it is pronounced resembles the shimmer of pearls and of gold pieces."

III.

There can be no doubt that after a few hundred pages certain readers will find so much pomp and rhetoric a trifle palling, like the fumes of an over-heavy wine, and they will close the book with relief to clear their brains in the open air, or by spending a few moments before the Mars and Venus of Veronese at the Metropolitan Museum will restore their faith in the ability of painting to speak for itself. Words are themselves form, the author tell us somewhere in this book, yet even without his confession we could perceive clearly that he enjoys assembling them in huge decorative patterns, loving their weight and volume even more, at times, than their meaning. Often he will allow himself only with the greatest reluctance to end a sentence. When the mounting clauses tower sky high he must climb up to place yet one more phrase upon the already tottering pinnacle. Not rarely his orations have a fiery eloquence, an oracular enthusiasm, a prophetic fury. Now and then they do no more than fan the void with colossal wings. "After Holbein," we read in one place, "Germany will close her eyes in order to listen more attentively to the rise within her of the murmur of revolt which will burst forth over the earth like an unending call to love, forever renewing itself in sobs and rolling with them toward calm and triumph on the day when Beethoven will tear the symphonies from his heart." This is bathos.

The translation, made with sense and with feeling for the rhythm of the original, does full justice to a style whose peculiar flavor of grandiloquence depends on nice modulations of echo and pause. Of the illustrations, there can be only praise. Tact of the rarest variety is constantly revealed in their selection. On their account many persons will prefer the French edition which is thinner, more agreeable to handle, has reproductions slightly larger, and costs less.

From its first page to its last the volume is a work of conscious art, holding within it a spark of burning Florentine energy, as full of vigor as one of the gnarled oaks under which the courtesans

of Titian stretch their blond nakedness. Beside it other works on the epoch seem curiously pale, bloodless, immature.

IV.

We suspect, after all, that Elie Faure has not needed our prayers. There he stands, leaning indolently on his lance, one foot rested on the dragon's head from which two feeble strands of expiring smoke curl upward lazily. When at last we unclasp our hands and rise a little stiffly from our knees, "the thing in him that subjugates us," as he says of Michael Angelo, "is his perpetual victory."

DUDLEY POORE.

ART STUDIES: MEDLÆVAL, RENAISSANCE AND MODERN, EDITED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENTS OF THE FINE ARTS AT HARVARD AND PRINCETON UNIVERSITIES: PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, 1923. (\$3.50.)

This handsome book of folio size begins a series of annuals which must prove a distinct addition to the art publications of America. The aim, as briefly set forth in the Editorial Statement, is to afford a representative and non-partisan organ for publishing the results of American scholarship.

In view of the expressed preference for "articles of some extent and substance to notes and reports on single monuments," it raises a smile that the very first essay (An Altar-piece by Benedetto Buglioni at Montefiascone, by Allan Marquand) should be of the latter description. The other article in the field of sculpture (The Masters of the West Façade of Chartres, by Alan Priest) answers more nearly to the desired type.

Both the latter article and one of those devoted to painting (The Master of the Ovale Madonna, by Ernest T. Dewald) are examples of that learned balancing of detail against detail, that difficult arrival at minute conclusions, which can be utilized by some later synthesizing historian.

Arthur Edwin Bye's discussion of Pieter Brueghel's Fall of Icarus is of more general interest; but the very brief Letter to Pontormo, by Frederick Mortimer Clapp, presents something of a puzzle. Did the editors fear the charge of pedantry and

insert this somewhat awkward pleasantry simply to enliven their pages? One reads it at first interestedly and soon disappointedly, just as one often listens to a promising story which never quite arrives at any point.

The most spirited contribution is that by Frank Jewett Mather on The Newest Movements in Painting (1890-1910). Under the lively, though overworked, image of the progressive dismantling of a ship he traces the assaults of the post-impressionists upon inherited traditions. Admirably discreet is his failure to illustrate his lecture; for it is possible that a good post-impressionist painting or two would have sent the mind straightway back to Mr. Bye's preceding remarks concerning the unimportance of distinctions between old and new art. Mr. Mather betrays a tendency to disregard actual examples in his desire to attack the philosophical conceptions which accompanied the various recent "isms"; but theories of art—especially those developed *a priori*—are notoriously misleading. If Mr. Mather had attended more to the pictures, and less to what was said and written about the pictures, perhaps he would not have come so near to mistaking a passing phase of painting for its final debacle.

Architecture appears to be better served in this volume than any of the other arts. Georgiana Goddard King considers in detail "Some Churches in Galicia"; Fiske Kimball and Wells Bennett contribute an important piece of research in their article entitled "William Thornton and the Design of the United States Capitol"; and A. Kingsley Porter advances some interesting and perhaps profitable suggestions in "Compostela, Bari, and Romanesque Architecture."

Various minor arts enter into A. M. Friend's essay on "Carolingian Art in the Abbey of St. Denis," which helps to round out the subject-matter of the book.

One detail of interest is the dignified paper cover used. It is to be hoped that this may prove an effective wedge in breaking up this country's ridiculous insistence on the more expensive stiff covers. Their replacement by paper would both reduce the excessive cost of books and help in the general revival of one of the most delightful of all the crafts—bookbinding.

VIRGIL BARKER.

CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS DURING FEBRUARY

AINSLIE, 677 Fifth Avenue: Portraits by Jere Wickire and Landscapes by H. Melville Fisher, February 1-14; Paintings by Charles A. Aiken and Sophie Brannon, February 15-29.

ANDERSON, Park Avenue and 59th Street: Paintings by Hayley Lever, Abbe Ostrowsky and Van Everen; Sculpture by Chester Beach, February 5-16; Pastels by Roderick D. Mackenzie, February 18-March 1.

ART CENTER, 65 East 56th Street: Photo-Engravers' Board of Trade, to February 21; Paintings by Alta West Salisbury and Kewaisaki Sodakata, February 4-18; Decorative Work by Julius Daniels and William Jordan, February 18-28.

BABCOCK, 19 East 49th Street: Works by Birger Sandzen, to February 9; Paintings by the Nanuet Group, February 9-29.

BELMAISON, Wanamaker's: Third Annual American Exhibition, to February 19; Decorative Work, February 19-March 8.

DURAND-RUEL, 12 East 57th Street: Paintings by Monet.

EHRRICH, 707 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Jane Peterson.

FEARON, 25 West 54th Street: Sculpture by Jo Davidson, to February 9; Works by Americans, February 6-29.

FERARGIL, 607 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by John Folinsbee, to February 6; Works by Americans, February 6-29.

GRAND CENTRAL, Grand Central Terminal: Paintings by John Singer Sargent, commencing February 23.

HARLOW, 712 Fifth Avenue: Etchings by Auerbach-Levy.

KEPPEL, 4 East 39th Street: Etchings by James McBey, February 15-29.

KNOEDLER, 556 Fifth Avenue: Original Drawings and Selected Etchings.

KRAUSHAAR, 680 Fifth Avenue: Paintings and Sculpture by Modern Americans, to February 16.

MACBETH, 15 East 57th Street: Fourteenth Annual Exhibition of Thirty Paintings by Thirty Artists, February 6-26.

MILCH, 168 West 57th Street: Paintings and Drawings by Gari Melchers, to February 16; Recent Paintings by Willard L. Metcalf and Landscapes by Alden Twachtman, February 18-March 8.

MONTROSS, 550 Fifth Avenue: The Dial Exhibition of Originals and Reproductions of Works by Modern Artists, to February 14; Paintings of China by Florance Waterbury, February 1-16; Water Colors by John Marin, February 16-March 8.

NEW, 600 Madison Avenue: Paintings by James Chapin and Jan Matulka, February 2-18.

RALSTON, 4 East 46th Street: Barbizon Paintings and English Eighteenth Portraits, February 1-17; Landscapes by Horace Brown, February 17-29.

REHN, 693 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by George Bellows, to February 16.

REINHARDT, 780 Fifth Avenue: Works by Old and Modern Masters, February 15-29.

SCOTT & FOWLES, 667 Fifth Avenue: Eighteenth Century English Portraits and Modern Drawings.

STERNER, 22 West 49th Street: Lithographs by George Bellows.

WEYHE, 710 Lexington Avenue: Paintings by Alfred H. Maurer, to February 15.

WHITNEY STUDIO, 8 West 8th Street: Lithographs.

WHITNEY STUDIO CLUB, 10 West 8th Street: Paintings and Drawings, Selected and Arranged by W. E. Hill, to February 6; Early American Paintings, Selected and Arranged by H. E. Schnackenberg, February 9-24.

WILDENSTEIN, 647 Fifth Avenue: Decorations by Sert.

YOUNG, 620 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by George Glen Newell, February 1-15; Paintings by Pieter Van Veen and Frank Tenney Johnson, February 15-29.

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HEAD

ANTOINE BOURDELLE

THE ARTS

VOLUME V

MARCH, 1924

NUMBER 3

IF there is one lesson that might be learned from the art history of the nineteenth century and later, it is that the importance of freedom of expression in art can hardly be overestimated. Governmental interference in art, except on a most restricted basis, has been proved to be merely the means whereby organized mediocrity gains the power with which it can further thwart the advancement of the true artist.

This fact should be remembered in considering a bill which has been introduced recently to the House of Representatives by one of its members, George Holden Tinkham. The bill calls for a Department of Fine Arts, "with a secretary thereof who shall be learned and experienced in matters pertaining to the fine arts." The Secretary shall be "appointed by the President, by and with the advice of the Senate." His salary shall be \$12,000.

The purpose of the proposed Department of Fine Arts shall be "to increase knowledge of the arts through official channels, and to develop a taste for art, one of the greatest factors in the march of human progress." The bill further provides that "The Secretary of Fine Arts shall have charge and control of the National Gallery of Art, including the Freer Gallery in Washington, D. C., and all other galleries of art which may come under its control wherever situated."

"The Secretary of Fine Arts shall also have direction and charge of international relations in the field of art." He shall "investigate and report, as often as circumstances shall require, upon the teaching of art in the public schools of the country." He "shall co-operate with the industrial interests of the United States for the purpose of securing a better understanding of the value of art as applied to industrial products of the country." He shall "collect, collate, and report at least once a year, or oftener if necessary, the full and complete statistics relating to the Fine Arts of the United States, the term fine arts to comprehend all matters relative to the arts of design," the arts of design being further defined as including "painting, sculpture, architecture, and industrial, decorative and graphic art."

Aside from the fact that there is not and never was a man who could adequately handle such a job, the very idea of it is a danger. Even if the superman lived who could perform the task perfectly, the existence of the office itself would be a danger. The development of taste necessarily must depend on individual independence; and nothing could be worse for it than that people should be encouraged to form the habit of leaning for guidance in developing their judgment on any established authority, no matter how omniscient.

As a matter of fact, we all know that there aren't any supermen, and we all know just what would happen to such an office in the hands of the too human politicians. The establishment of the proposed Department of Fine Arts would probably have little or no effect on the production of good art. There would be neither more nor less of it; but the path of the original artist would inevitably be made even more difficult than it already is.

The over-legislation that is the present day American malady has many a comic side. When, however, it touches what we are vitally interested in we see that it is a serious menace. The judgments of constituted "authorities" have been proved over and over again all too fallible when applied to contemporary art. An "authority," officially recognized by the Government as a Secretary of Fine Arts, might hope to promote vital and original work. Unfortunately or fortunately, there is no such thing as promoting such work. It either promotes itself or does not exist. What the proposed Department of Fine Arts could do and, with the necessity of maintaining popularity would inevitably do, would be to act on art as a standardizing and sterilizing influence.

FORBES WATSON.



PONTE DELLA PAGLIA

M. PRENDERGAST

MAURICE PRENDERGAST

By DUNCAN PHILLIPS

THE death of Maurice Prendergast marks the passing of one of the most sincere and unaffected men and one of the most subtle and original artists of our time. He did not have what is known in studios as "the photographic eye." Consequently he was ridiculed by those unenlightened critics who require a painstaking imitation of nature. Nor was he any more popular with those who claim that art has nothing to do with life, that the end of art is the abstract use of æsthetic raw materials for their own sake. His was the soul of the true artist, delighting in life, seeing it in his own way, believing that an artist's special agency is to communicate a life-enhancing pleasure by speaking to the senses and to the spirit in the same language. Prendergast proved that it is possible to be abstract in style and at the same time intimate in self-revelation.

For forty years, in spite of the misunderstanding and neglect of the world, even of his own often intolerant world of professional artists and art critics, this cheerful, confident, courageous man, simple and wholesome in his ways, gentle and kindly in every thought and word and act, has painted according to his heart's desire and to his mind's persuasion. He was so much of a purist in regard to the fusion or synthesis of the decorative and representative functions of his art of painting that he persisted in reducing his observations of the visible world and his joyous emotions in the presence of nature, to a simple but beautifully organized pictorial pattern. He had a very definite something to say about life, but he never compromised with his faith by saying it in any other way than the painter's way, the way of form and color. He left to his pictorial language—particularly to his wise, balanced and bewitching color—the pleasant function of making his own intentions and emotions clear. There never was the slightest taint of propaganda, of allegiance to any school or clique or political organization of painters, in Prendergast's pursuit of his ideal. Although no artist was less concerned than he with pleasing that large part of the public which wants a story-telling picture, or a photographic or a pretty one, nevertheless it is equally true that no artist has been less encumbered than he with esthetic theories and formulas, and less encumbered than he with rebellion against representative painting, riots which have raged around him but left him always detached and disapproving.

He knew that for some men realism is the only proper language but that for him decoration—and of a somewhat fantastic kind—was the speech which best expressed what he had to say.

He was born in Boston in 1859, and there was no hereditary indication that he would be an artist. In fact, his parents regarded his taste for color and for making little drawings of whatever pleased him with such amused condescension as one reserves for the amiable oddities of one's own children. He was always attracted in thought to France and, naturally, he went to Paris for his education. Under the interested eye of the instructors at Julien's School he drew conscientiously and cleverly in the life class, although he wasted no time drawing from the antique. In his later life he would often tell young painters to spend much of their time observing and drawing from nature. For eight years he kept it up himself so that finally he came to know the human figure so well, and especially its little unconscious gestures suggesting character, that he was able to draw only the essential lines, catching successfully on canvas swift impressions of crowds in action, by knowing how to express the salient points of individual types. His sketching of actual life, however, and his records of people and places that pleased him were reserved for his vacations. His work days were consciously devoted to drawing and to learning all that his teachers had to teach. The significant part of this story of his beginnings as an artist is that he never regarded all the careful and fastidious drawing of his school days, as anything but training for his mind, his eye, and his hand. He knew that this training would enable him to do as he pleased later on and that doing as he pleased would be in the style of his vacation sketches with their hasty notations in oil and water color of scenes that had made him gay with their zest and animation. To suggest this movement of figures in park-like places checkered with sunlight and colored shadows, he needed to make his pigments vibrant and vivacious with a vitality of their own. He seems, even at the outset of his career, to have been already intent upon the lines which make motion and the contours which make form, and to have discovered for himself that by laying on small spots of color one over another, allowing the under colors to show through, he could make his tones flicker, his sunlight shift and sparkle and



SUMMER FESTIVAL

MAURICE PRENDERGAST

dance, his whole effect vivid and exultant with the actual sensations of his joy in living. Having demonstrated all this to his own satisfaction, he went back to Boston and painted scenes on the Common and on the sea beaches of his native land, even as he had done in the Luxembourg Garden, in the Bois de Boulogne, at St. Malo and Nice and Rome and Venice.

American painting is pedantic and straight-laced in Boston. It reveals the excellence of the Parisian atelier in competent drawing and painting, but timidly stops short of building original structures upon that foundation. To properly brought up Bostonians and to the pedantic craftsmen of the Boston school Prendergast was utterly incomprehensible—and no wonder. Even when he began to send work to exhibitions in New York, the powers who control these affairs would have none of him. They thought he was a little daft and they laughed at him with just a lurking suspicion of being stodgy and murky-minded themselves, for the man's transparent sincerity and freedom from affectation must have impressed them if anything could. It was not until the sensational Armory Show of 1913 that the older American painters began to notice all the sur-

prising changes that had been going on in Paris since their day and to realize that they might have been a little hard on men like Prendergast. After all, his style was mild and his shock a pleasant one compared with the awful shock of apparently famous Frenchmen like Matisse and Picasso. The Armory show will always be important as a landmark in the story of American painting. With characteristic recklessness and inconsistency the American people, who are easily led by the nose in matters of taste and art when the French do the leading, went from one extreme to the other—from the extreme of intolerance for independent artists who were original in mind and method to the extreme of cultivating and actually cherishing creations queer, insincere, decadent. However, the Armory show was indeed a blessing to artists of the type of Prendergast. The new class of collectors and patrons of art, who took their cue from the magnetic Arthur B. Davies, took stock of American painting in the light of what they had learned from Paris and came to the conclusion that this man Prendergast was a wonderful person, after all, whose quaint and humorous designs and provocative drawing stimulated one's happiest faculties like the nonsense of

Lewis Carroll, and who painted from a palette full of colors far more subtly related than the colors of any painter in France. After that the doors of at least some exhibitions were open to him, so that congenial spirits came under his spell and a few collectors acquired his decorative overmantels. No longer did he need to paint for himself alone.

The paintings of Maurice Prendergast are the pure and perfect expression of the man, and of the blithe and jocund philosophy that made his heart grow younger in exultation as his art grew older in experience and more magical in power. His technique improved steadily as his art came to be more and more his entire existence, until at last, in his sixty-fourth year, sense and spirit were in absolute accord and both attuned to the wayward, merry little rhythms which return so persistently throughout the symphony of human life, relieving it of its otherwise unbearable tension or its equally unbearable monotony. To convey a sense of the joy he felt in the presence of nature as he watched young people and animals of many shapes and colors, playing and idling under the trees in the silvery spring-

time, with a laughing breeze rippling the surface of a little bay, and a ship or two spreading white sails, and a white house or two on a neighboring shore—after all, what more in the way of a subject did he need, this poet? The inexhaustible variations in the Prendergast repetitions of approximately the same theme, beach parties or picnics in the park, were the variations in the man's moods as he concentrated his dream upon this cross section of life, which he had chosen to make his own province, the realm of his own fancy. Just as Claude Monet delighted in painting over and over his hay ricks, poplars and cathedrals at different hours of the day, in different seasons of the year, to exercise his genius for suggesting variations of light and weather, so Prendergast repeated his favorite fantasy, his midsummer daydreams, so delightfully inconsequential, with their strange air of being true to fact, true to real domesticated places and people, and yet very like fairy-tale towns, as if mortals had come down for a single happy holiday. Sometimes the landscapes are almost naturalistic. More often they suggest the Noah's Ark trees, houses and animals of Toyland,



FANTASY

MAURICE PRENDERGAST

that unforgettable country. He lavished upon such themes his genius for infinitely various schemes of color—each concord of color-notes producing a tonality as subtle and as sumptuous as orchestral weaving of rare elfin sounds.

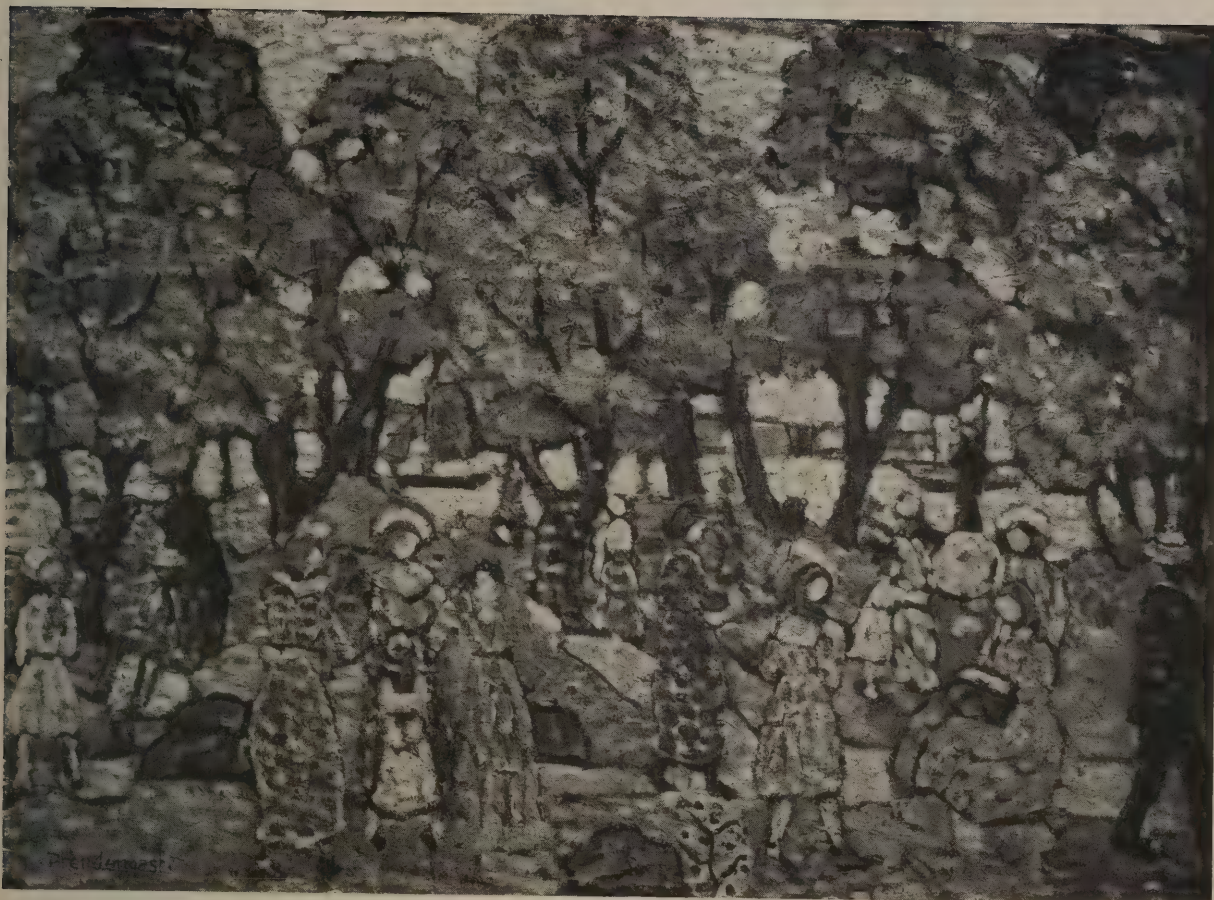
Prendergast was an unprecedented colorist in that the gamut of the colors under his masterly control was apparently boundless. He did not load excessive quantities of pigment, but produced delectable variations of subtle hues, even more far-sought and precious than Monticelli's. Nor did he obtain these variations at the expense of brilliancy through mixing his tones, but through the interweaving of separate stitches of pure clear color, laying in his designs in a melody of many colors and finishing them with a harmony of superimposed touches, the undertones and overtones mingling. He organized his colors and marshalled their arrangement but he did this spontaneously, on the inspiration of the moment. The chosen colors recur in precisely the right places on his pattern, and they are all a happy family with special affinities and inseparable associations. The end which he had in view as he apparently improvised so light-heartedly with his many tubes of perfect pigment on whatever shreds of old canvas happened to be at hand—was to make each decoration a unit of colorful design by making each vividly suggestive little figure in his foreground frieze a functioning part of the complex pattern. This decorative unity is a comparatively simple matter when an artist is content to confine himself to the organization of two or three closely related or effectively contrasted tones; but Prendergast, especially in his latest and best works, achieved a unified tonality which fills our eyes and delights and satisfies our minds and senses with an array of no less than a dozen variously colored spots which he distributed and balanced with positive assurance and blended in exactly the way that nature blends the world's many colors in the harmonizing element of air. It is the same old principle of the Luminarists, but applied with the emphasis on fantastic decoration rather than on realistic illusion.

Some of the finest evidences of his genius for color are to be found on canvases of delicate restraint representing cloudy days. Given such a theme, he painted it in tones of ivory, mauve and pearly green which Corot would have loved. There are only three painters who have dared to use and to triumph over that dangerous color, green—Corot, Weir and Prendergast. Their greens are always refined by division with other tones more silvery or more golden and less emphatic. Strong color notes occur in Prendergast as accents but never in masses

of any degree of density. Thus, whenever he had to do with a profusion of leafage in his tree-tops, he was relieved from the necessity of distributing the color balance of his pattern by the simple expedient of neutralizing the mass of green with ineffably subtle modulation, by more tender overtones laid on with artful abandon. In the end, through a patient persistence in this spontaneous but ever watchful improvisation, just the tones were achieved which conveyed successfully the sense of the special sumptuousness of trees in spring or summer or autumn.

"Artful abandon!" I believe I have hit upon words fairly descriptive of his mind and of his method. Artful abandon, of course, means wise, well-trained and well-controlled instinct. The word instinct must be stressed in writing about this artist. He painted from sheer inspiration, which is, I should say, about three parts instinct to one part intellect. He had no use for theories. He had little patience with formulas, not even with Cézanne's. Much as we may be tempted to do so, it is misleading to speak of his color schemes, for no painter was really less schematic than he. The color schemes are undeniable but they are unpremeditated. Nor was he ever deliberately capricious like so many modern artists. At least the same inspired instinct controlled his capricious impulse which captained his philosophical conception and which made him incapable of producing discord, even when playing with a jolly crowd of gay colors. When he painted a sea-green or a sky-blue horse, it was not to make us laugh nor to illustrate a theory about optical illusions with exaggerated emphasis, but because he needed it exactly thus for his arabesque. A gray or brown horse would not have functioned properly on that particular pattern. As for the world's obsession that objects have fixed colors, it was always incomprehensible to this unworldly artist. He was not poking fun at the human race in general nor at the license clerk in particular when he once answered that young man's question as to the color of his dog by stating that he was purple and yellow. I am sure the license clerk looked alarmed or angry, but there was no need for his concern or for his indignation. Prendergast was giving his serious and sincere opinion as to the appearance of his own dog, and it was the answer of as great an authority on this question of color as could be found in all the world.

A complaint that is frequently made about the paintings of Prendergast is that they are all alike. Nothing could be more untrue. A careless observer of a Philistine turn of mind, seeing occasional examples and noting the same "astounding peculi-



UNDER THE TREES

MAURICE PRENDERGAST

arities," for instance, "surfaces like tapestries or old samplers" and "crude figures vaguely suggesting human beings though bereft of faces," might indeed conclude that "Prendergast has but one formula and that a foolish one." As a matter of fact, to the eye trained to detect æsthetic subtleties, no two Prendergast canvases seem alike. This might be evident even to the Philistines if they could see a large collection of the master's works assembled. The resemblance of many Prendergast canvases to Flemish tapestries is undeniable, but there are other equally characteristic works which in their translucent splendor resemble rather Gothic glass; others in their glazed surfaces suggest mediæval enamels; others have the mat quality of Florentine frescoes. Although the gaieties of Prendergast are usually the very antithesis of the sublime and tragic narratives of the great primitives, yet I possess a canvas by the American fantasist—an improvisation, truly pagan of course, on the russets, purples and orange tones of autumn orchestrated with inexpressibly gorgeous peacock blues and greens—which has somehow a

grave dignity in the design and spacing of the abstract figures which makes me think of august church decorations of the best periods. The heavenly whites which Prendergast has bestowed on some of the little figures on this same canvas are worthy to adorn frescoes presenting the most solemn Christian stories. The straw hats of his clerks and shop girls on vacation might be halos for saints in Paradise. After looking at this Autumn Festival for long and dreamful moments, I confess that I have fallen under a spell and experienced ecstasy more mediæval than modern. Usually the spell of a Prendergast is more like wood winds and violins than cathedral organs and choirs; and when he reminds me of early Italian painting, it is less apt to be of Giotto than of Rossellino, Benozzo, Lippo Lippi, Ghirlandajo, Pinturicchio, the Venetian painters of marriage chests and all the other light-hearted, sensuous Italians, especially of their decorative landscape backgrounds with hedges and flowering arbors, lemon and orange trees, cypresses and umbrella pines. The spirit of romantic comedy which so

pleasantly pervaded the work of these Tuscan, Umbrian and Venetian painters is the same spirit which makes the style of Prendergast seem so naive and quaint in spite of its modern and Parisian logic and sophistication. Logic and sophistication, however, are equally important parts of his equipment as an artist, and to these traits in him we are indebted for the fascinating variations in color and texture, the wealth of artistic surprises and new sensations which he created for the delight of congenial spirits living and as yet unborn. Some of his most unsympathetic critics refer to him as a clumsy painter, while others call him a mannered stylist. As a matter of fact, he was neither altogether an inspired child nor altogether a sophisticated aesthete, but a compound of these opposite types. The compound in his case was equivalent to genius.

What an impossible task it is to really explain a great artist. We can only testify to what he seems to be and to marvel at the mystery of co-ordinate mind and hand, whose co-ordinating agency is that same instinct which we find in the little child and in the maker of emotional works of art. Indeed their point of view is much the same. They have the same joyous absorption in the game of making a world of their own. The children make a jollier world, the great artist a more personal and permanent world than the real one. It is in their own dream worlds that the great and little dreamers choose to live. They see with fresh eyes. They think with open minds. They make their knowledge serve their instinct. And on facts they build their dreams. They have more knowledge than the little dreamers and they know how to cultivate their faculties and to put their instincts to better uses. But there the difference ends. Unless a man becomes again as a little child he shall not enter the kingdoms of art.

It seems a paradox in the life and work of Maurice Prendergast that he combined simplicity of thought and clarity of emotion with his fascinating subtlety of style. Perhaps it is the secret of his greatness that his childlike spirit *is* so perfectly expressed in terms of abstract beauty. On the other hand, his subtleties of artistic creation are all the more significant because they seem to be, as indeed they are, spontaneous and instinctive rather than labored and theoretical. There is really no paradox about Prendergast at all. The explanation of his thinking like a happy child at play and painting like a very wise and sophisticated virtuoso of the brush is that beauty has always been for him and for his devoted brother and fellow craftsman, Charles Prendergast, about whom separate essays must and

will be written, the one meaning and purpose of life. To art these gallant gentlemen have consecrated their every faculty, their undivided time and attention. We are reminded of the zeal wherewith the Gothic workers in wood and glass and stone brought to perfection their several contributions to the glories of the cathedrals. Faith in God, for these men, made it possible to believe in the eternity of beauty. The Prendergasts have lived and toiled for beauty with a religious faith in its high destiny. Charles, the imaginative carver of wooden chests, decorative panels and the charming frames for his brother's canvases, has a curious and fascinating artifice and a naive fantasy. He is really not an antiquarian but an artist like his brother. Yet he does remind us of archaic beauties from Egypt, Persia, India and the European middle ages; whereas Maurice, the painter, is less eclectic and more universal. Both men, however, have brought to their special tasks the same loving workmanship which distinguishes the artists of the early Christian centuries.

Wherever the painter and the wood carver have gone about the world they have found with exceeding joy the beauties of nature that belong especially to them. Their task has been to transmit these beauties of nature with all the joy of their discovery into the more personal beauties of art with all the joy of its expressiveness. I have always liked to think of them starting out on a sunny spring morning, for a day out of doors without plan or purpose. Down to the shore might they not have gone and selected a ship for a sail on the sea because they rather liked the color of its flag? For beauty's sake these brothers have lived the most frugal and abstemious of lives, laboring for the love of it without hope of reward or recognition, and without all but the necessities of material existence. Down on Washington Square in the studio where they worked in silence, for the painter became so deaf he could not hear his brother's voice, sumptuous beauty and lyric joy pervaded the place and material comforts were unnecessary.

Maurice Prendergast lives on in his art as one of the most sensuous but also one of the most spiritual of artists, enjoying life in a full-blooded way but never exploiting beauty nor materializing his joy in it by literal anecdote and description. What he did was to suggest the essence of a painter's joy in a bright world of forms and colors moving and changing under such a light as shines when our hearts are aware of the rare privilege of just being alive. Suggestion, never precise statement—that was Prendergast's way. I am reminded of William Blake's philosophical aphorism:

He who bends to himself a joy
Doth the wingèd life destroy
But he who kisses joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sunrise.

Now Prendergast, whose sensuous gaiety seems so different from the mysticism of Blake, probably never thought out his reason for painting Nature as he did without any degree of definition or particularity. But the story of his life is the story of a great conviction, a debonair certainty of what he wanted to say about the holidays of quaint,

substantial little people by the seashore, and an equally charming faith in the unique, the unprecedented way whereby, whatever befell, he would say it, over and over and always with a subtle difference. With humorous and glamorous suggestions he revealed his thought, touching ever so lightly the elusive beauty of life on its iridescent wings.

The illustrations accompanying this article are from paintings in The Phillips Memorial Collection, Washington.



THE PINCIAN HILL

MAURICE PRENDERGAST



FRATERNITY CLUB
Architectural League

MURGATROYD AND OGDEN

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE INHIBITION

By HERBERT LIPPMAN

TO MANY architects and others interested in architecture the Annual Exhibition of the Architectural League of New York is what a "sea view house" is to an Adirondack vacationist—a hopeful illusion with an ironic suggestiveness. Architectural is a descriptive adjective, a plain fact that should be better understood. It simply must not be expected that the only exhibition of architecture in the city is really an exhibition of architecture; it really isn't. It is a mass of architectural adjuncts—a little architecture sneaks in.

The Architectural League consists of painters, sculptors, decorators, landscapers, craftsmen as well as architects and this is their show. There can be no complaint. It is theirs to do with as they will. It is just awkward somehow that these painters, sculptors, decorators, landscapers, craftsmen, et al, do not have as broad a field of practice as architects—their talents are not employed much in the design of skyscrapers, factories, power-plants, grain elevators, bridges, stadiums, *et cetera*. Their style is a little cramped. It is, however, their show and one can not blame them for showing their work. The architects of the League seem to get in the architecture attendant to these applied arts and crafts, with also some exceptions to be noted. This is the outward explanation of the kind of show the Architectural League gives.

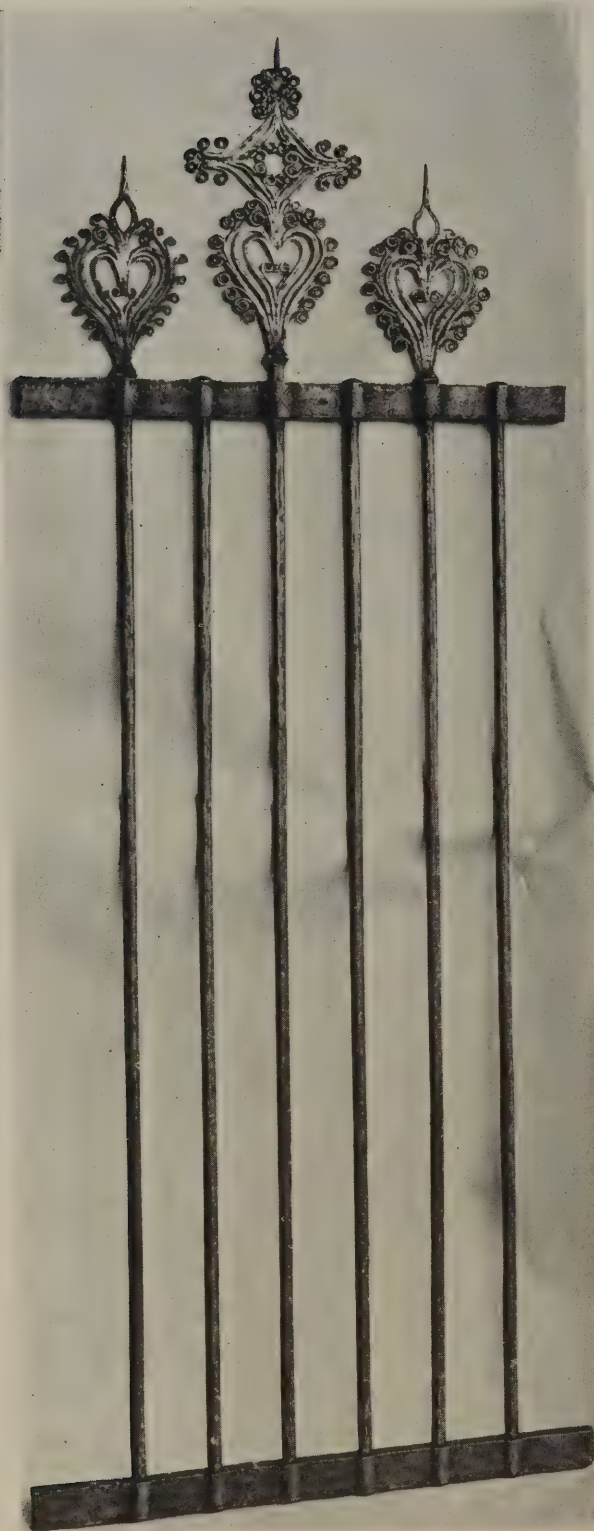
Most of the Exhibition has to do with the housing of the institutions of the economically conspicuous or otherwise wealthy. They lead a hard life. They have a great many material hard-boiled contacts with actuality in the daily round and seem to desire to forget these in contrasting pretty illusions and safe ostentatious tastes. They build palaces or other homes, churches and private schools, and so give employment to these applied artists, craftsmen and artisans. The old buildings of the Old World or Colonial days have just the right touch—sentiments, illusions, prettinesses. And they did so much hand work those days! The Architectural League Exhibition goes in for these imitations and adaptations of old forms, details, technique and crafts, all very expensively and adeptly executed by the applied artists, craftsmen and artisans of the Architectural League. This is one of the inward explanations of the kind of show the Architectural League gives.

The business of doing things with one eye on expensiveness and the other on safe historic stylism—looking it up in the books—makes mighty good

technicians when the technicians are good and have a certain human antiquarian sweetness. It does make for fear of the new, feebleness in emotional self-satisfaction and dependence on the social fears and prestige of clients. Works of art so conceived tend to have a perfumed mildness; they feel as though they had been done by a previous generation. The artists have to be content with so little in order to get paid for it and so righteous in order to get a second job. This, I think, is the Architectural League Inhibition. The League shows its creations. These are largely domestic and religious. The clients are sub-consciously desirous of being comfortable and correct. The creations are reflective of experiences of life majesticized or otherwise sentimentalized or, perhaps, classicized. The Exhibition seems resultantly feeble, sweet, anæmic—some such fool adjective; there is much of retiring coziness as of kittens in a basket, not so much of direct detached emotional stimulation.



AVE MARIA KAROLY FULOP
Architectural League



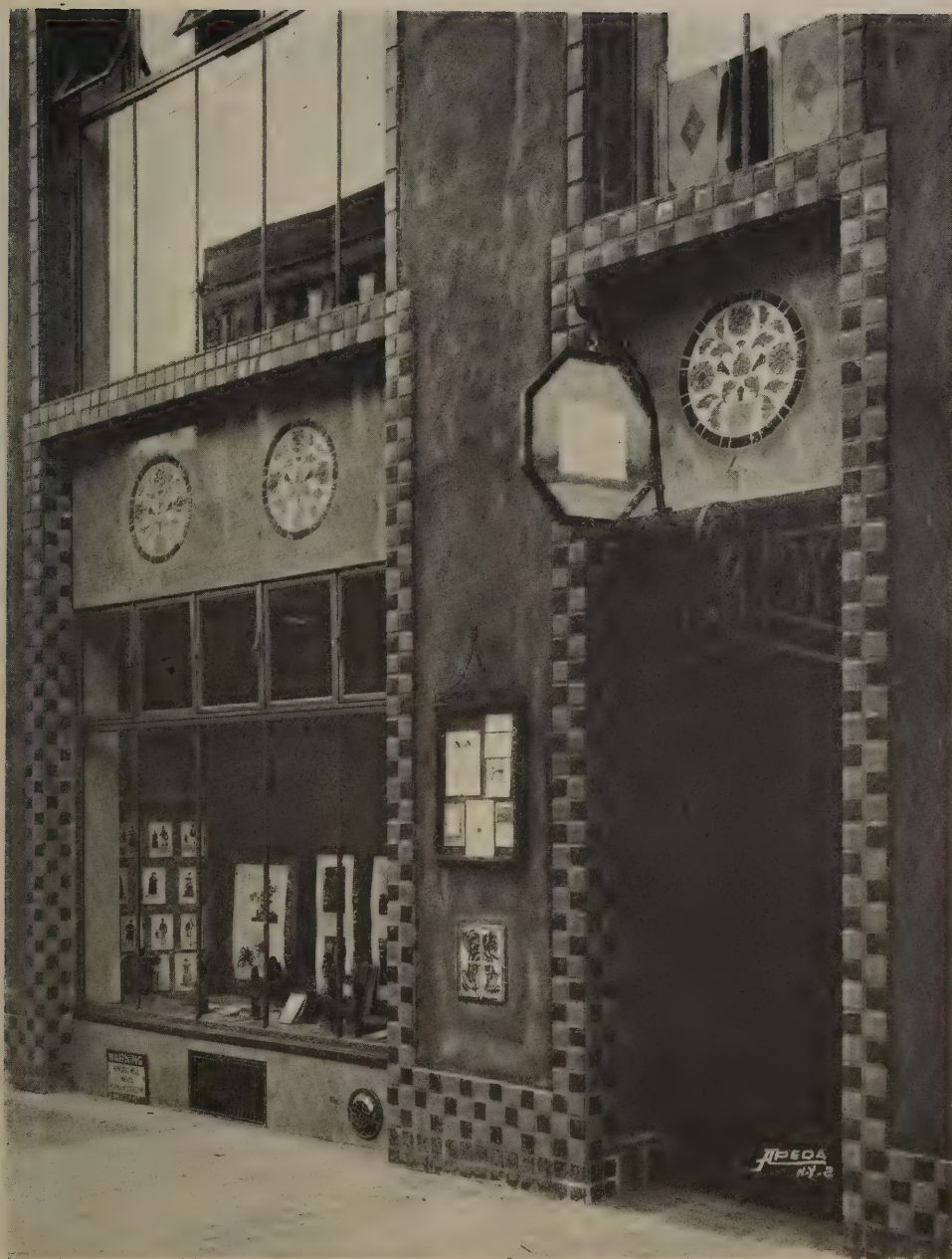
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ORNAMENT SAMUEL YELLIN
Architectural League

It is difficult to be respectful of the architectural arts shown. Sculpture is not even in the class of the last summer show. The opening day visitors gave vent to "cute" most commonly—not much real gratification to a real sculptor. The medal was awarded to a dull nude with a seeming cold in the head and due for nervous prostration if the water continues to drip onto her bosom as it did. William Zorach shows a woman and child carved in wood—here is a desire created as sculpture rather than a complacent idea. Robert Chanler has a fine decoration for Grant Kingore, Esq.—a novel flat color note, a lively composition and a delightful humor in the handling. Karoly Fülöp, a newcomer, shows three splendid paintings with mystic romantic subjects, bright in well-balanced colors and ingenious and conscientious in intricate patterning; the Ave Maria is one of the fine things of the Exhibition. Edouard Buk Ulreich has two small drawings, *When the Spirit Moves* and *Blue and Gold*. They are exquisite. They startle with a recognition of the possibilities of such an exhibition—if grace and freedom characterized the entries.

Among decorative objects and crafts W. T. Benda's masks have their usual popularity; the Corning Glass Works show a dainty selection of illusive tints and fine shapes; the Greenwich House Pottery has sturdy coloring. Ruth Green Harris has a well designed velvet batik table-runner with a sensuous color scheme. Kantack, Heath and Warman have more of their finely wrought silver and gilt and crystal and hammered work. Leshner, Whitman and Co., Inc., have some delightful pseudo-oriental "Sunfast" materials with New York City scenes amusingly blended and transformed into the oriental. James R. Marsh shows an admirable metal technique. Marguerite Zorach has an embroidered tapestry called *The Family*—materials treated suitably and the composition easy and graceful. That master craftsman Samuel Yellin again shows his greatness. He has two grille sections of wrought iron that are a joy of simple selection and use of material. A gate from his own home and a door from his museum complete his showing. It is entirely pleasing to see iron so sympathetically handled that no note of falseness enters.

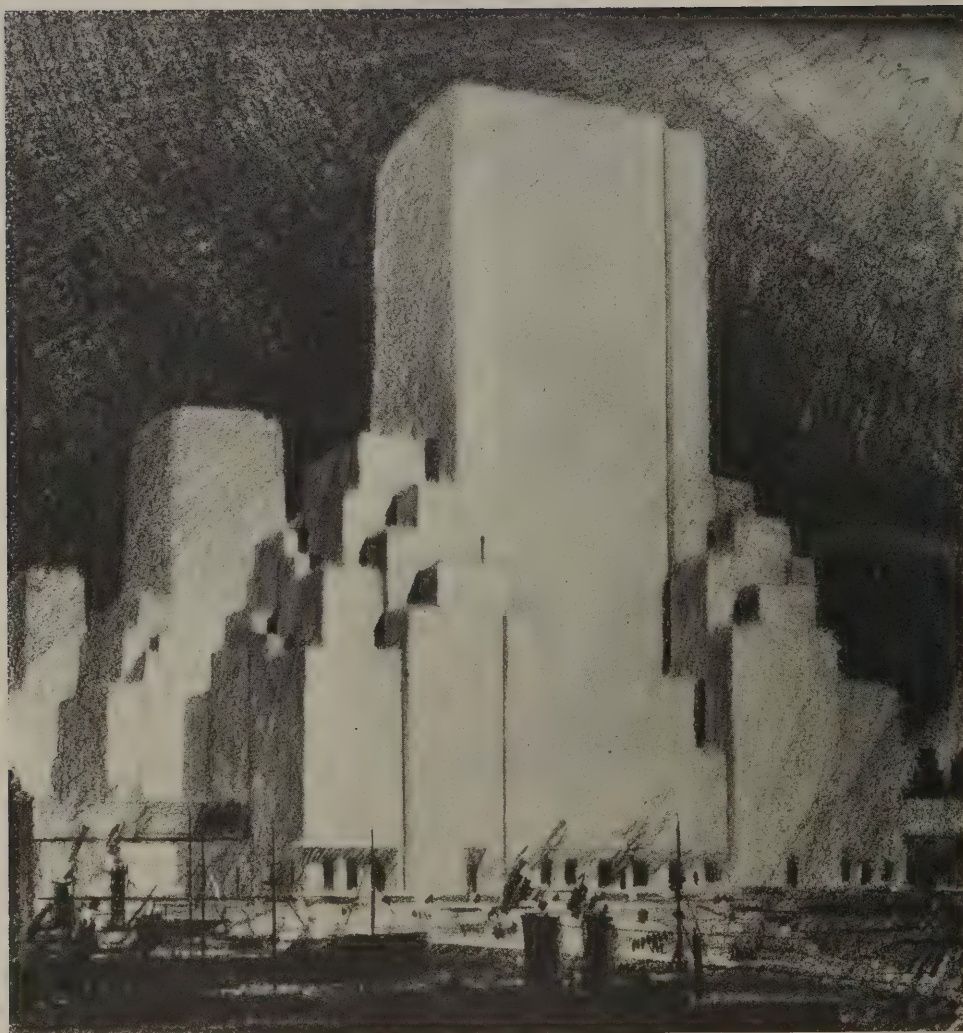
It is paradoxical that the only powerful creative work in the Exhibition is the least conspicuous—architecture. Gazing around the rooms, the decorative adjuncts fill one's eye. I have tried to give them their due.

Hidden away and tucked around are the photographs, rendered drawings and models of what the Architectural League has selected as the year's best



SHOP FRONT FOR E. WEYHE
Architectural League

HENRY S. CHURCHILL



A MAXIMUM PRACTICAL MASS IN A ONE AND ONE-
HALF ZONE
Architectural League HUGH FERRISS

architecture—limited largely to entries by its members. There are, praise be, intelligently courageous and free works among these. Hugh Ferriss has more of his black-gray-white imaginings of what is happening and can happen to New York City architecture through the development of the Zoning Act. No one seems to feel the modern city and its possibilities better than he, and he draws beautiful pictures of his thoughts. The sturdy Bush House by Helmle and Corbett is shown. It is interesting that an American could “get” the surroundings so thoroughly in a type of structure new to London. Arthur C. Holden and Associates show a suggestion in Tenement District replanning. Raymond Hood shows his black-and-gold American Radiator Building, with its stirring silhouette, its unified composition and its successful suppression of restless fenestration. It seems, looking at this design, that at last clients are becoming what they ought to be, to fit the desires of the architect. Benno Jannsen shows a respectful decorative treatment of a Pennsylvania Rail Road warehouse. Henry S. Churchill is confident in his use of faience, stucco, iron and stimulating direct color; the subject is the book and print shop of E. Weyhe. Murgatroyd & Ogden show the Fraternity Club Building—a beautiful example of the growing realization that design of architecture is not “facades,” “textures” or antiquarian correctness but is interesting shape and color and determined simplifying unity. It is a great work. This lesson has not been learned in an apartment at 381 Park Avenue, New York, by Litchfield and Rogers; The Postum Building, by Cross & Cross; and the Arsenal Building by Buchanan and Kahn; all of which have a certain freshness and strength but are still regrettably box-like and weakly unified.

These are the few fine examples of strong design shown at the Exhibition. There are, in addition, admirable instances of technique among the eclectically conservative forms of design and structure. Goodwin, Bullard and Woolsey, F. Burrall



THE FAMILY (Embroidery)
MARGUERITE ZORACH
Architectural League

Hoffman, Jr., Joseph Hudnut, John F. Jackson, Theodate Pope, Mott B. Schmidt and York & Sawyer show Colonial, Georgian or Tudor designs for domestic buildings, churches and universities. In all there is skilled study and execution of styles of architecture that once lived and have acquired charm and romance by virtue of remoteness from actuality. In these creations one feels the sophistication of the authors and one does not feel the vivid fascination of emotions. Somehow, this kind of architecture and its attendant decoration, furnishing and gardening epitomizes the Architectural League Exhibition—it is that human habit of sentimentally reviving the dependably dead and fearing the dynamically alive.

ART AND "THE MIRACLE"

By ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

ONCE more we are confronted with an illustration of the inveterate American habit of confusing quantity with quality. The occasion is the production of the quasi-Gothic spectacle "The Miracle." Never, the enthusiastic critics exclaim, has so much beauty been crowded into an American theatre. The synonyms for "beauty," according to the eulogies of these gentlemen, include such adjectives as these: colossal, stupendous, prodigious, gigantic, tremendous, multitudinous, etc. Beauty is thus unconsciously correlated with size. Even the arch-pontiff of the Broadway school of æsthetics casts aside his "customary fear of superlatives" and declares "The Miracle" to be "the biggest *and* the most beautiful thing that the walls of an American theatre have ever housed."

The biggest *and* the most beautiful! Analysis of these appreciations gives one the impression of beauty in bulk, beauty as a tangible, ponderable quantity that may be turned on or off like an electric current. In this particular instance, one can not escape the impression that the "beauty" which has been so voluminously crowded into the Century Theatre must in some vague and inexplicable fashion be a sort of thick, sugary, syrupy sauce, concocted to delight our perpetually adolescent palate.

It would be unfair to attach much importance to "The Miracle" in a magazine devoted to the arts, except that it has so emphatically exposed the danger of the *quantitative* fallacy in appreciation. This fallacy finds expression in several ways. It does not lie merely in the correlation of beauty with bigness. Quantity may be confused with quality in several ways. Often we are reminded of the high prices paid for the canvases of some celebrated painter. Monetary value is substituted for artistic significance. The same fallacy is evident in the widespread servility to great names in art. Incapable of discovering for themselves those elusive and often hidden qualities which give a work of art its enduring vitality, dealers, buyers, or critics fall back on the safe ground of the established reputation. Invariably the great name is an asset, a safe investment. It possesses a tangible financial value. Appreciation of this type is not based on the intrinsic merits of the work of art, but upon external, fortuitous and *quantitative* values.

To search for and to discover the inner struc-

tural qualities of a work of art, whether it be a fugitive song of the Paris streets, an early American painting, or a pretentious pantomime like "The Miracle," is a far more difficult task. It requires critical resistance, the constant exercise of sharp discrimination, the courage to reject much that is accepted as art, much that is advertised as costly and expensive, *big* and pretentious. But no taste for the arts can ever be developed to fruitful maturity unless it is taught to function actively and vigorously. We cannot create a taste of our own by a passive acceptance of the "art" and the "beauty" that is ladled out to us by advertisers and press-agents.

Only through the exercise of incessant and tireless discrimination, only by this perilous power of rejecting and accepting, only by sharpening the edge of this instrument of appreciation, so that we may split hairs if need be, can we ever arrive at the acquisition of an authority articulate and expressive. Appreciation in this sense becomes creative. It liberates us from the convention of mere names and dates and prices. We are no longer bound by the puny provincialism of so-called "good taste." The heavily labeled and berouged "art" of the marketplace no longer attracts the attention nor holds for long the interest.

Creative appreciation of this type discovered and saved for the world the pictures of *le douanier* Rousseau. It brought to the attention of eyes satiated by Rodinesque sculpture the sharp vitality of the Africans. Today it is uncovering the hidden treasures of early American art. It is searching continually for the authentic in art, no matter how humble or anonymous its origin. It is creative in the sense that it is aiming always to break down conventional visual habits, rejuvenating in a true sense our very eyesight. It steers clear of the insincere, the *faux-bon*, the pretentiously professional in art. It does not condemn great names as such. If it shows that it is capable of rediscovering such a great name as Ingres, for instance, it bases its respect upon the inherent structural qualities of his work, and not upon the mere deadweight of academic authority.

We seem to have wandered far from "The Miracle." But I am not here so much concerned with the merits of that production as an example of the art of the theatre, as with the inability of

our critics to determine its value, to disengage or to determine its artistic qualities irrespective of its magnitude, its cost, and the great names involved in the production. No one who has acclaimed the "beauty" of this pantomime has questioned the æsthetic legitimacy of this second-hand appropriation of Gothic architecture and ecclesiastic ritual. The beauty of that ritual, one would suppose, would be found in the reality of the faith and the religious emotions which inspired it, and found expression through it. The beauty of the Gothic cathedral is likewise discoverable in its reality—Gothic architecture remains the supreme moment of a great spiritual outburst, the greatest ever experienced in the western world. Without denigrating the adroit skill in the manipulation of "compo" board and "craftex" plaster in the construction of the *ersatz* cathedral in the Century Theatre, without attempting to question the authenticity of the imitation ritual, it is, nevertheless, impossible, upon the presented evidence, to discover in it anything more than a more or less faithful imitation. The very triumph of the *trompe-l'oeil*, the very success of the deception becomes, from the point of view of those who seek the quality of authenticity in art, the less significant and the more deplorable. It is a phenomenon that makes us realize anew the profound truth of Lao-tse's words: "When beauty is recognized as only a masquerade, then it is simply ugliness."

The "beauty" so unanimously acclaimed is but the shadow of a shadow, the borrowed beauty of the Gothic cathedral and the pseudo-solemnity of an ancient and impressive ritual, sicklied over with the pale cast of factitious religiosity.

We live in an age and in a city of excessive

credulity. Condescendingly we look down upon primitive man and his crude anthropomorphic beliefs. But primitive man might with greater justice smile at our assumption of superiority. For, while we have discarded his light luggage of a few simple and serviceable beliefs, we are trained to accept with the blandest gullibility everything that is told to us—provided it be a propagandist or a press agent who "gets us told." In the field of the arts we are as babes and sucklings; and, in particular, the theatre is the high monument of our good-natured gullibility. The very mention of "art" and "beauty" is enough to open our pockets. In the theatre, more even than in the other arts, we need to develop critical resistance. No small benefit, it seems to me, may be derived by the application in this field of the same discrimination one would exercise in the choice of a canvas or a print. In the theatre, as in a gallery or museum, we should be incessantly searching for a more real beauty than the superficial mingling of lights, movement and color. We must seek the beauty that grows out of the organized and harmonious unity of the work, the finely woven integrity of the whole venture. We seek not the superimposed "beauty" that is applied like a coat of varnish, but the hidden, fugitive beauty that is found in a fine balance of structure, in the symphonic counterpoint of matter and spirit, finding expression only in the work of art. In this search we may expect much disappointment and only the most infrequent reward of a discovery. But at least it will render us immune from the corrupting and disintegrating disease of suggestibility. We shall learn at last, in this all-important matter of criticism and appreciation, to stand upon our own feet.



SKETCH ON LIMESTONE
EGYPTIAN (XVIII Dynasty)
Metropolitan Museum of Art



MAJOR HIGGINSON
JOHN SINGER SARGENT



THE SULPHUR MATCH (1882)
JOHN SINGER SARGENT



PORTRAIT OF MRS. J. WM. WHITE (1905)
JOHN SINGER SARGENT



JOSEPH PULITZER (1903)

JOHN SINGER SARGENT



MR. AND MRS. I. N. PHELPS-STOKES
JOHN SINGER SARGENT



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

By FORBES WATSON

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The illustrations accompanying this article have been chosen for the purpose of showing the marked inequalities of the painter's art they are used through the courtesy of the Grand Central Galleries.

A RETROSPECTIVE exhibition, mainly of portraits, which now occupies four of the Grand Central Art Galleries, brings up once more for public discussion the art of John Singer Sargent, who has been a subject of debate in circles called artistic for over forty years and who occupies today

almost as equivocal a position as he did when his paintings first made a sensation in the great academic exhibitions of Paris, London and New York. Forty years ago Mr. Sargent's paintings caused many an acrimonious argument. He was not accepted by some of the best artists of that day, but years later his reputation rose to the sky. Fashionable clients, academic officials and literary critics, not to mention professors, placed him above mere mortals and beyond criticism.



A. LAWRENCE LOWELL (1923)
JOHN SINGER SARGENT

In literary circles his reputation remains at its highest point, but among painters who are not primarily official Mr. Sargent's reputation has swung back to a position far below the point of balanced justice, and we find the most important contemporary artists granting him considerable less than his due. It is interesting to attempt to follow the orbit through which this great man's star has swung, and the process may explain the profound inner boredom of his latest work.

More than thirty years ago one of Mr Sargent's ablest fellow painters jotted down some notes explaining his theory of Mr. Sargent's success.

"Sargent was always an unquestioning student. He never doubted the rightness of the methods he was being taught, while the rest of us in Paris were full of doubts, were at sea and painted in the dark. Doubts never bothered Sargent. He had faith in facility and belief in success. He was quick to see what would make a hit in the exhibition."

At about the same time that these comments were put down, thirty-odd years ago, George Moore wrote severely of Mr. Sargent's art as being "the

apotheosis of fashionable painting." And further: "But when painters are pursuing new ideas, when all that constitutes the appearance of our day has changed, I fear that many will turn with a shudder from its cold, material accomplishment." The new ideals have come and Moore's remarks appear prophetic.

Of course, George Moore himself was a failure as a painter, and while failures at painting often turn to criticism, they frequently retain a kernel of jealousy against successful painters. But Moore knew the advanced artists of the period and sympathized with their ideas.

Abundant evidence can be adduced that from the beginning of Mr. Sargent's success the quality of his art was attacked by individuals who refused steadily to accept him at the value set upon his work by the world in general and by his fellow academicians in particular. No one could win the applause that Mr. Sargent has won without inspiring a minority attack, but the glittering stream of his worldly success has appeared to flow onward without the slightest shadow upon its surface.

Even Mr. Sargent's failure as a mural painter has not shaken the doubts of his host of followers, who include nine academicians out of ten the world over, a score of professors and all of the "best people." These do not question Mr. Sargent's position.

Prof. William Lyon Phelps recently wrote about him to the following effect:

"Sargent belongs among the great painters of all time, his pictures revealing the mysterious but unmistakable stamp of genius. In fact, everything he does shows this quality, which makes his painting the envy of competitors and the pride and glory of American art. He has no successful living rival, but is in a class by himself. So true is this that if I were asked to name the greatest living American, I should unhesitatingly name John Singer Sargent."

Prof. Phelps' pæan is an illuminating document for those interested in the study of American education. There is nothing mysterious about Mr. Sargent's art. Its quality and its defects are as transparent as the sunshine which the natives of California like to talk about.

More understanding of the art of painting is shown by Roger Fry, who, in an article in the November *Dial*, summed up thoughtfully the opinion of the minority, which is relatively small but which includes practically every original creative artist who has painted during Mr. Sargent's epoch. Among other things Mr. Fry says:



MRS. HENRY WHITE—NEE MARGARET STUYVE-
SANT RUTHERFORD (1883)

JOHN SINGER SARGEANT



MRS. CHARLES E. INCHES
JOHN SINGER SARGENT

"Mr. Sargent has not the distinctively artist vision—he has, one might say, no visual passion at all, scarcely any visual predilections—he has, rather, the undifferentiated eye of the ordinary man trained to its finest acuteness of observation, and supplied with the most perfectly obedient and skillful hand to do its bidding."

The opposition that is reflected in the respective estimates that Mr. Fry and Prof. Phelps have made of Mr. Sargent's paintings has always existed. Prof. Phelps states the popular verdict. Mr. Fry epitomizes the verdict of those thoughtful artists who have been occupied with more fundamental problems than ever troubled the happy brain of a Mr. Sargent, a Van Dyck or a Lawrence.

But portrait painting eventually became a bore to Mr. Sargent and he conceived the ambition to achieve success as a great mural painter. The victories which he won in the field of mundane portraiture were not equaled in the field of mural painting.

The boredom which overcame him as a portrait painter reached its climax in the portrait of President Lowell of Harvard University, which is perhaps the most fatigued piece of work that Mr. Sargent ever produced. Probably both this portrait and the portrait of ex-President Charles W. Eliot were painted against the artist's better judgment, for he is said to be an able critic of his own work and he knows, so his friends claim, when he has failed.

Fortunately, in the present exhibition may also be seen a number of canvases that represent Mr. Sargent at his best. Seeing them again is a pleasure, even a surprise. Before the exhibition was arranged many people felt it would be an error to challenge the public's acceptance of the Sargent legend and tradition, but now that it is in place one sees that Mr. Sargent has something very worth while in a number of his most successful portraits. He remains the king of fashionable portrait makers. What he sees he can state in terms of paint with such magnificent dexterity and clarity that he expresses himself to his maximum.

Of his men's portraits none is better than the portrait of the late "Joseph Pulitzer, Esq.," an amazingly acute performance, more acute than the Higginson portrait, and without the great empty spaces that make immense holes in that gigantic canvas. Apparently only a few men interested Mr. Sargent as sitters. Mr. Pulitzer was one of them; Mr. Wertheimer, whose portrait is in the National Gallery in London, was another. The exceptional

portrait problem offered by Mr. Pulitzer's astute and penetrating character was welcomed by Mr. Sargent with zest and ably solved. But men who were less remarkable portrait subjects obviously did not interest Mr. Sargent, as a glance about the gallery will prove.

In the days of Van Dyck men's portraits offered better opportunities for the Sargent type of painter who appreciates the possibilities of the regalia of a Charles I. Painters like Mr. Sargent always welcome the surface problems of grand costumes and dresses. Silk and satin fascinate them.

On the other hand, Mr. Sargent really received from the pictorial possibilities of fashionable loveliness a genuine thrill. So many of his imitators, like so many of his progenitors, betray a touch of flunkeyism when they paint the fashionable woman. Lawrence was often a terrible flunkey. There isn't a touch of it in Mr. Sargent.



CHARLES W. ELIOT (1907)
JOHN SINGER SARGENT

Compared to the portrait of "Mrs. Henry White, nee Margaret Stuyvesant Rutherford," painted forty-one years ago, the fashionable portraits of John, Orpen and the others look common. There is a real feeling in this portrait, painted before Mr. Sargent wearied of his own virtuosity.

The gradations in a receding fold of white satin or in the turn of a lady's bare shoulder, neck and cheek offer delicate changes in tone that Mr. Sargent once loved to paint, and his mastery of them showed him to be essentially a painter. The artist is at his best in the parts of his canvas that offer him chances for manual wizardry. But in planning a whole canvas Mr. Sargent nearly always leaves empty places in the composition.

Form in any large sense he has not attempted to master. His color is not distinguished, but occasionally a real feeling gives to his best portraits something of the warmth of art.

Mr. Sargent's water colors and landscapes again betray his lack of an exceptional color sense and illustrate his enjoyment in executing bits of excessively difficult painting while ignoring the larger, simpler forms. His manual dexterity is supreme. Only the vision to see his subject as a whole fails him. As a painter he is better than any of his portrait-painting followers. Who would question his being the most accomplished virtuoso of them all? As an artist he is as far removed from greatness as Van Dyck is from El Greco.



WOODCUT HERMINE DAVID



WOODCUT

HERMINE DAVID

HERMINE DAVID

By ALEXANDER BROOK

THE pictures which we think the most significant are not always the ones we have a great desire to possess, and were we to own them they might not give us the perpetual pleasure that we have the habit of believing they should. It is, perhaps, for this reason that so few pictures are bought except by isolated collectors, who are a species all to themselves. Very rarely it is that with the first glance at a picture on exhibition do we feel it to be what we desire more than anything in the world, simultaneously realizing that it would give us un-failing pleasure regardless of how long it hung in the most conspicuous place on the wall. It is not always our respective masters that prompt these thoughts or predatory desires, but usually a responsive human chord touched by the color, arrangement, subject or whatever it be, proving the authenticity of the artist and not necessarily his greatness.

The most diverting and stimulating show which I have seen recently is that of Hermine David (at Joseph Brummer's gallery), whose every picture it would be a real pleasure to possess. It does not belittle her artistry to say that she is not as great as Jules Pascin, nor would it be praising her sufficiently to state that she is far superior to her better-known contemporary, Marie Laurencin. The latter is an automaton compared to Madame David

with her diversity of human interest; moreover, there is that careless yet positive free rendering of a panorama of detail that invites, then passes one on to further delights.

Her work has of recent years taken on great importance at Paris in the same quiet way, without pomp or trumpets, that it is bound to take here in America. But as usual we are slower than our friends over there. Her pictures priced in francs were translated into dollars—practically ready to be given away; yet only six pictures were sold at the exhibition. What an opportunity for a wise beggar to become rich in the ownership of them! An old story it is and one for which apparently there is no remedy.

What is most striking in her work is the lack of violence, decay or struggle of any kind. Instead there is a scintillating joy and thorough appreciation of all things and beings that grow and move with living force that whisks you off to a truly Arcadian world. If I were not afraid of being misunderstood I would say that they were very beautiful pictures—the word "beauty" having taken on an almost sarcastic sense in these cynical days. However, when standing before them and talking to oneself, one may use the word unblushingly. The word "genius," on the other hand, never occurs to one, but talent is ever present without the artist herself



EN ROUTE
Brummer Galleries

HERMINE DAVID

being much concerned about it. They seem to be painted just as naturally as she viewed and selected her subject; her interest in the scene is transmitted without any apparent difficulty or artistic consciousness to the surface she works on. The work is chiefly done in gouache, which conveys a soft and feminine quality.

One of the few things to be gathered about Madame David is that she is a taciturn individual who keeps very much to herself and expresses no view either on art or events; quite an eccentric, in fact. Her pictures, nevertheless, exhibit none of this reticence, but instead are expressive of a keen observation and unusual eloquence. What words could be found more articulate than the picture entitled *En Route*, with its play of lights and shadows (one should say light only, for it is suffused with that) over the distant hill and foliage, and the white road that takes you into this beatific world. The people on the road are not necessarily

bound for a destination but seem content to ride in the donkey-cart whither the beast takes them and to walk without tedium or exertion under the trees. The people are mere incidentals, yet they enact an important rôle in nearly all her pictures in that we should be sorry were there no one actually there to enjoy the scene with us.

It is quite certain that Madame David has no such thoughts when painting, for no pictures could have less literary idea or ulterior motive than hers. Unconsciously she makes us enjoy ourselves in the lovely world she has created—without any sentimentality; for despite what I may have indicated here, she is not sentimental. Marin with one stroke, so to speak, gives us the hard rocks and battling elements, thunder and the blazing sun; Madame David does something similar, but not with the same adjectives. She has nought to do with belligerent nature; she is concerned only with its more peaceful attractions. Nevertheless, they



AFTERNOON PROMENADE
Vilfranc Gallery, Paris

HERMINE DAVID

are both nature lovers who tell their respective stories frankly and, as has been said before, in one stroke; we comprehend in one glance.

Madame David is French; unmistakably so. In her work there is that exhilarating lightness native to the French; there are little notes that betoken a free and flexible spirit devoid of dogma or pre-occupation with any school or movement. Likewise there is no challenge and evidently no straining at the leash to get away from oppressive tradition. Her paintings are brilliant and sparkle with a veritable horde of unique comments and opinions, not brilliant in color or in contrast, let it be understood, but with the wit and decisiveness of sophistication. Her knowledge is that which she herself has stored in her own personal way, culling an idea here and there, maybe; but this is only a surmise, for her work is too original to

display any other source save that of herself.

Very rarely does one see an exhibition that stands out in so unified a manner as this. If in some of the pictures we found a slight falling off in merit, we hastily and involuntarily forgot it, so grateful were we for the honesty evidenced in them all. No neurotic moods could be discovered in them; despair, depression or anger are not hers; at least, if they are they leave not trace in her work; but always is she ready to present a sunny, romantic world with clouds disporting themselves gratefully as porpoises, trees in full foliage, without thought of the "snows of yesteryear," or of the future either. To achieve this mood occasionally is the lot of almost every painter; but to sustain it with almost equal buoyancy through a succession of works is a privilege afforded most strikingly to Hermine David.



ALONG THE MARNE

HERMINE DAVID



PORTRAIT
Macbeth Galleries

FRANK DU VENECK



LITHOGRAPH
Whitney Studio

PABLO PICASSO

MY FRIEND'S FRIEND

By ALLEN TUCKER

THERE is no use in my telling you the name of my friend, for the story is about his friend, and not about him; and when my friend told me the tale he was careful not to tell me the name of his friend, so that they both must remain unknown.

My friend is a painter with a good reputation for solid work but his friend was one of those who was known everywhere, who had had a great success, and who, moreover, sold his pictures for large prices as fast as he painted them.

They hadn't seen each other in years, hardly at all since they were students long ago in Paris. That is the way of New York; two people who know each other will live almost next door for years and never see one another, all the time wishing and

intending to take up the interrupted friendship. So after this long time these two friends happened to meet on the street and stopped and each said how glad he was again to see the other. They drew aside to talk.

Naturally my friend said how wonderful it must be to have found the public, to have achieved while living this thing called success, to feel that what you did was at once wanted by people who cared for it, cared for it enough to give actual money for it, people who wanted to have the pictures to live with for their very own.

My friend's friend took all the congratulations and praise with becoming modesty, for he had stood his elevation to the heights of popularity with a

somewhat unusual steadiness of head; and then he said:

"Yes, what you are good enough to say is so, and it is, of course, a great satisfaction to me to sell my things; but, you know, everything has drawbacks. True, my pictures sell; but I must exercise great care as well as industry or the selling would speedily come to an end."

"Care?"

"Yes, you see I must repeat, I must paint pictures alike every time; they mustn't get better or get worse; either would be equally fatal."

"They mustn't change at all?"

"Exactly, not at all; for if they change, when the buyers ask as to the change, my dealer must say either that the pictures are better or are not so good. If he says (and this is the curious part) that they are better, the owner of one feels that the picture he already has is an inferior picture and is dissatisfied and puzzled; he feels he dare not buy another, for the improvement may continue and then the new picture would be just as far short of what he might have had and what others would have as his present picture was behind the picture he was now being asked to buy. On the other hand, if the dealer says that the new picture is not as good, is not up to the standard, the unfortunate buyer thinks he may acquire something by a man whose name is declining, whose fame is not permanent; and so he thinks poorly of his present possession and would, of course, never think of buying another. So I must be careful to keep them exactly at a level; and believe me, my boy, it isn't always an easy job. You see there is a price for everything; one way or another, we must pay, even for success."

"Yes, it does sound like rather a hard tune to play."

"But I have a refuge, a way out to the sky, a cleft in the hills through which I escape. Say, come to my place now; I want to show you some things, show you my way of escape, show you the thing that keeps me alive through the grind of what you know as success. Beside my regular work I paint for myself, paint for my name, the name that by these pictures I hope will live."

My friend agreed to go, always having time, as he was a really busy man, and being full of curiosity to see what this man could do, to see what the talent that years ago had held so much promise of being a force in art had made of itself, what the man had become aside from the external success that was so

well known, the success that seemed to my friend, who was struggling with realities as Jacob struggled with the angel, so small, so poor a thing.

They got in a taxi, which the successful man (like most successful men, being above small sums) let his less fortunate brother pay for; they got out at the fashionable studio building and were carried past many gilded floors till they were brought to the top, where the most desirable studios lifted their windows to the north.

In they went to the spreading room full of wonderful plunder from all over the world, some of which made my friend's mouth water with envy and the desire for possession; and, on each side, on a dark, heavy easel, stood one of the pictures that had made the man famous, made him rich, made many foolish people think that, after all, there was a regard for art in this country.

My friend was hurried through this room, his friend being anxious to show his real things, anxious for the hard-won praise that one painter gets from another, anxious for some of the praise that men strive for and live by.

"Come in here; this is my place, this is the place where I do my own work. Now I will show you. I didn't know how much I wanted to show this work to someone who knows and cares for art, until I happened across you today. It was luck for me; I believe in luck. Things do go the way they should. Things do come out as you actually wish. I know the psychologists are right; we do get what we want, we do get the things our minds are bent on, and, after all, it is a pretty good little rolling world. Go in, old chap, I'll bring you a drink. Go in and wait."

So my friend sat down opposite an empty easel and the drink was brought and drunk, each holding the glass toward the other and wishing health and happiness and another merry meeting.

"And now I will show you one of my last and, I hope you will agree with me, one of my best things." Slipping a canvas into a frame, my friend's friend stood it on the easel, stepped back and waited with a slight sigh of anticipation.

My friend sat still, staring, frightened. He was sure. There was no mistake. He could trust his taste. This picture was the same as all the successful pictures. It was dead, worthless. God and Mammon could not both be served. This picture was another facsimile, another one of the long series—no better, no worse; the same.



JUNGLE SCENE
Whitney Studio

HENRI ROUSSEAU
Collection of Walter Conrad Arensberg



PAINTING
Whitney Studio

HENRI ROUSSEAU



LANDSCAPE

Weyhe

ALFRED H. MAURER

NOTES ON THE EXHIBITIONS

E. WEYHE provided the past month's sensation among the New York exhibitions. The sensation was not so much in the exhibit itself as in the circumstances that led up to it. For what Mr. Weyhe did was to purchase outright the entire work produced during the last ten years by Alfred Maurer. It was a great gamble on Mr. Weyhe's part, and it is a pleasure to record that he won out. The preliminary gamble on the part of the artist himself had been grimmer and more prolonged; but he, too, in a manner of speaking, has won out. At any rate, more than forty paintings have been sold to date, and everybody is happy.

It is possible that Mr. Weyhe might now prefer to have his part in this affair treated with more discretion. Not that he can for a moment regret doing what he did, but simply that it must have already involved him in complications. He will henceforward be fair game for every unappreciated artist who can in any way get at him with a plea to attempt the same thing again. So that whenever he may feel inclined to he can ruin himself irrevocably for the good of American art.

He did not come a cropper this time because he showed such good judgment as to the appeal of Maurer's painting to a special clientele. It would

be a mistake to expect such work to be in any sense popular; it departs too far from common perceptions for that. It depicts the things and people of everyday life—a hillside pasture or a boarding-house female—but these are all seen in a wholly personal way. The purity of his landscape color is delightfully intense; the mentalities of his women disturbingly so. Most of the latter hint at all sorts of frustrations and suppressions, but one girl has not yet had her anticipations so transmogrified.

* * *

Birger Sandzen's second New York exhibition has been held at Babcock's Galleries. This painter's career offers many points of interest for more extended comment than is possible on this occasion—his academic European training, his radical removal from Europe to the plains of Kansas thirty years ago, and his response to his new environment by radical changes in technic. Any painting which is faithfully to record the mid-continental region, its vividness and immensity, must break away from academic timidities and go to work in some such bold way as Sandzen's. This is not to say that it must imitate his specific manner, but merely that it must emulate his effort after intensity of color and

largeness of vision. His work in all mediums—oil, water color and black-and-white—evidences an entirely consistent way of seeing. The days of pioneering are not yet over for the Middle West; and Mr. Sandzen's faithfulness to his environment, his courageous acceptance of the material right at hand as a sufficient incentive to art, forms a memorable example of cultural pioneering. In particular his carefully worked out ideas about color make his influence as a teacher stimulating and healthful.

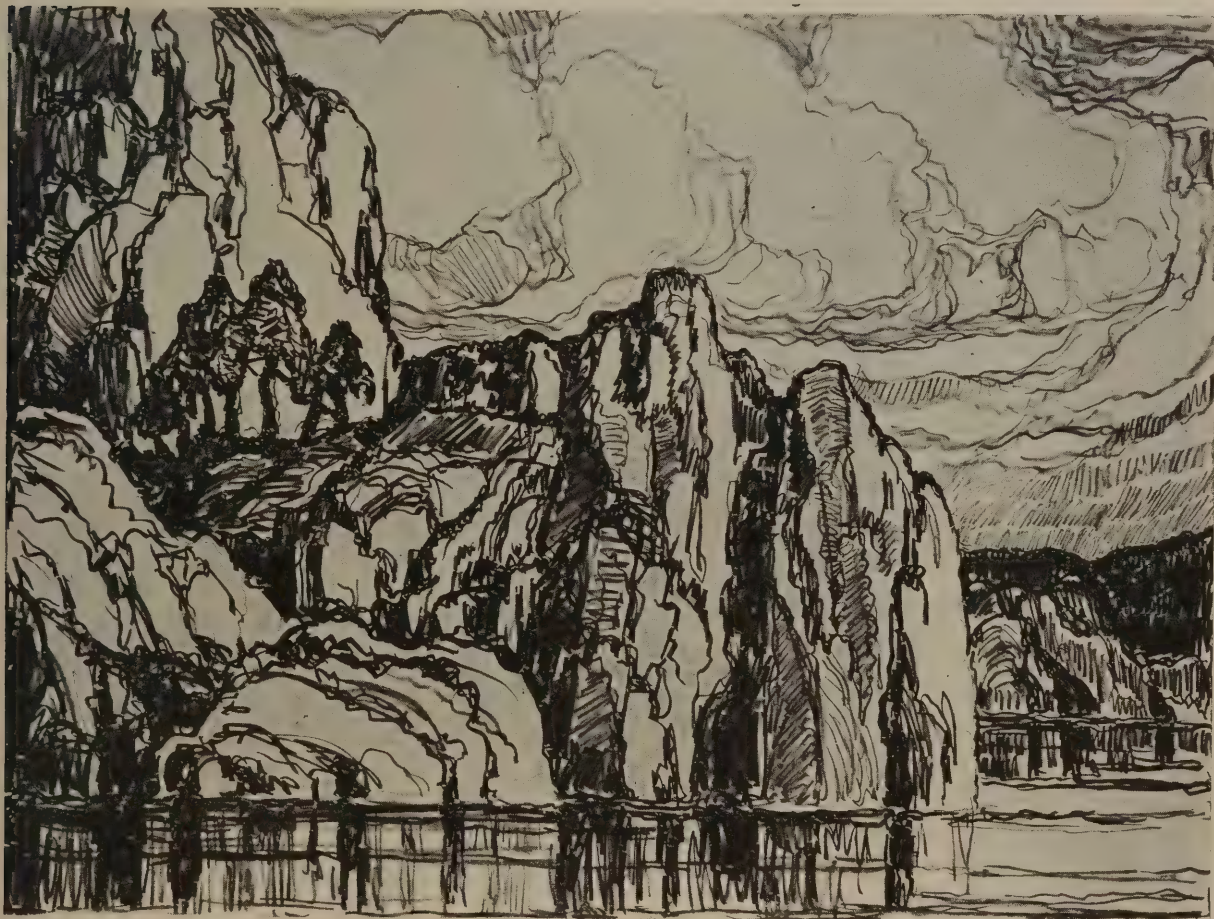
* * *

The exhibition of Early American Art which Mr. H. E. Schnackenberg assembled at the Whitney Studio Club was thoroughly enjoyable. The discovery of our artistic past which is now progressing with increasing rapidity satisfies more than the collecting instinct; for such paintings and miscellaneous objects as were brought together in this exhibition

have the tang of reality. They are actually and adequately expressive of their time; they form a genuine contribution to cultural history.

Our own day is in some respects, in its cosmopolitanism and its consequent lack of homogeneity, worse off than that earlier time; but the way of artistic salvation for us does not lie along that of antiquarianism. This needs to be affirmed just now because there is more than a hint of such a spirit among some of the younger painters of today. They have run away to the attic to play and are having a glorious masquerade.

They are full of whimsies. They dearly love a joke in paint. So do the rest of us, for that matter. But to be perpetually joking is to kill all the fun; we must be serious if only to be relieved of the necessity of laughing. Always to take the universe lightly is in the long run apt to be more of a strain than uninterrupted seriousness.



LITHOGRAPH
Babcock Galleries

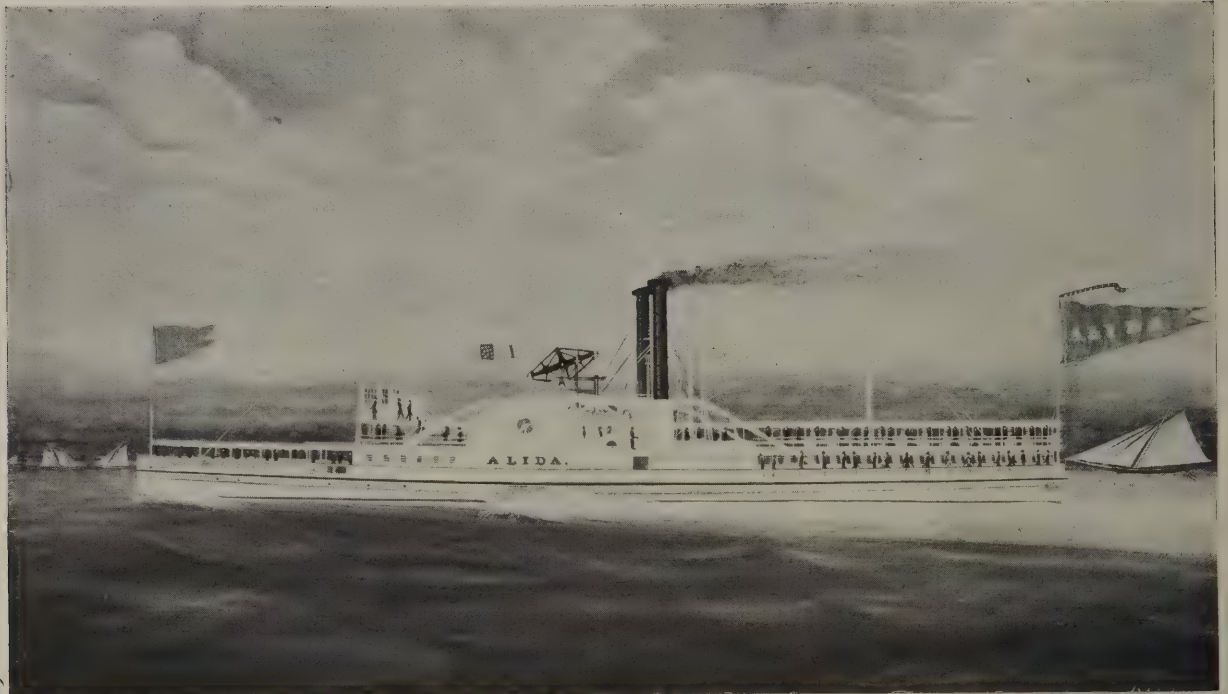
BIRGER SANDZEN



CIGAR STORE INDIAN (Carved Wood)
Whitney Studio Club



FISH AND ROSES TO MY DARLING LOUIS BOUCHE
Daniel Galleries



HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOAT "ALIDA" (1847)
Whitney Studio Club

JAMES BARD

A transaction of great artistic importance as well as of financial magnitude has been the purchase by the Ferargil Galleries of the famous Sanden group of paintings by Albert P. Ryder. This best-known of the American romantics was most adequately represented by this collection of his work, and in a way it is a pity to have it dispersed. But the range of Ryder's painting is as narrow as its quality is intense, and it is probably a gain to have it more generally distributed than its scarcity has hitherto permitted it to be. Already two of the pictures have been acquired by the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington.

* * *

Two exhibitions which will overlap during the first part of March offer an interesting contrast. The one is of paintings by Henri Rousseau, at the Whitney Studio, and the other is of paintings by Frank Duveneck, in the new rooms of the Macbeth Galleries.

No two painters could be superficially more unlike than these two, yet even they had one thing in common—the fact that they relied upon their predecessors. This is obvious enough in its application to Duveneck, but not so much so in the case of Rousseau.

Yet it is written how the latter, when in need of

some form for a picture, would go to the Louvre and search the paintings until he came upon something that suited him and then would go home and copy it from memory. His own lack of sophistication and lack of manual skill preserved him through this process; his entire seriousness enabled him to distill captivating pictures from a method which would have ruined another.

Duveneck also went to the old masters for his deepest lessons in art, and both his general and his technical education enabled him to enter into the vision which they had and to emulate them in expressing it.

Duveneck's triumph consisted in approaching them in greatness of the same kind; Rousseau's salvation lay in his native inability to be like them. Following the same method, these two painters were saved through opposite qualities.

* * *

An exhibition of general interest is one of paintings, drawings and water colors by Arthur B. Davies, which is being shown through March by the Department of Fine Arts of Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. The concluding paragraphs of the Foreword are as follows:

These pictures require more than to be looked at; they ask, not an optical recognition of familiar de-

tails, but an emotional comprehension of mood. The appreciation of them is neither a passive reception of invading sensations nor a violent explosion of excessive feeling, but an activity of the mind which has the keen pulsation of temperateness. The secret of these pictures is hardly to be conquered by determined assault, but rather by a species of indirection. The hushed expectancy that pervades them is often apprehended by the way, as one might look out of the corner of one's eye at a bird on its nest.

The paintings of Arthur B. Davies constitute this time's most explicit appeal to the imagination. Therein lies their measure of greatness. For the imagination is man's most precious possession, by means of which he can rise above the storms of chance and the buffets of circumstance. Each work from Davies' hands is a re-affirmation in paint of what Keats affirmed in words: "What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be Truth."

VIRGIL BARKER.



FAGGOT GATHERERS (Painting on velvet)
Whitney Studio Club

ANONYMOUS



GUILLAUMIN (Etching)
Whitney Studio

PAUL CÉZANNE



LITHOGRAPH
Whitney Studio

HONORÉ DAUMIER



STUDY FOR "WAR"; MEADE
MEMORIAL CHARLES GRAFLEY
Pennsylvania Academy Exhibition

COMMENT

A New Russian Invasion

ONCE more a Russian invasion into the art world of America is threatened. From the advance publicity it appears that we are about to see the most extensive exhibition of Russian art that has been shown on this side of the Atlantic. The management of the undertaking is apparently well versed in publicity, and not only the newspapers but those who occupy distinguished financial positions are receiving glowing accounts of the coming event.

Naturally any remarks about the quality of the exhibition, which will include about a thousand items, must be postponed until it opens, but it is easy to foresee that the good inhabitants of New York, who are always ready to extend a welcoming hand to visiting foreign painters, will go in great

numbers to the Grand Central Palace in New York after the exhibition opens on March 5th.

Americans have always been credited with understanding advertising better than other people. However, this is one of those illusions which has no relation to fact when it comes to matters of art. Up to this time the Russian painters have shown in this country nothing that is absolutely of the first class. Theatrical quality, skill and cleverness they have, as well as something that for lack of a better term might be called advertising genius.

Henri Matisse

Joseph Brummer is one of those exceptional dealers who seems to have the power of selection necessary to attract the artists to his exhibitions. In other words, the element of art is paramount in the

series of exhibitions that follow each other in Mr. Brummer's gallery. Whether he selects a comparatively little-known artist like Hermine David, or one of the accepted great modern masters like Matisse, a connection may be seen between the essential spirit in the work shown and the aims or problems which absorb the minds and feelings of contemporary artists.

Although Matisse has only been before the American public, in any large way, for a little over ten years it is a great pleasure to discover that our leading collectors, such as John Quinn, A. Rothbart, Arthur B. Davies, and others, already own such superb paintings as Mr. Brummer is now presenting in a group which also includes pictures by Matisse from European collections. The exhibition is pure joy for anyone who realizes how quintessentially a painter is Henri Matisse. The foreword to the catalogue includes some illuminating remarks by Matisse himself, from which we quote the following:

"What I dream is an art of balance, of purity, of tranquillity, without disquieting or preoccupying subject—an art which shall be to everyone who works with his brain, to the man of affairs as well as to the artist of letters, for example, soothing and calming in its appeal to the mind, something comparable to a friendly armchair which rests him from bodily fatigues."

The Whitney Galleries

The Whitney Studio and the Whitney Studio Club in New York have added greatly during the past year to the range of exhibitions in New York. Following the handsome and important group of works by Maillol and Rousseau at the Whitney Studio there opens on March 10th an exhibition of selected works by Charles Sheeler. Mr. Sheeler is one of the contemporary artists who has both a personal and a native flavor in his art, and the forthcoming presentation of his work, to judge by the pictures which the writer has already seen, will mark a quite definite step forward in the development of Mr. Sheeler's art.

At the same time that Mr. Sheeler's own pictures are being shown at the Whitney Studio an exhibition arranged by Mr. Sheeler will be on view at the Whitney Studio Club. The latter exhibition will consist of the work of Pablo Picasso, Marcel Duchamp, Marius De Zayas, and Georges Braque. Several of the paintings by Duchamp which at the time of the Armory show made this young Frenchman internationally famous will reappear. I understand that in arranging the exhibition one of

Mr. Sheeler's ideas was to offer to the visitor an opportunity to compare the work of Marcel Duchamp and Pablo Picasso.

Independent Society

One sign that the spring season is in full sway is an announcement of the forthcoming exhibition of the Independent Society of Artists at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. The principle of the Independent Exhibition is so well known that there is no need to explain it in detail. It simply offers an opportunity for every artist to show his work without the interference of a jury. The result is, to put it mildly, a heterogeneous exhibition, but every year some artist of promise is discovered in the great mass of material shown, and these successive discoveries, added to the spirit of liberty that the Independent encourages, are sufficient reason why the organization should receive the support of the great public.

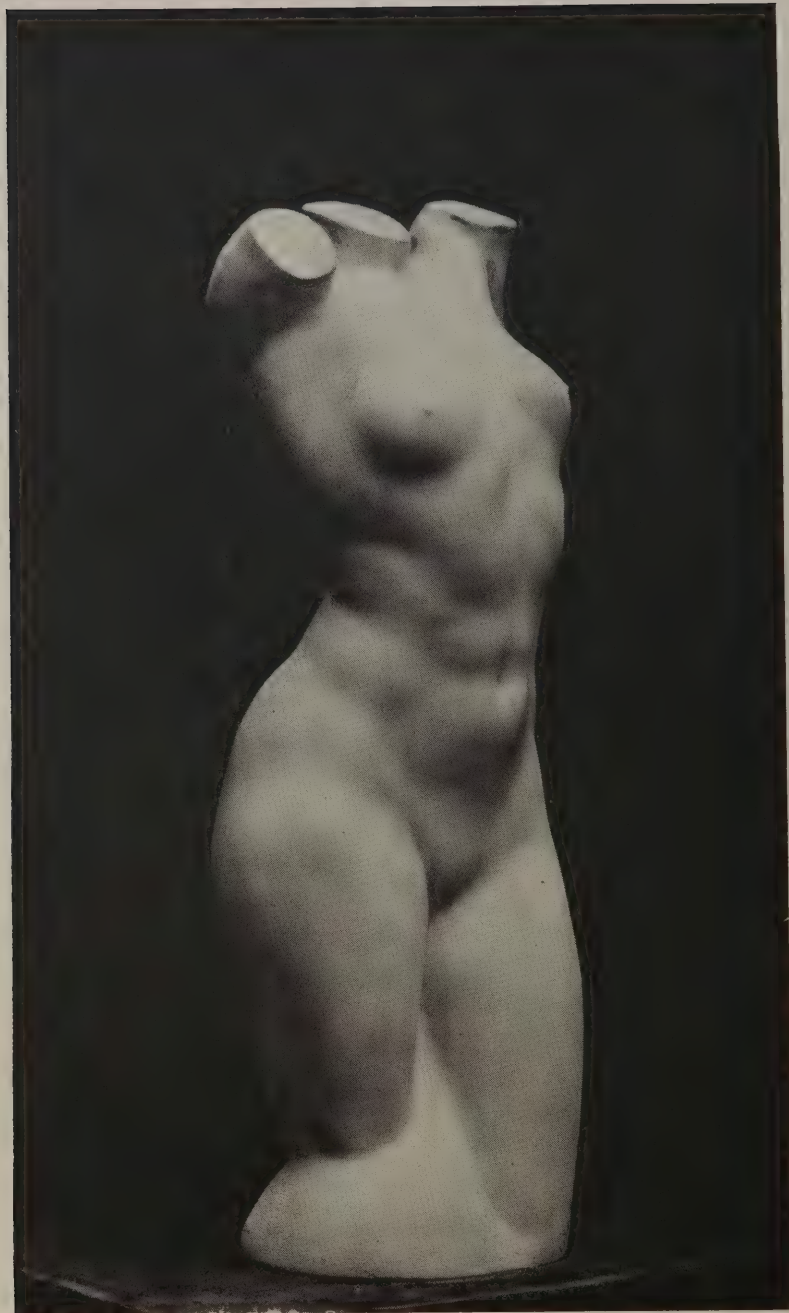
O'Keefe and Stieglitz

Alfred Stieglitz, former high priest of the famous little gallery known as "291" and leader in the art of photography, will hold a joint exhibition at the Anderson Galleries in New York with Georgia O'Keefe. Mr. Stieglitz and Miss O'Keefe are known to all the art world, and their joint exhibition will be a subject of eager discussion.

Pennsylvania Academy

In the midst of the innumerable small exhibitions, which offer so much variety and frequently so much stimulus, the large official exhibitions, like the Pennsylvania Academy, continue their regular but somewhat sleepy existence. This year's Pennsylvania Academy indicates that radical changes should be made unless such an honored institution wishes to be merely a place for soporific meanderers. The Academy, however, finally has come to recognize the distinction of William Glackens as an artist and all too tardily gave him this year the first prize in painting. Also it made a good award in giving the first prize in sculpture to Arthur Lee, whose prize-winning torso is reproduced in these pages. Furthermore, the Academy hung in a prominent position a decoration called *The Discoverers* by Thomas Benton. The thoughtful design of this canvas did a great deal to redeem the appearance of one of the main galleries in which, it must frankly be admitted, many paintings of paltry significance impelled the visitor to yawn.

FORBES WATSON.



TORSO
Pennsylvania Academy Exhibition

ARTHUR LEE



FLOWERS
Belmaison Galleries

LEON HARTL



MACBETH AND THE WITCHES
Ferargil Galleries

ALBERT P. RYDER



THE RACETRACK
Ferargil Galleries

ALBERT P. RYDER



FOREST OF ARDEN
Ferargil Galleries

ALBERT P. RYDER

BOOKS

EUROPE long ago discovered the usefulness of monographs on individual artists, put forth in a uniform style and at a modest price. Such books and pamphlets may be had there in profusion, which is in part an effect and in part a cause of the comparatively greater continental interest in art. This dual aspect attending such publications justifies something more than brief descriptive notices concerning several series recently begun. They afford not only significant symptoms of increasing interest in art but they are bound to affect that interest favorably or unfavorably; they will help or hinder the general appreciation.

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ARTISTS, edited by ALBERT RUTHERSTON: NEW YORK, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1923. (\$2.00 per volume.) AUGUSTUS JOHN, SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, WILLIAM NICHOLSON, GEORGE CLAUSEN, WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN, PAUL NASH.

In their physical appearance these examples of English book-making are to be heartily praised. The page size is ample enough to do justice to the pictures reproduced; the illustrations themselves are clear and well-printed half-tones; the balance between text and illustrations is well maintained; the books are not heavy in the hand, but are pleasing to look at and to feel. In general attractiveness attained at a reasonable price they are models which deserve emulation.

As for the choice of the artists who are treated, final judgment upon the series as a whole must be postponed until it shall have been more rounded out. The considerations which have so far ruled appear to have been largely of the safe and sane sort. John and Orpen are sufficiently important in England to give this series considerable impetus towards sales; and even outside of England these two painters are probably more in the public eye than any others of that country. Rothenstein, Clausen, and Nicholson are lesser figures whose reputation is more nearly confined within geographical boundaries. Of them all Nash is the only one who has not already begun to recede into history.

Choosing the already conspicuous is a logical enough procedure in this instance because the professed aim of the series is akin to propaganda. Its General Editor avows that it is undertaken for the

purpose of securing for British painters a measure of recognition which Continental and American publications have so far failed to award them. Well, England's own recognition of American painting has up to now been confined to spoiling Copley; absorbing West, Leslie, Boughton, Mark Fisher and J. J. Shannon; and claiming, *via* the picture labels in public collections, Whistler and Sargent as English. It is no piece of braggartry to affirm that certain American painters of today deserve from England the notice and understanding which she seeks for her own.

However, England's way of making known her own is, in the instance of the volumes under consideration, entirely ingratiating. The essays which form their text are quite well done. Their authors are properly conscious of the unavoidable inadequacy of words as a substitute for pictures and devote themselves to indicating to their readers ways in which to come closer to the pictures themselves. There is, to be sure, some tendency (most openly indulged in the volume devoted to Augustus John) to rate their subjects higher than a more distant and impartial criticism might do; but for the most part there is admirable restraint and nowhere is there anything that could justly be stigmatized as gush. Remarks on technical and mental qualities are based on the pictures reproduced and specific references are given by which the reader can the better get at the meaning and also form an independent opinion as far as may be justified from reproductions alone. The job of critical appraisal is not shirked but done deftly and without pomposity. The works which are so appraised are linked up with interesting general ideas, placed against a background, so that they are seen to be something more than bombinations in a vacuum. Altogether these first volumes justify the undertaking; they perform most satisfactorily a definite and desirable service.

THE ARTS MONOGRAPHS, edited by FORBES WATSON: NEW YORK, DUFFIELD AND COMPANY—THE ARTS, 1923. (\$2.00 per volume.) GEORGES SEURAT, by WALTER PACH. WILLIAM GLACKENS, by FORBES WATSON.

This is the only series under way in America which can be placed on a level with the foregoing one. The format, while markedly different, is



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN FRANK DUENECK
Recent Acquisition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art



PORTRAIT OF A LADY
Recent Acquisition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THOMAS EAKINS

equally pleasing; the page size is somewhat larger; and the individual volumes are lighter in the hand. In respect to its aim this series has for the student of art a certain advantage over the former. It is not narrowly national and so can maintain a higher level and a greater variety of interest.

Certainly there is promise of greater variety in the critical essays themselves. Those of the English writers, although signed by varying initials, might have all come from the same hand; but even these first two of *The Arts Monographs* offer a marked contrast in literary handling. Mr. Pach out of his conscientious study of modernism builds up a structure of thought which gradually moves to a logical close. The second volume of the series is by the editor of *THE ARTS*, whose writing our readers know.

THE YOUNGER ARTISTS SERIES, edited by WILLIAM MURRELL: WOODSTOCK, WILLIAM M. FISHER. (Nos. 1 to 4, 75 cents per volume; Nos. 5 and 6, \$1.00 per volume.)

1—ERNEST FIENE. 2—ALEXANDER BROOK.
3—PEGGY BACON. 4—YASUO KUNIYOSHI.
5—GUS MAGER. 6—ELIE NADELMAN.

Here we come upon adventure! The General Introduction defines the sole reason for the selections made as "A vivid and dynamic expression of an individuality in terms of a plastic medium." And for artists who fit into this definition the editor has searched, not among successful routine practitioners, but among those who are still in process of development. So that those who want the fun of making up their own minds about fresh manifestations of art will welcome this venture in publishing.

With the idea of leaving each artist's work to state his intentions, the brief forewords emphasize personal traits and are "devoid of even the intention of æsthetic criticism." Moreover, the last two volumes, which have been published quite recently, omit even such forewords; and this will hold good of all future numbers as well. A letter from the publisher states that the reason for this is that "all press notices of the first four confined their comment to the introductions—and ignored the plates entirely!"

It may be questioned whether, in the present

state of things, this omission is entirely wise. All the artists so far included are off the beaten track of what is courteously called the art-loving public. That, indeed, is their virtue; but that in turn makes necessary some sympathetic introduction which will put folks on the right road to understanding it. It is amazing how much a few deftly worded paragraphs can do to clear away prejudice and stimulate appreciation; and to forego such helps entirely seems a needlessly noble gesture.

So the publisher is doomed to disappointment in this review also. Criticism of painting and sculpture are out of place in book reviews. A reviewer's business is with the books, their aim, their fulfilment of that aim, their qualities as books. Concerning the *Younger Artists Series* it deserves to be repeated that in them the art lover can find adventure.

DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ARTISTS, compiled by NATHANIEL POUSETTE-DART: NEW YORK, FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY. (\$1.00 per volume.)

ROBERT HENRI, CHILDE HASSAM, WINSLOW HOMER, ABBOTT H. THAYER.

When it is once determined that a series of handbooks shall be confined to artists who are "American" and "Distinguished," there is nothing to do but to play safe and select those who have already achieved places in conventionally accepted artistic history. The trouble is that artists accepted in this way are also largely taken for granted; and the inference from this is that books about them need not be purchased. It is well enough to have such books in libraries where they can be consulted when needful, but they are hardly exciting enough to justify buying for one's own shelf.

This handicap has been as nearly as possible overcome by the low price of this series. However, the result of the low price is that the books are small. The cuts are surprisingly clear and numerous. Indeed, in spite of their size, they constitute the most valuable feature of these books, for the introductions are necessarily too brief to permit thoroughness. The appended bibliographies will prove very useful.

VIRGIL BARKER.

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of

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by

Charles Sheeler



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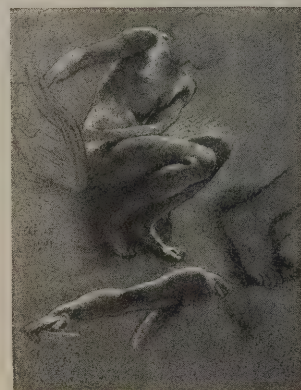
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Eighth Annual

EXHIBITION

WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL
NEW YORK CITY

MARCH 7TH TO MARCH 30TH

MARCH EXHIBITION CALENDAR

ANDERSON, Park Avenue and 59th Street: Recent Paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe and Photographs ("Songs of the Sky") by Alfred Stieglitz, March 4-15; Drawings by Von Tausinger and Herman Palmer and Paintings by Louis Rhead, March 18-29.

ART CENTER, 65 East 56th Street: Monotypes in Color, Paintings by Angelica Patterson, and Work by Pupils of the Veterans' School of the Society of Illustrators, March 3-15; Paintings by Eloise P. Luquer, March 10-22; Etchings by Rosalind Abramson, March 17-29; The New York Society of Ceramic Arts, March 17-31; Arts and Festivals Committee of the United Neighborhood Houses, March 24-29.

BABCOCK, 19 East 49th Street: Paintings by Abraham Manievich, to March 8; Paintings by Henry S. Eddy and Robert Hamilton, March 10-22.

BELMAISON, Wanamaker's: Annual Modern Decorative Exhibition.

BRUMMER, 43 East 57th Street: Paintings by Henri Matisse, to March 22.

DANIEL, 2 West 47th Street: Paintings by Modern Americans.

DUDENSING, 45 West 44th Street: Paintings by Hans Ekegardh, Water Colors by Wetherbee and the late Mary Rogers.

DURAND RUEL, 12 East 57th Street: Paintings by El Greco, Cuypp, Bol, Corot, Delacroix, Manet, Degas, Gauguin, Renoir.

EHRICH, 707 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Old Masters, March 1-15; Colonial Paintings and Furniture, March 16-31.

FERARGIL, 607 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Alexander Bower.

GRAND CENTRAL, Grand Central Terminal: Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings by John Singer Sargent, to March 22.

GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, 46th Street and Lexington Avenue: Exhibition of Russian Art.

KENNEDY, 693 Fifth Avenue: Dry Points by Frank W.

Benson; Etchings and Small Paintings by Power O'Malley.

KEPPEL, 4 East 39th Street: Etchings by James McBey.

KINGORE, 668 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Mary Locke Brewer, to March 15; Sculpture by Akop Gurdyan, March 17-29.

KNOEDLER, 556 Fifth Avenue: Sculpture by Jacob Epstein.

MACBETH, 15 East 57th Street: Paintings by Frank Duveneck and Victor Higgins, to March 17.

MILCH, 108 West 57th Street: Recent Paintings by Willard L. Metcalf, to March 8; Paintings by Louis Ritman, March 10-22; Landscapes by Guy Wiggins, March 24-April 5.

MONTROSS, 550 Fifth Avenue: Recent Water Colors by John Marin.

NEUMANN, 19 East 57th Street: Early Woodcuts and Graphic Works of the Newer Movements.

NEW, 600 Madison Avenue: Paintings by Sola, Archipenko, Utrillo and others, March 1-15; Oils and Aquarelles by Serge Soudeikine, March 15-30.

RALSTON, 4 East 46th Street: Paintings by Dorothea Lit-zinger, March 3-17.

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OLD NOLLEKENS AND HIS VENUS (Colored etching)

Neumann's Print Room

THOMAS ROWLANDSON

THE ARTS

VOLUME V

APRIL, 1924

NUMBER 4

IT does not require long or acute investigation to discover what the average painter or sculptor thinks of people who publicly criticize his work adversely. A degree of enmity, sometimes attaining to hatred, is what he feels, frequently attributing to them personal motives which are entirely fanciful. Conversely, to those who praise his work, he attributes a monopoly of intelligence, although it is among the latter rather than among the adverse critics that he will find his most insidious enemies. I would even say that exaggerated praise is the bane of the American artist, because Americans are so addicted to superlatives. They are not satisfied with a recognition of the particular qualities of their own chosen artist, but insist upon his being the "best" artist that lives.

It is very easy for an American artist to surround himself with a circle of satellites, submissive to his point of view, and convinced of his supremacy. And without any sense of their own responsibility these "interesting" people feed him with sweet superlatives, until he becomes abnormally thin-skinned toward the slightest suggestion of unbiased criticism, and gradually slumps into softness and mediocrity.

The development of these groups of destroying flatterers proceeds along similar lines. There is the kind of wife whose chief equipment is her complete faith in his being the unique genius. To criticize his work adversely is to commit toward her a personal affront. Roughly, her conception of the proper entourage for her genius is a happy combination of flattering playmates and acquisitive clients. Her conception of life is to be for her husband a social manager and an unremitting press agent. And if he doesn't escape from her early in his life ruin awaits him.

There is the client who, after he has bought one of the pictures by the genius, cannot rest until he has proved to the world that his young friend is the greatest painter of them all. Wife and client agree that adverse critics are idiots and knaves, and other artists secondary.

There is the writing relative who, after hearing what wife and genius and client and flattering playmates have to say, bursts into print solely to prove the greatness of his hero-relative. Bombs are thrown at all who can breathe naturally in the presence of the genius. Exaggeration reaches its climax.

There is the friendly promoter who devotes himself to pressing the claims to recognition of our artist.

Altogether the little group does a great deal of talking and writing and spurns comparatives. All is superlative, supreme, final. And what happens to the unhappy artist through this concerted storm of exaggerated flattery? His ego is blown up to the bursting point, his vanity develops until he is unable to think straight, and his reputation, hurried forward by such unnatural hot-house methods, is frost-bitten when it reaches the outside world which cannot be entirely dominated by his little group of serious exaggerators. The relapse is frequently fatal.

FORBES WATSON.



PORTRAIT OF E— B—
Société des Independants

PAUL BURLIN
American

ON THE SOCIÉTÉ DES INDEPENDANTS; PARIS

By JAN GORDON

AMID a veritable tornado of words and whirled windmills of exasperated arms the Société des Independants at Paris came to a curious but significant decision. The decision is curious because it strikes at what has long been one of the main declarations of the Independent Society, it strikes at the declaration that "Art has no boundaries, no nationality"; that art is universal, based upon certain not yet elucidated human peculiarities. The decision is significant because it follows a series of parallel movements in other parts of the world. This decision was, to group all exhibitors by nationalities: a room full of Americans, another of English, a third of Spanish, and so on, so meticulously carried out that Scotland had its wall with two pictures, while Ecuador and Georgia (in Europe) have similar contributions.

This decision of the Independants is the follower of many similar movements taking place in general everywhere; artists have been grouping themselves into nationalities for the purpose of exhibiting their work and of emphasizing their social positions. Thus London has seen Spanish art, Serbian art, Australian art; Paris has suffered from group after group of artists bound together not by similarity of aim, but by similarity of birth. It is undoubtedly clear that there have been national arts; all the greatest arts are national, the Egyptian, the Greek, the Byzantine, the Indian, and so on; but it would perhaps be wiser to call them *cultural* arts. They belong to a particular land only because a particular culture has existed which developed a certain æsthetic aspect. This is most clearly shown in Ghandara, where the invasion of Alexander and his Greeks into India left a strong impression upon the sculpture of the occupied territory for long afterwards. So that we may well be suspicious, before writing about the Salon des Independants, that nowadays this national grouping will produce few results of value.

The prime effect of this national distribution has been to scare off the majority of the first class foreign painters living in Paris. I remember when I was writing *Modern French Painters* and was proposing to give a separate chapter to Slavonic art (for the Slavonic culture is widely different from the European, though the Independants today show little sign of it) that Kisling was very indignant.

"There is one European art," he declaimed, "everything of value springs from the Parisian developments of the last sixty years." In consequence now the Polish section of the Independants lacks the presence of Kisling, as it also lacks one of the most gifted women painters of today, Mme. Reno. In the Russian section both Gontcharova and Vassilieff have held back; there is no Van Dongen in the Dutch section; the Scandinavian representation lacks Per Krogh, Jonsen, and Shoeld; the Spanish, Gries, Fabiano de Castro and Maria Blanchard; the South American, Ribera and Sarraga; nor has the Japanese Foujita exhibited with his nation. All these artists, habitual exhibitors at the Independants, refuse to be classed into nationalities. On the way to the Salon I met Maria Blanchard. I asked her if she were exhibiting, to which she answered indignantly: "Do you think that I wish to be separated off amongst a lot of cheaply painted Mantillas and Bull Fights?"

But although, *vide* Kisling, the best artists can escape from the bondage of nationality, one might imagine that the mediocre artist would be deeply stamped with the impress of his racial culture, if it had an impress. But the fact is that, if the tickets were removed telling the nationality of the rooms, one could wander through the galleries unsuspecting that classification had been exercised. There are no bull fights and mantillas in the Spanish section (the two most characteristic pictures of Spain have been painted one by a Frenchman, the other by a Swiss). England runs Spain a close booby race for showing the poorest quality of all the nations. America (barring, of course, the French) is easily the strongest. There is, however, only one picture could be dubbed *American* by a cynic, and this picture so devastated its fellows that it had to be removed from the American room and be given a place by itself. It is a picture, measuring six by four yards, of the funnels of a transatlantic steamer, nothing more; and from the other end of the huge building it appeared as though the Lusitania herself were docked in the Grand-Palais. But the American room has this advantage, that her best painters in Paris have not shunned the fellowship of their compatriots. Especially remarkable is this section in the latest work of Paul Burlin.

The results offered by the other nations to the



FLOODS
Société des Independants

RENÉ DEMEURISSE
French

searcher for national art are curious. Scotland is represented by the portrait of a camel; Armenia has seven sentimental French landscapes and a pot of flowers; Poland has a peculiar preponderance of semi-mystic works by young women; Sweden has a remarkably good landscape by Knut Lundstrom, but it is of the Cote d'Azur in France; Denmark's best picture is of Capri; of Japan, one artist might be a pupil of Kirshner with some sensual nudes, another a development from Russian painting of thirty years ago and the third a disciple of the old custom house officer, Henri Rousseau. The best Portuguese artist—named, curiously enough, Francis Smith—shows also the influence of Rousseau; and it may be noted that the influence of Rousseau is growing from year to year. Now that the tempests of Cubism are past, the simple spirit of this old modern primitive—over whom no pæans were raised till he was dying—is becoming more marked; many of the most interesting of the lesser known painters are following his lead, though it is curious

to see him translated through the eyes of a Japanese. Georgia is represented by an abstract picture which looks like the magnified portraits of three amœbæ; while Ireland hovers between imitations of Braque and copies of Whistler, revolution at the one and sentiment at the other.

The most powerful influence generally upon the foreigners at Paris seems to be the school of André Lhote. Serbia has its imitation Lhote; Switzerland has three or four; Russia has several; and the best Argentine canvass is Lhote also. His pupils have a convincing power of imitation. We reproduce the picture of the master.

Viewing this question of nationalities—remembering also that not only does this Independants give no hint of nationality, but that the Japanese and Indians of today when they strive to *preserve* their strong cultural art have great difficulty in preserving sincerity at the same time—we may ask: "Why has this national question arisen? Partly, of course, it is the result of the war. The war exasperated

the desire for national differences and emphasized the value of national propaganda. But added to this comes another factor not yet fully taken into account, the breakdown of individualism. The last sixty years of art have seen a tumultuous succession of *personal* upheavals in the art world—Delacroix, Courbet, Manet, the Impressionists, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Matisse, Picasso, and so on and so on. The last fifteen years have degenerated into a contest of individualities. Every painter wished to be individual, each set to work furiously inventing “himself.” But having invented himself, the “genius” found that he had laid his peculiar gift only too open to the imitator. He had no sooner invented himself successfully than the imitator—the most insincere form of robbery—pounced upon the individual and imitated him into commonplaceness. One Picasso is interesting; a hundred little imitation Picassos are boring. Individualism is losing its essential value; the war forced a sense of “national”

into the subconscious. There is as yet no national art; indeed there cannot be; but the demand for national art is felt as a refuge from this overworked push of personality. The truth is that neither individualism nor nationalism can create artists. A *nationalistic* art can be created—yes—but this is of doubtful value. The Serbs have tried such an experiment on the model of Mestrovic, bulky statuary with huge muscles and undulated hair, there is one example in the Société des Independants this year. But there is the ironic point that this new Serbian nationalistic art is in reality Austrian, from the Viennese Secession.

A recipe for good art is to be found in a recently published book of posthumous essays by Hulme. He said, “To prevent one falling into the conventional curves of ingrained technique, hold on through infinite detail and trouble to the exact curve you want. Whenever you get this sincerity you get the fundamental quality of good art . . .” A good



EZE (COTE D'AZUR)
Société des Independants

KNUT LUNDSTROM
Swedish



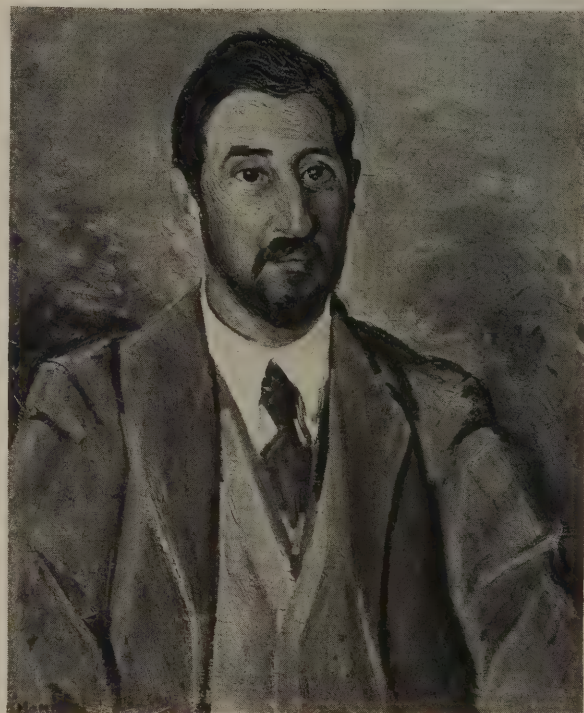
SUNDAY KINOSOUKE EBIHARA
Société des Indépendants Japanese

example of the vanishing value of external individualism is given by the pictures of Van Gogh. During his lifetime he was repudiated *because of* his technique; today the same commonplace mind which refused him, coming to his pictures, says, "Oh! there's nothing in that. I've seen that sort of thing before." But for the true artist Van Gogh preserves his value because his spirit siezes those *exact curves* (using the word curve to symbolize all the æsthetic subtleties of form and of content). Technique may be vulgarized, but what makes the greater artist lies beyond technique, beyond nationalism, beyond individualism. He partakes of the universal.

To turn from the general to the particular, the suspicion (implanted last year in the mind of the critic) has been confirmed that the great *Société des Indépendants* at Paris, after a valuable and tumultuous existence, has outlived its interest and utility. The society was founded to give a showing for the original talent refused by the academic juries of the *Salon des Artistes Français*. Turn by turn, the *Salon des Beaux Arts*, the *Salon d'Automne* and now the new *Salon des Tuileries* offer to original art almost as much freedom as it can need. The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

In 1909 at least forty-five of the most vigorous, original and advancing artists exhibited in the *Indépendants*. Of these forty-five some five are dead; and the forty who remain are still amongst the leaders of modern thought in European art. To these forty we can add fifteen more who represent younger talent newly developed since 1909. These fifty-five painters are the cream of modern thought in all varieties of recent art; not ten of them will be found in this year's *Salon des Indépendants*. The halls are crowded with the mediocre, the pretty, the trivial, the pretentious. All that mass of middle class art which has been crowded out of the bigger *Salons*, from lack of influence or of talent, here makes a raucous and ineffectual cry for recognition; which still is denied it. Amongst all this one finds, with a thrill of delight, a few of the faithful old guard, such as Lhote or Marchand; a few of the promising youngsters, such as Demeurisse or Gozare; a few of the visitors who have as yet had no chance to become acclimated to the regular *Salons*, such as Paul Burlin or Knut Lundstrom, etc.

But, to speak quite honestly, it seems that the time has come to bury the *Paris Indépendants*. The days of rampant individualism are over. The value of the *Indépendants*—which has given shelter to Cé-



PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER RAVERAT
JEAN MARCHAND
Société des Indépendants French



CAPRI
Société des Independants

EINAR
Danish

zanne, Van Gogh, Seurat, Matisse, Henri Rousseau, Modigliani, Derain and a host of now well-known names—the value of this once remarkable gathering seems to be depreciated, like any other inflated cur-

rency which has not a sufficient reserve of precious metal.

The illustration of the painting by Knut Lundstrom is from a photograph by Vizzavona; all the other illustrations are from photographs by Roseman, Paris.



A SEAPORT
Société des Independants

ANDRÉ LHOTE
French



A STREET IN LISBON
Société des Independants

FRANCIS SMITH
Portuguese



THE VILLAGE FÊTE
Société des Independants

LÉON GOZARE
French



THE KISS
GEORGES GOUNARAPOULOS
Société des Independants *Greek*

A NOTE ON THE SALONS

By FRANCIS PICABIA

IN MY opinion it is an absurdity to write an article, or anything else, on the Salons of painting; but it would be indeed negligent not to say something at the present time in view of the things that are going on or that are in preparation.

The Jury of the Salon d'Automne has refused systematically all that could present an interest in youth, life or research or even an effort, in order to receive the most depressing pictures. Nude women and still lifes—still lifes and nude women—are hung on the middle of the walls in the places of honor. Those poor fellows think that the public will thus be more easily influenced. Fortunately, that does not happen and outside of some bankers, dealers, and a few decayed critics, nobody admires those representations of the French pictorial im-

becility. Did I not believe in God I would say, *Nom de Dieu!* But only Mirabeau had the kind of faith that permits one to speak like that.

As far as the Independants are concerned, it is really funny and one can burst laughing at the committee presided over by Marechal Signac, who has been seeking the light for sixty-five years and thinks to have found it by making his committee refuse the foreign painters permission to exhibit in the same rooms with the good little French. Why not a Salon for women alone? And another for smokers?

And today it is the Salon des Independants that is guilty of those stupidities! I know that foreign artists have decided not to exhibit. They are wrong, for that is what that gang wanted.



FAMILY PRAYERS

SAMUEL BUTLER

SAMUEL BUTLER: ART STUDENT AND ART CRITIC

By ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

SAMUEL BUTLER'S career as an art student did not "fizzle out," as he expressed it, until he had attained the age of forty-one. This brilliantly intuitive and prophetic mind finally, after great effort, freed itself of the illusion that it could find expression through the medium of paint. Butler had the courage to admit his failure to become what was then known as an artist. Art in the England of 1876 was dominated by the Royal Academy and was fulfilling a function that since then seems to have been taken over by the motion pictures. Most of the canvases accepted by the Royal Academy told stories of one sort or another with edifying sentiment and "heart interest" predominating. There was nothing on the horizon to disturb the stolid serenity of the great Victorian artists of the Royal Academy, unless it was the pithical and anæmic beauties of the pre-Raphaelites, the pseudo-mediævalism of William Morris and Walter Crane, and the earliest harbingers of the so-called "aesthetic"

movement, which had not yet developed its inverted inanities of the Nineties. Along among his contemporaries, Butler seems to have sensed the inadequacies and the absurdities of "art" as it was understood by his Victorian contemporaries. At least he had the bravery to recognize the weakness and the emptiness of his own efforts. The Royal Academy had accepted six of these and one of them, Mr. Heatherley's *Holiday*, may still be found hanging on some obscure wall of the National Gallery of British Art. Butler had been trained in the academic tradition at South Kensington and Heatherley's. In renouncing that tradition, consciously or unconsciously, he rejected the Victorian idea of art *in toto*. And so, in a sense, his failure in painting was an achievement. His disillusion with his own work; his bitter experience with academic traditions, his search for some more significant expression, all sharpened and crystallized his own ideas; it led him to envision an art healthier than that prevailing.

Whoever takes the trouble to go through Butler's notebooks and letters will discover that his pronouncements on painting and the arts in general are neither so whimsical nor so childishy intolerant as they are reputed to be. Out of these seemingly casual jottings and careless observations gradually emerges an integrated, coherent, and carefully considered conception of art, a philosophy lacking entirely in the barbaric provincialism which was the characteristic of the period. Here, as in other fields of thought, Samuel Butler reveals himself an isolated precursor of many of the æsthetic values of our own day. Long before it had been formulated, he refuted the dainty doctrine of "art for art's sake." Unfortunately the younger generation of Bunthornes were so occupied with their lilies and languors that they never became aware even of the existence of the modest prophet of Clifford's Inn. Perhaps because of the very fact that he had spent so many years in the academies, with their insistence on deadly accuracy and the faithful reproduction of external detail, Butler was driven to revolt against all art-schools, and to shout with warning to all students in all the art schools for all time:

"Don't learn to do, but learn in doing. Let your falls be not on a prepared ground, but let them be *bona fide* falls in the rough and tumble of the world; only, of course, let them be on a small scale in the first instance until you feel your feet safe under you. Act more and rehearse less."

His bitterness was the more intense because inwardly he blamed his own credulousness for his fall into the trap of the academies. "I listened to the nonsense about how I ought to study before beginning to paint," he confessed after it was all over, "and about never painting without nature. The result was that I learned to study and not to paint. . . ."

"So I painted study after study, as a priest reads his breviary, and at the end of ten years knew no more what the fact of nature was like, unless I had it immediately before me, than I did at the beginning . . . I have spent more time on painting than I have on anything else, and have failed at it more than I have failed in any other respect. I tried very hard, but I tried the wrong way."

Yet undoubtedly to this failure we are indebted for Butler's suggestive philosophy of the function of aesthetic expression. First of all, he managed to clear his own mind of all that he had been taught in the art schools. It was not the function of the artist, as he had been led to believe, to transcribe, to correct and to prettify certain more or less attractive details of the external world. He brushed

aside that mossy old fallacy about holding the mirror up to nature. "The better he succeeds as a painter of something that might pass as a colored photograph," he asserted (as so many of our "modernists" have since then asseverated), "the more inevitably must he fail to satisfy, or indeed to appeal to us at all, as a poet—as one whose sympathies with nature extend beyond her superficial aspect, or as one who is so much at home with her as to be able readily to dissociate the permanent and essential from the accidental, which may be here today and gone tomorrow."

Our eyes, he wrote, are simple, good, credulous organs, very ready to take things on trust, if it be told them with any confidence of assertion. For Butler, essentially a mystic, the invisible world was much more profoundly real than the superficial one presented to us as our credulous vision. He was, therefore, not at all interested in those technical virtuosi who with paints and canvas transmute the sensory treasures retrieved by those faithful watch-dogs the eyes.

Art was, at best, only a dress. Important, Butler willingly admitted, but nothing in comparison with the wearer. First the man, then the poet, and finally the craftsman or technician—this was the order of precedence as Samuel Butler saw it. Painting was a suit that didn't quite fit or become him; so Butler donned the garb of writing, in which he felt so infinitely more comfortable and spiritually at home. Such an attitude may be shocking to those who like to think of the artist as a saint or a martyr carrying a cross; but at least it is more refreshing than much of the fatuous nonsense that is talked and written about artists today. It was not a pose. It was an integral part of Butler's aesthetics. Of music he said that the written notes were never the main thing ". . . nor is even the heard performance." It is the invisible intention and desire, the internal invisible emotion that can be felt but never fully expressed. Without that internal intensity of feeling, the rich pulsating life of the spirit, there can be no music worthy of the name. "And so it is with the words of literature and the forms and colors of painting." Here, it seems to me, Butler has reached the very heart of truth, for he tells us that where we find the expression of that "internal invisible emotion" where some strongly felt interest and affection are fully recorded, no matter how rudely and inarticulately, there we have great art. Where there is neither interest nor desire to record with good effect, there we have sham art. The greater part of what has passed for art, he asserted with all the emphasis of which he was capable, has



MR. HEATHERLY'S HOLIDAY

SAMUEL BUTLER

been sham art. Without the power to feel strongly, and to make spectator share this emotion, technical wealth was as nothing to this iconoclast. "Of all the lies a painter can tell the worst is saying that he likes what he does not like. But the poor wretch seldom knows himself; for the art of knowing what gives him pleasure has been so neglected that it has been lost to all but a few. The old Italians knew well enough what they liked and were as children in saying it."

Possessing such convictions, Butler inevitably turned his back upon the great trio of the Renaissance and sought relief, as the whole world has since him, in the primitives. Giotto impressed him more than the rest—but we should remember that Butler was a champion of the "Giotteschi" long before the inauguration of the twentieth stampede among Italian primitives. His particular aversion

was Raphael, as Leonardo seems to be Mr. Berenson's. Butler's dismembering of Raphael is infinitely more amusing and convincing than Berenson's attempted vivisection of Da Vinci. Raphael is characterized as a good "business" painter by Butler—"first worlding, then religious-property-manufacturer, then painter with not more than average talent and no heart."

The whole apparatus of technical equipment Butler brushes aside as of tertiary importance. Technique, he says in one of his striking analogies, is like money. Great wealth does not necessarily mean that an individual or a nation is highly civilized; similarly, great technical resources do not necessarily imply that an artist is either important or significant, to follow Butler's analogy. "We see that painters with a great amount of technique seldom know what to do with it, while those who

have little often know how to use what they have." When technique dominates in the arts, as the machines came to dominate over the Erewhonians, it is time to smash it up and begin anew. Art in itself possesses no arcane significance for Butler, and he was willing to cast it aside like a worn out suit of clothes if it no longer served to express the inner life and adventure of the spirit. Somewhere, I believe, Santayana characterized art as "objectified pleasure," and with this Butler would have agreed. He was opposed to the process of consciously agonizing in the production of art. "During conscious moments," he advised, "take reasonable pains but no more . . . take it easy until forced not to do so."

I think we may credit Butler, the "creative" artist, with the discovery of the poetic and picturesque possibilities of machinery. I know of no picture of M. Picabia, of no poem by M. Tzara that is quite so shocking in its evocative power as this passage from "Darwin among the Machines," written in New Zealand in 1863: ". . . Until the reproductive organs of the machines have been developed in a manner we are hardly yet able to conceive, they are entirely dependent upon man for the continuation of their species. It is true that these organs may be ultimately developed, inasmuch as man's interest lies in that direction; there is nothing which our infatuated race would desire more than to see a fertile union between two steam engines; it is true that machinery is even at the present time employed in begetting machinery, in becoming the parent of machines after its own kind, but the days of flirtation courtship and matrimony appear to be very remote and indeed can hardly be realized by our feeble and imperfect imagination."

Butler's was, moreover, the precursor of another idea that has been elaborated in several forms by contemporary iconoclasts, and that has been misinterpreted by the public at large. He saw that neither art nor literature could develop in any normal healthy fashion if coming generations were condemned to carry eternally the dead weight of the past. And so he insisted that the destruction of works of art and literature—even great works—was as necessary to aesthetic health as death is for that organic life. Nothing is so great in art "But it has to go sooner or later and leave no visible traces, though the invisible ones endure from everlasting to everlasting. It is idle to regret this for ourselves or others, our effort should tend toward being enjoyed as highly and for as long time as we can, and then chancing the rest."

As an artist, Butler's most significant picture must

always remain his Family Prayers, of which he wrote in a note: "In 1864, immediately upon my return from New Zealand, I began a picture which I called Family Prayers, and which is certainly one of the funniest things I have seen outside of Italian votive pictures. I never finished it, but have kept it and hope it will not be destroyed after my death." But many years later, in looking over his past efforts, Butler recognized that this was an authentic expression and the Academy canvases were not. "If I had gone on doing things out of my own head, I should have been all right."

The figures in this canvas, Henry Festing Jones tells us, are not intended as portraits, but the room is the drawing room of Butler's parents at Langar, and the copies of the Carlo Dolci and the Sassoferrato which Dr. Butler brought back from Italy—in "The Way of All Flesh" George Pontifex brought back the same pictures—are hanging on the wall. The picture was never finished. Butler grew tired of putting in the little touches which represent the pattern of the carpet. The clock and the landscape throw contradictory shadows as Mr. Jones has been careful to point out. But this canvas indicates how sharply graven in Butler's mind were the unhappy days of his childhood. It is the inevitable necessity of the expression, the reality of the interest which compelled him to paint that gives it a quality of authenticity so lacking in his subsequent academic studies, especially the deplorable Mr. Heatherley's Holiday, from which every trace of Butler's originality seems so completely obliterated.

Butler was one of the first to protest against the efforts to elevate art into some secret ritual, to enshroud its processes and functions with mystery and worship. There was for him no mystery about art. A natural normal human function this instinct for expression should be. It needed, he thought, no priesthood, no hocus-pocus. He would not have sympathized with the ever increasing mania of the present age to dig up the treasures or purported treasures of the past. Instead he suggested a "Society for the Suppression of Erudite Research and the Decent Burial of the Past." The glory of getting rid of and burying a long troublesome matter should be as great as that of making an important discovery.

Such are some of the typical thoughts set down by this *vieux raté* (so Zola characterized Cézanne), this self-admitted failure in painting. In the work of liberating the artists from the shackles of a dead tradition and the heavy weight of a dead past, we must always honor Butler as a veritable pioneer.



WOMAN WITH WATER JAR
Phillips Memorial Gallery

J. B. C. COROT



ALONG THE ERIE CANAL
Phillips Memorial Gallery

ARTHUR B. DAVIES

THE PHILLIPS MEMORIAL GALLERY

By CHARLES DOWNING LAY

THE Phillips Memorial Gallery is interesting because of its great promise and considerable accomplishment. It has ample funds, but no fixed policy except a desire to collect and show modern painting, and after that modern art in general. It is done for pleasure and to give others pleasure, which removes it at once from the class of ponderous, sober institutions, which deliberately try to promote art or to help artists, and usually have at the same time a desire to raise the public taste or to assist the public, not without force, to a higher moral state through the enjoyment of art.

Mr. Duncan Phillips is at the head of a small board of trustees, which looks after the finances of the Memorial. Mr. Phillips purchases all the pictures, which is a favorable circumstance, for art cannot be made directly democratic; it must in its production and in its collection express a personal taste, however that taste may be influenced by the associates of the individual.

The Directors of the Gallery have said little of educational features. It is open to the public, but I think no attempt will be made to propagandize or to educate the public by means of it. It stands almost alone in America as an institution without historical or archæological drawbacks.

We have often wondered what would happen if

a museum founded on the permanent basis of American institutions bought contemporary art indiscriminatingly. Such a thing has never been done before but the opportunity is here.

The pictures of the Prado were almost all collected by Philip IV and few have been added since. If the skillful buying of Velasquez for Philip IV had been continued to this day with equivalent funds for the purchase of contemporary work the collection would be still more remarkable. The Louvre and the National Gallery are more modern institutions and have bought all kinds of art, not restricting themselves at all to that which is contemporary. They have, with the other great museums, secured matchless treasures, which are now impossible to obtain. A museum today must collect modern work or pay extravagant prices for old. Why not then buy today the work which may be great tomorrow?

Any museum which has funds to spend, might well stop to consider whether the purchase of faked or insignificant fragments of antique art is wise, and whether second-rate examples are worth in their cultural value the loss of pleasure and stimulation which contemporary work gives. Any of our great museums might have had, with the funds at their disposal, all the best pictures of this country and France for the last fifty years. What a collec-



S U M M E R
Phillips Memorial Gallery

J O H N H. T W A C H T M A N

tion it would be! Is the possession of rooms full of French furniture, rugs and other objects of luxury any compensation for our lack of pictures of this period?

Our museums must some day decide whether they will continue to collect the things of the past, which were in their time disregarded, not thought to be museum pieces, like cast-iron dogs and fountains, or wooden Indians, or barroom pictures, glassware and fittings; or whether they will buy more of modern art and even order decorations for some of their own walls or sculptures for their buildings.

I can imagine no pursuit more fascinating than buying contemporary art, pitting one's judgment against the crowd, against the propaganda of dealers, anticipating fashions and chuckling the while at one's own perspicacity. How often will my judgment forecast that of the future and how many times will I fail to discover a man who is afterwards admitted among the great? It would be a game well worth playing.

Our judgments in pictures are not irrevocable. We can hedge, as they say on the race track, and buy the man we overlooked who now promises to be a winner and forget about the loser we did pick; but in a period of a hundred years or so, a museum which can buy honestly and with some in-

telligence is sure to have a collection of great interest.

The many institutes in this country which possess early pictures were custodians, or beneficiaries, and took what was given. Seldom were they able to go out and buy on their own judgment. The collections are priceless but not so valuable artistically, I think, as if they had been able to get more on their own account.

This is vaguely the plan of the Phillips Memorial Gallery; and it is sure to have a beneficent, though unostentatious, effect on our art. It will give, at any rate, to many painters the joy of recognition and appreciation, for which posthumous fame is such a poor substitute.

Funds have been given other institutions for this purpose but they have failed to accomplish the result desired except as alms giving; for the purchases have been made a matter of political favor or have been obstructed by the narrowness and ignorance of mulish committees.

Judgment of contemporary art is never easy nor is it final. Nor is it greatly different with valuations of any art. What we like today we may not like tomorrow for a different reason. I have seen the fall of Bouguereau; shall I ever see him rise again?

With the Phillips Gallery these difficulties will be ever present, and there will be the further danger

of never hearing of a man and never seeing his pictures until he is dead. But that may not be so far from a contemporary purchase, although the painter is cheated of his satisfaction in having some slight fame.

The collection is now housed in a small gallery adjoining Mr. Phillip's house at 1600 Twenty-first street, Washington, D. C. The gallery is an agreeable room with perfect lighting. The entire collection is not hung on the walls; a few are shown at a time. This gives an opportunity for delightful associations and for a continual variety. It is of all galleries the pleasantest to visit. One must go many times to see all the pictures and each time one sees a new arrangement. It is entirely free from classification, from historical preoccupations, and a teacher of art who attempted to take a class there would be at a loss what to talk about.

Nothing is more upsetting to the pedagogue of art than to have his material so assorted that he loses touch with his historical diagram or chart. But the artist, whether a professional or an appreciator, finds it always delightful to see his favorites of different schools side by side. He learns something from this propinquity, of their faults or of their virtues. To have it shown in examples that the artistic impulse is the same throughout the years, no matter what the point of view or how the approaches to the problem may differ, is always reassuring.

If the gallery becomes in some sort a collection for painters, showing the work which other men are doing today, it will be a little ahead of public taste, may indeed be the object of some derision; but it will be doing much for the artist who does want to know what Matisse, Picasso and others are doing, and to



IN THE WAKE OF THE FERRY
Phillips Memorial Gallery

JOHN SLOAN



WOMAN AND CHILD ON BRIDGE AT NIGHT
Phillips Memorial Gallery HONORÉ DAUMIER

judge for himself whether they are working on an intellectual theory of no value in art or whether it is something new and vital.

For myself I hope that it will be a long time before the present gallery is given up and a pretentious and institutional one built. The value of a gallery or the service it renders cannot be gauged by the number of people who come to it. It is the quality of the visitors, or the depth of the impression which they receive, that makes it valuable, as it is the quality of the pictures which gives it standing among collections.

The collection shows so far little of the influence of fashion. There are names which we would certainly expect to see which are not there, and there are names there which are unknown in other galleries. This is not due to whim, and there is no reason for it except that the pictures were bought because they were liked; and that others have not been bought because the opportunity to acquire a pleasing example has not arisen. No attempt at completeness of exposition is ever likely to be made. It will never, I feel sure, be persuaded to buy some of our dull painters like West for the sake of keeping the gallery in line with text books. Nor will it need to buy Thayer or Dewing who are adequately shown elsewhere in Washington.

It is not my purpose to estimate the artistic value of the pictures already collected. They are too near in time to be judged. Some, no doubt, will become dull, others will hold their charm and be thought great, but they all speak to us now of ourselves, of our interests, our ambitions, our desires. They are, for better or worse, America today and are infinitely agreeable to us on that account. We have never lacked a deep artistic motive; and whether it is to find articulate expression in painting, in sculpture, in drawing or in architecture, the future will determine. In looking at these pictures we need no mental adjustment to a strange environment, no putting on for the moment of an alien personality. There is the picture, and here are we in perfect accord. What could be simpler?

They have the American aspect, for they are in subtle ways different from any European pictures. They could not by any possible stretch of the imagination be given another provenance. They cannot be classified further; beyond this they have no qualities in common. To go over them in detail with an appreciative word for each would be delightful, but it would prove nothing. The work in mass, however, even without the pictures which are not there but soon will be, proves, I think, the quality of our accomplishment in pictorial art. There is but one

thing to regret. They are small in size. We have not for many years painted the large canvasses which are common in Europe and I think it is a mistake. A sixteen by twenty cannot compete in a gallery with a sixty by seventy-five. If our painters are to do themselves justice they must do many large canvasses and accept the responsibility which the large size entails.

If we are interested in the work of our contemporaries we will find more of it here than in any other place. The Metropolitan in New York has one Lawson and two Beals. Here there are fourteen Lawsons and twelve Beals, which give one a fairly complete idea of the attainments of these two men. There are five Twachtmans of the highest quality, eleven Tacks, ten Myers, two Higgins, two Doughertys, fifteen Davies, eight Luks, eleven Weirs, five Dubois, six Ryders, ten Prendergasts, one Young and many others who have aroused Mr. Phillips' enthusiasm. They are indeed excellent pictures and it would be easy to go into raptures about many of them. It would be a pleasure to talk of Luks' *Sulking Boy*, of Beal's *Handling the Nets*, of Tack's *Storm*, but they are familiar to most frequenters of exhibitions.

That others are not there is, as I have said, a matter of no importance, for the Gallery has been catching up with the immediate past, the others will come in their time. All this has been done in the four years of the Gallery's existence and in addition there have been purchased many European pictures of high quality. There is an El Greco, the *Remorse of Peter*; Delacroix's small picture of *Paganini*; five of Daumier's of which I like most *On a Bridge at Night*. There are three Corots, among them a wonderful *Portrait of a Woman*. Isabey, Monticelli, Maris, Courbet, Boudin are represented worthily. Manet's *Boy with Fruit* and Degas' *At the Theatre* are here. Of Pissarro, Sisley and Monet there are good examples. Puvis de Chavannes is represented in four excellent examples, *A Study for the Sacred Grove*, *The Wine Press*, and two studies for *Marseilles*, *The Greek Colony* and *The Port of the Orient*.

The greatest picture in the collection is Renoir's *Dejeuner des Canotiers*. There is, I think, no better or more important Renoir, and it is delightful to have it here where one can see it. (*Reproduction and comment immediately following this article.*)

The Gallery proposes not to restrict itself to painting or sculpture, but to buy also the works of the artist craftsmen. This, I think, might well be done on a large scale, for if artists were today assured of an income through work in the crafts

they might cease to be commercial in painting or sculpture and do that work when they please and for fun. The point is simple but the difference in attitude is momentous.

There are many great collections of prints in this country, so that it makes little difference whether the Phillips Gallery collects them or not, but there are few collections of drawings; so it is to be hoped that Mr. Phillips will soon begin to buy them. Drawings are often the finest product of the artist's genius. They show his spirit freest from the fetters of technique, in its most creative moments, when the simplification and the synthesis have reached the highest degree of intensity. Their freedom from many of the sensuous qualities of painting does not lessen their attraction to other artists or to the real appreciators.

The Gallery is also publishing monographs on artists where none in English have existed before;

the Weir and the Daumier have appeared; the Davies is expected soon.

The Gallery is certain with the passage of a few years to take its place with any other collection of art within its field, and I feel confident it will by its example increase the number of such collections by giving to art its rightful place as pleasure instead of being an archeological study.

We need look to Europe for artistic guidance or judgment no longer. We have established our own art, our own style and should devote ourselves to its cultivation, not to looking over our shoulder all the time to see what the other fellow is doing. Our work is in the same stream as European art, but it is taking on the color of our country. No greater aid can be given it than contemporary interest and contemporary buying, which after all is the only test of an interest in art. In this exacting test Mr. Phillips gets a high rating.



PANTHER (Bronze)

Recent Accession, Metropolitan Museum of Art

ROMAN



LE DÉJEUNER DES CANOTIERS
Phillips Memorial Gallery

AUGUSTE RENOIR

LE DÉJEUNER DES CANOTIERS

When Mr. Duncan Phillips purchased from the private collection of M. Durand-Ruel the painting by Renoir known as *Le Déjeuner des Canotiers* and reproduced above, he added to a collection destined eventually for the public, one of the most delightful paintings of the modern era. Delight, it seems to me, is the characteristic that dominates this rich, handsome and inviting canvas. Renoir once said that he liked the painting of a landscape that made him want to play in it and the pictures of women that made him want to touch them, as Albert André reports in his modest and fascinating little book.

Fragonard, whose art Renoir loved, had this same gift of making one want to play in the scenes which he created. But I think in his picture of a boating party at lunch Renoir has made this special at-

traction almost irresistible. One forgets the picture in his desire to be at the luncheon to hear what the piquant and delicious young lady whom Renoir married is saying and to share in the extraordinarily agreeable looking feast.

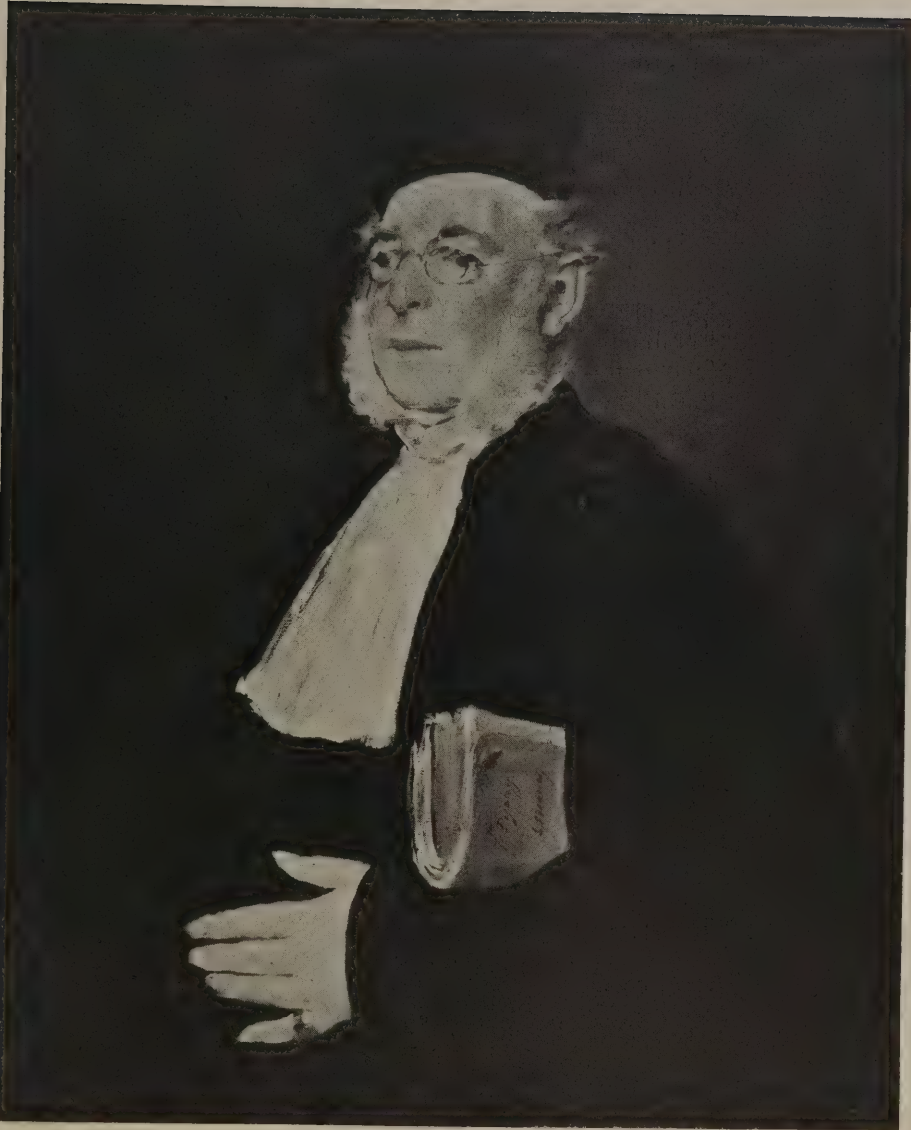
One wants to be at that lunch and to play with those people and regrets the impossible. When all that has been granted to the art of Renoir, its rich and complex color, its grasp of form and vibrating sense of life, after accepting him as supremely a painter, after the sober aestheticians have buried him beneath trainloads of sober vocabularies, Renoir emerges from the weight of his reputation as freshly delightful as ever. His capacity to delight in physical life, undiminished by intellectuality, and to convey this delight, is the foundation that supports and makes immortal his sheer power as a painter.

F. W.



ANTONIN PROUST
Scott and Fowles

EDOUARD MANET



PORTRAIT OF M. DE JONG
Reinhardt Galleries

EDOUARD MANET



THE SULTANA
Durand-Ruel

EDOUARD MANET



DRAWING
Brummer Galleries

HENRI MATISSE

THE SKYLIGHT

Ed. Note—At Woodstock, N. Y., during the past season there appeared a publication called "The Hue and Cry"; in it appeared the following Gide fer thee SITESEER which we are glad to make known to a wider circle of readers.

COMPLETE GIDE fer thee SITESEER and
VISITORR intoo R Midst—HOW to TELL
aRT and Rtists at a Glanst.

GLOSS-ERRIE

ART?

Ans: Nobuddy noes. Nobuddie Hoam. Nothin.
Diferent fum nny thing elst.

ARTIST?

Ans: Diffrrunt fum other Diffrrnt peepl. Odd.
Mebbie dont noe nothin. Usual kin be told by
pants (if ennie). Sometimes works er mebbie
not. (See Ton-Soareal Rtist Alsoe sine ritin
Rtist.)

ArT HOME?

Ware aRT is done. No home atall. Ennie
thing with a big winder-mebbie lookin Noarth.
(Sum sez Noarth z won wae Sum another. Aint
never bin settled heer.)

ARt Rug?

Naatnul advertised. Bot by Biznis Man to
draft ART into th Hoam an nen left onn the
floor er mebbie nailed up too kiver up the stove
pipe hoal. Costs moar, last least. Different n
other rugs.

Art LAMP?

Never filld. Goes out intoo R midst. Never
filled. Pufumes th hands, bread n suggr. Dim
lite under dim shade.

ArT FEEMALE?

Ginuine Anteek. Suffers fum her ART an lots
of other things.

ART PICTUAR?

i Dunno, i got a mind like sum plumin, OPEN.
Mite be ennie thingg. I DO NOT UNDER-
STAND.

ART CHILD?

Onnusule. Different from other yungins. Never
licked but alwez reasoned with. Usual turns
out different too.

Arts N Crafts?

Sumthin made intoo nawthin.

ART LOVE?

Tempo-rarie, flittin, soon sowers. Diffrunt.

ART WOOMAN?

Temp-o-rarie kompanyun too ART MAN Diff-runt.

ART MAN?

Temp-o-rarie Kompanyun too ART WOO-MAN.

ART Table?

Sumtimes haz fore laigs, mebbie one not workin.

ART DOG?

Ginnuine noosunce. Makes friends with them
yew hait n bites youm friends intoo thee heel.
Kills yer naaburs best lain henn. Alweez gits
intoo fite with a other ART DOGG just wen
they iz a minnits peast intoo our simpl life.
Part dog, part dash-haound, part hemlock,
beaglle, kollie, spits, air-dale, etc., an soe onn.
Never licked alweez reezoned with. Diffrunt
fun other Doggs.

Art Danser?

Won thet lands hevie ontoo big feat. Knowed
bie Unduelaituing moatioun. Alsoe by thet Wot-
goes-upp-must-kum-down look.

ART WRITER?

Diffrent, apt tu walk fast wen enny body iz lookin. Tries to put a new angul on a old, old tangul of Him & Her (hard too due, most every-thing'z bin dun). Sekret hoaps fer Naatnul rekognitshun like mebbie Insain Brays "Purpul Passhun" wot run intoo 900000000000 cyps

before bein rote (See Farm & Fireside). Knows a lot of folks thet haint arove, books yew haint never saw, an peeple thet haint fit fer ennie Parlor. Tries too bee diffunt an mebbie suck-seeds—in bein diffunt.

ART WIFE?

Noe wife atall. Sumtimes hoam. Usuallie good
kook but wont. Kin be told bir said enlurin look.

ART HUSBAND?

Noe huzband atall? Never hoam. Usuallie kin
work but wont. Kin be told bie cheerful careless
look.

ART MEAL?

Kandle on tabul. Won vilot orr other easy
picked flower on tabul Small salid. Health bred,
won week old, watter, proons. Apt too sag
under seerius konversation. Bakin sody handie.

ART LEGS

Usual knowed as cuff ankels or Beef-at-th-heel.
Bilt fer support.

ART Cat?

Out nites, out ov order, a dang noosunce, usual
left bie last seezons kind Art Famblie thet jist
“Lovz annimuls-don-U?

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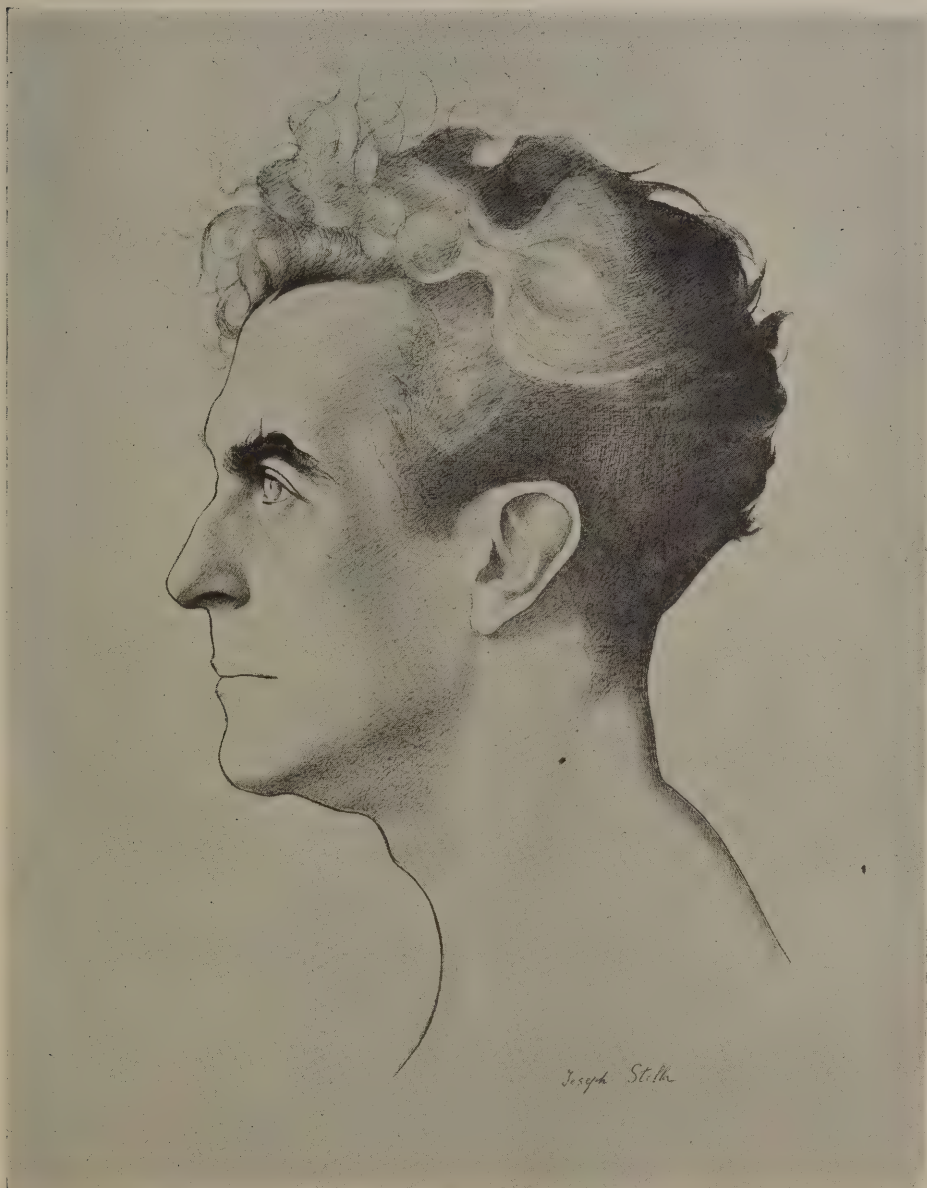
Oar Vie intoo the Seen

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F yew noe wat i mean.

—IDDIE FLITCHER.

P.S. NOAT: F YEW think WEEM QUEER
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EDGAR VARESE
New Gallery

JOSEPH STELLA



WATER COLOR
Belmaison Gallery

THOMAS H. DONNELLY



CATHERINE HOWARD, WIFE OF HENRY VIII

HANS HOLBEIN

Reinhardt Galleries

Collection of E. D. Libbey, Esq.



THE FACTORY VILLAGE
Memorial Exhibition, Metropolitan Museum of Art

J. ALDEN WEIR
Lent by Mrs. Weir

NOTES ON THE EXHIBITIONS

THE month of March has been both the most lavish and the most exciting month of the entire New York season; but between those two descriptive adjectives there was no relation of cause and effect. In addition to the usual quota of exhibitions of work by individuals and by small groups, there have been several special ones of great size. The lavishness was to be found in the latter, the excitement in the former. It appeared as if the regularly exhibiting galleries were conscious of being unable to compete with the special exhibitions on their own ground and therefore exerted themselves to excel in the matter of quality. The result was to emphasize the point that mere quantity for its own sake avails less in art than in any other kind of activity.

The mammoth assemblage of Russian paintings at the Grand Central Palace needs no additional publicity at this date, but it is permissible to wonder what it all means. To do this is not to look a gift-horse in the mouth, for the undertaking is not exactly a philanthropic one. Some persons with the imagination and abilities of our own men of "big business" must have felt very sanguine about the buying propensities of the American public, to have conceived and executed so complicated and expensive a scheme. Impresarios in the field of the visual arts are emulating—outdoing—the feats of the wholesale importers of English lecturers. Whether the public will make the newer ventures equally profitable remains to be seen. If buying contemporary Russian art—or German art or



CHILDREN BURYING A BIRD
Memorial Exhibition, Metropolitan Museum of Art

J. ALDEN WEIR
Lent by F. K. M. Rehn



THE ARTIST AT WORK
Brummer Galleries

HENRI MATISSE

Spanish art or the art of any other nation today—will stimulate the market for the works of our own artists, well and good. But if the money spent on foreign work reduces the amount that would be paid over to our living workers, then we impoverish our own artistic life and deprive ourselves of artistic wealth precisely to the degree that such sums would have permitted further work by our own artists. This country is now producing art that is both more skilful and more vital than that of any other country today—with the sole exception of France. This is something to be emphasized whenever the public shows signs of running after the latest fashionable importations.

* * *

Looking for such skilful and vital native work in the exhibition of Society of Independent Artists was not precisely like searching for the proverbial

needle in the haystack, but it was enough like that to justify the trite simile. In that formidable array of over six hundred names, about fifty were of artists to whom are already open the long-established ways of reaching the public; so that their participation in this exhibit must be credited to their belief in the principle of the open shop in art. Indeed, the principle is admirable; it is only the concrete working-out of it that proves bothersome. Really good work is simply swamped by the mass of work that is not good, and the labor of inspecting the over-crowded walls is in simple self-defense transformed into an effort to discover what will relieve its tedium. Since one cannot decently deride sincere incapacity, one is in danger of exaggerating the value of the conscious affectation, the deliberate joke. As an opportunity for letting off artistic steam generally, the Independent Exhibition serves excellently well; but

there remains always the necessity of winnowing good from bad—not merely singling it out on paper by name, but actually segregating the concrete works and allowing them to have their say under more favorable circumstances. John Sloan's winnowing will be put on view at the Whitney Studio Club while this issue is being printed; and in May another one will be exhibited at the New Gallery. The Newark Museum and The Detroit Museum will exhibit selected groups; the Little Book Store Gallery and the Dudensing Galleries will later have one-man exhibitions of artists discovered by them at the Independent. All this is evidence enough that this yearly behemoth among exhibitions fulfills a definite function in the existing scheme of things. The one just closed deserves grateful remembrance for giving the world two choice *titles*—Evening Usualty and Atomic Valence Supreme.

* * *

The Spring Academy is—the Academy. With an exclamation point at the end, that would be an overt sneer; but it is printed simply as a statement of fact. To inquire why the Academy should

always be no more than that would be too ambitious an investigation for these notes. Moreover, it would involve the consideration of factors even less directly connected with art than any of those just hinted at in the foregoing paragraphs. The present exhibit is better than the preceding one, but dull for all that. Cameron Burnside's large figure composition easily asserts itself as the most distinguished as well as the most noticeable painting of all; this was to be expected, since, at the Corcoran's exhibition a few months back, it held its own amid an ensemble notably better than the present one.

* * *

Following out its admirable policy of memorializing outstanding American artists, the Metropolitan Museum of Art has assembled a comprehensive exhibit of the work of J. Alden Weir. In all the reviews of it there was a notable emphasis upon the personality of the painter, upon the traits of character which endeared him to all who had contact with him. It often happens that the possession of a lovable nature will induce partiality in those who may be called upon to pass judgment upon an



NUDE
Brummer Galleries

HENRI MATISSE



STILL LIFE
Brummer Galleries

HENRI MATISSE



NUDE
Brummer Galleries

HENRI MATISSE



THE FALSE FRONT
Montross Galleries

CHARLES BURCHFIELD

artist's work, and the resulting praise be thus too highly colored to bear the scrutiny of a later generation. However this may have operated during Weir's own lifetime, it appears to one who was never fortunate enough to come within range of the glow of friendliness which encircled him that this artist is able to endure the appraisal of posterity without such extraneous aid. There is no reason to acclaim him as a great and fecund force in art, but he very evidently made a personal contribution to American painting.

This is more plainly to be perceived on this occasion than it probably ever can be hereafter; for his work most decidedly gains when segregated. His art was not the kind to compete in big exhibitions with that of other men; it was always modest and sincere. In his painting Weir never shouted. Indeed, what his work lacks is precisely the large and emphatic utterance of a truly original nature. Yet he was appreciative of such utterances by others; his study of them saved him from mere pedantry in paint; and he had a personal vision vivid enough

to permit the attainment of distinction. When his perceptions were sufficiently intense to raise his landscapes from simple vaporousness into a tremulous pallidity and to transform his lay figures into individuals, he made pictures which have a quiet and lasting charm.

* * *

No greater contrast could be imagined than that between Weir and Matisse. Whatever the nature of one's own private reaction to the latter's work, one is compelled to admit that here is a man who has at least attained a forcefully personal utterance. The writer must confess to violent oscillations between likes and dislikes in passing from one work to another. It is a mark of power in an artist for his work to produce either intense approval or intense disapproval in the beholder; and as long as the same artist can produce both reactions in the same beholder, the artist may be sure of the beholder's unflagging interest. One's very inability to reach any stable general judgment on an artist is for the latter a certain source of strength; it will make one return

to his work at every opportunity until the matter is settled.

As concerns Matisse, this question may for some of us never be settled. He can be guilty of the most appalling performances, and can then make one forget them all for the time being with some more astounding success. Who else is there, for instance, who could paint a Still-Life to be measured in feet instead of inches and convince one that the thing simply *had* to be done on that scale? And such a piece of bravura as *The Artist at Work* makes labored earnestness in painting appear pretty silly. The procession of picture exhibitions through a season fades very fast into a vague blur, but a Matisse show sticks in the mind. He is a true phenomenon—a characterization which discreetly leaves certain other points unsettled.

* * *

This country has an artistic phenomenon of its own in Charles Burchfield. He can very often make powerful pictures, but occasionally the power

vanishes in a mere display of fireworks. Two or three of the paintings recently seen—those of horses and trees against melodramatic skies—had an allegorical air that bordered on the absurd. But how convincing were the rest! How intensely felt and communicated!

It has already been noted by others that Burchfield has done in painting what has been frequently attempted in literature—to record the inwardness of the mid-western small town. Not that Burchfield is in the least literary in his painting; if he were that, he could not be convincing. But his visual reactions to the scenes he depicts are of the same mental substance as the literary reactions of Sherwood Anderson. Read "*Winesburg—Ohio*" and then look at Burchfield's pictures; the prevailing mood is the same, but the pictures have greater carrying power than the book.

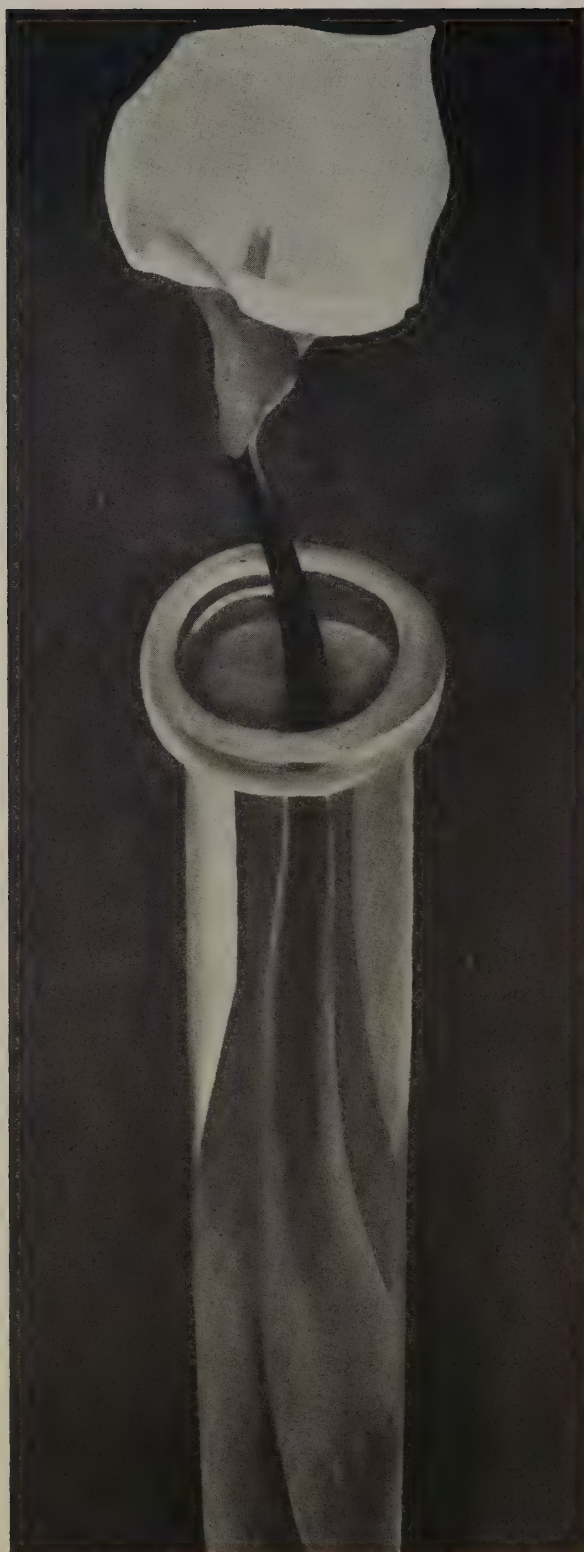
* * *

Last year, in his essay on the work of Charles Sheeler, Forbes Watson termed it "clean-cut." At



NOONDAY HEAT
Montross Galleries

CHARLES BURCHFIELD
Purchased by George Bellows, Esq.



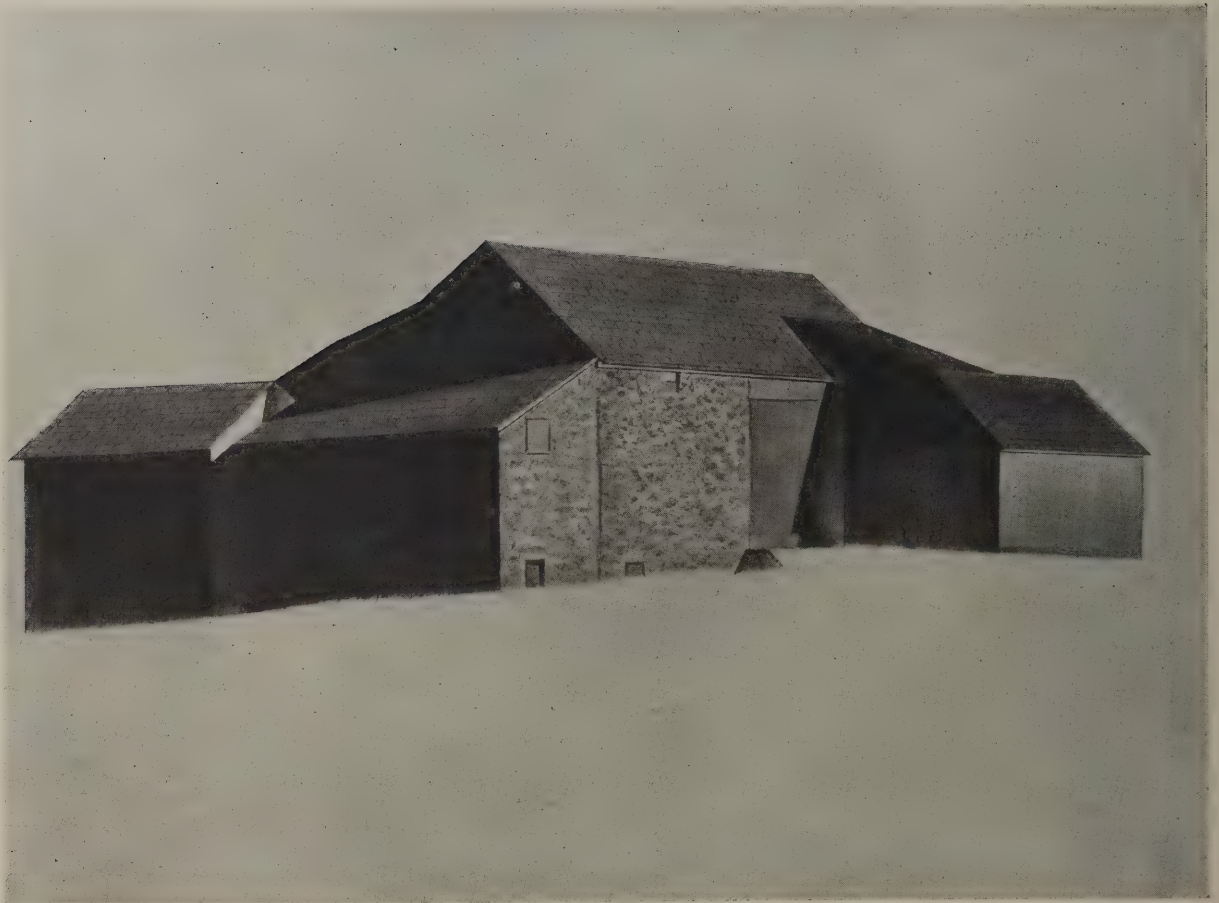
CALLA LILY GEORGIA O'KEEFFE
Anderson Galleries



CALLA LILY

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

Anderson Galleries



BUCKS COUNTY BARN
Whitney Studio

CHARLES SHEELER

about the same time, in a note on the work of Georgia O'Keeffe, Alexander Brook enlarged upon the same idea. A commentator recording this season's exhibitions by these two artists is grateful for the lead thus given because it points the way to an interesting comparison.

All valid comparisons necessitate both likeness and unlikeness. In this instance the likeness is found in the surface aspect of the art and the unlikeness is found beneath the surface in the temperaments that produce the art. Miss O'Keeffe's pictures are the clean-cut result of an intensely passionate apprehension of things; Mr. Sheeler's, the clean-cut result of an apprehension that is intensely intellectual. Of course, there can be no splitting-up of any mentality into intellect and emotion and will after the fashion of an outworn psychology; in art, at least, emotion cannot be made concrete without intellect, nor can intellect do anything without emotion. But as long as such differentiations are understood in no exclusive sense,

they may serve. And only in such a sense is it suggested that Miss O'Keeffe's pictures embody intelligent passionateness while Mr. Sheeler's embody passionate intelligence.

Something like this may account for the woman's greater abandonment to color and the man's austerity in that respect. It may also throw light upon the difference in the air, the tone, of these artists' work. All Miss O'Keeffe's paintings are intimate, some of them almost unbearably so; fruit and leaves and sky and hills nestle to one another. In contrast Mr. Sheeler's paintings are far-withdrawn; barns and flowers and jugs stand cool and quiet and remote.

* * *

"Can a Photograph be a Work of Art?" An entire number of that unperiodical periodical entitled *Manuscripts* was devoted to a symposium on that question. And all those words by all those writers, whether for or against, are turned into empty chatter by the wordless sky-songs of Alfred



RED DAHLIA IN WHITE JAR
GEORGIA O'KEEFFE
Anderson Galleries

Stieglitz. To one individual they came as a revelation—a call to adventure, an enlargement of experience, a spiritual release. A perceiving soul has trapped sublimity in a machine and on sheets of paper a hand's breadth wide has fixed immensity.

* * *

Individual examples of famous painters, from the recent past back to Hals, Holbein and El Greco, have also had a great deal to do with making March a memorable month. Three pictures by Manet, shown at as many different galleries, are here reproduced as a group. The portrait by Holbein is an exceptionally fine one; there is a most interesting proportional relationship between the shape of the mass of the head and the larger area of the same shape formed by the curving figured sleeves.

* * *

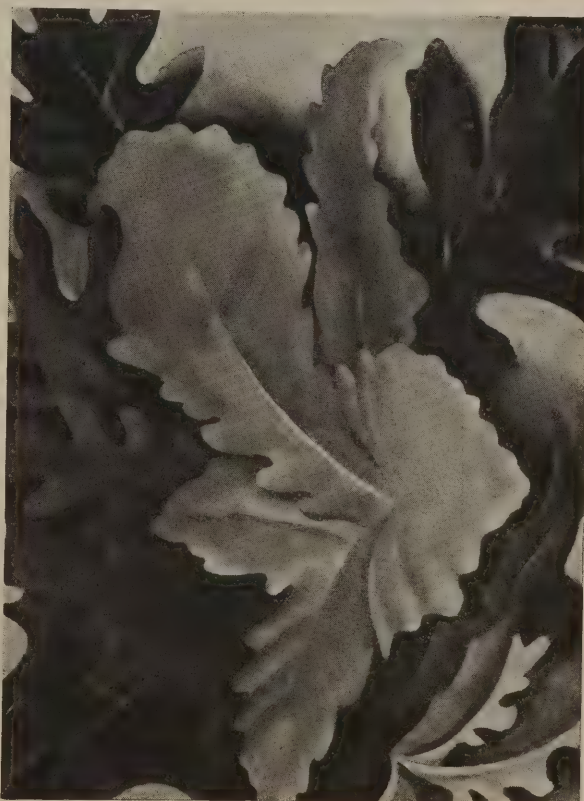
At the Whitney Studio Club was seen a small group of canvases by E. L. Henry. It was a good thing to bring forward there for serious consideration. E. L. Henry was without any suspicion of

pose; his unassuming honesty enabled him to make a record which has a certain charm as well as an extra-æsthetic value. He was unhandicapped by any sophisticated awareness of what he was doing; he painted in complete and earnest sincerity. Through all the details of his minutely painted pictures his perceptions remained consistent. Though these canvases inevitably raise a smile today, that smile can have about it no slightest taint of patronage; it is a smile of unaffected pleasure in a vision of the world so utterly simple.

* * *

There remain only a few special exhibitions scheduled for the balance of this season. With them and with the two large ones still to be seen—the salons of America, in New York, and the International Exhibition of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh—the art season in this country will be brought to a close. If the precedents of previous years be followed, exhibition activities thereafter will be practically confined to the summer colonies; new revelations of any consequence will wait upon the opening of another art year.

VIRGIL BARKER.



GREEN LEAVES
GEORGIA O'KEEFFE
Anderson Galleries



JESUS AT THE HOUSE OF SIMON
Durand-Ruel Galleries

EL GRECO



THE MAN WITH THE FOLDED ARMS

PAUL CÉZANNE

Reinhardt Galleries

Collection of Tilla Durieux (Mme. Cassirer)



LEAVING THE CONSERVATORY

AUGUSTE RENOIR

Reinhardt Galleries

Collection of Tilla Durieux (Mme. Cassirer)

BOOKS

JAPANESE CULTURE OF THE SUIKO PERIOD, BY LANGDON WARNER (WITH AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION BY LORRAINE D'O. WARNER): NEW HAVEN, PUBLISHED FOR THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART BY THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 1923.

Langdon Warner's book "Japanese Sculpture of the Suiko Period" published by the Cleveland Museum of Art through the Yale University Press might have been called the history of the birth of Japanese Art.

The Suiko Period (so-called after the reign of the Empress Suiko 593-618) was inspired religiously, politically, and artistically by the Empress's nephew, Prince Umayado, better known under his posthumous name of Shotoku Taishi, who was regent of the empire and died in 621. It was during this period that Buddhism, first introduced in Japan in 552, became a powerful factor in the education of the country, and brought from China, partly through Korea, art, literature and civilization. It is this noble first blossoming of Japanese art that Langdon Warner clearly and systematically describes in Japanese Sculpture of the Suiko Period.

Mrs. Warner in a very thorough historical introduction gives us the facts and data necessary to understand the period, its importance in the history of Japan, the reason why it came to be, its difficulties, results and immediate outcome. She spares us unnecessary dates and names difficult to remember but clearly brings out the great importance of Shotoku Taishi the inspired statesman, reformer, artist and patriot, whose memory is honored and cherished in every Japanese heart. He was the great genius of the Suiko Period though it does not bear his name and it is the art which he fostered which the book describes and more specially illustrates.

The two wooden figures reproduced here, chosen from the numerous illustrations of the book, are, with the so-called Niorin Kwannon of the Chuchugi nunnery, the three gems of the wonderful collection of early sculpture, religiously kept by the Japanese nation.

The Yumedono Kwannon or Kwannon of the Hall of Dreams is, I think, the most beautiful of all. Whether the figure really represents Kwannon, the sanscrit Avalokitesvara, or Maitreya, the Japanese Miroku, as the stupa in the halo might suggest, is a question in which we do not enter, as Mr. Warner says it is by far the most beautiful relic of sculpture

which has come down to us from the Suiko period. It was intimately connected with the great prince Shotoku Taishi, the great reformer whom we get to know so well through this book. The figure always stood in the Yumedono of Horiuji, the monastery built on the site of Shotoku Taishi's palace, and is known to have been the object of his special devotion.

In the appendix under No. 9, Page 54, in a note on this statue, the writer quotes a translation from a Japanese text which has become garbled or is a mistake and therefore misleading. It says, "The halo is of pure Northern Wei school, and is supported by a rod made in imitation of a bamboo pole, a rare instance of such a form. The pedestal is pentagonal, perhaps Korean in style. We find this form of pedestal in no other period." This paragraph, except for the description of the halo, evidently refers to No. 14, the Kondo Kwannon, which has a halo supported by a bamboo pole and a pentagonal pedestal of Korean type, while the Yumedono Kwannon has nothing of the kind.

The question of haloes suggests a criticism not addressed to Mr. Warner but rather to the early keepers of the Yumedono Kwannon at Horiuji.

It need not be said here that haloes represent and have their origin in the spiritual emanations of the saintly beings represented. The halo of the head like the one under discussion is the emanation of the brain, or perhaps of the urna (the Jewel on the forehead, the seat of the supernatural qualities), while the large almond-shaped halo, often found, is the emanation of the entire being. In most cases these are kept distinct in design or otherwise. The marvelous halo of the Yumedono Kwannon is attached so high that the head is no longer the center of the circle out of which burst the flames. Perhaps the priests, justly jealous of the great beauty of the carving, raised it in order to give a better view of the design; the iron hook with which it is fastened and which can be seen on the side view seems to show this. At all events not the lovely crown but the seat of the spiritual gifts, honored by the crown, is the center of the halo. The statue gains a great deal in composition and proper balance when the halo is put in its right place but at present the elaborate halo seems top-heavy.

While the Yumedono Kwannon represents the perfect Chinese type of sixth century sculpture of the Northern Wei period, the Kondo Kwannon on the other hand has often been attributed to Korean artists and is typical of the grace character-



KWANNON (Wood)
YOMEDONO, HORYUJI
Japanese Sculpture of the Suiko Period.



K W A N N O N (Profile of foregoing)
Japanese Sculpture of the Suiko Period

istic of the best Korean art different from the grand style of the Chinese.

The very tall graceful Bodhisattva holds the bottle of elixir of life with a charming movement; the flowing draperies form a very modern all-round composition which is extremely beautiful and pleasing. As Mr. Warner tells us, the figure has been identified as Avalokitesvara by a discarded crown found in the Horiuji monastery, which bears the figure of Amida, the emblem of Kwannon.

It has been the author's intention to give us reproductions of all the works of art which should be attributed to the Suiko period. He shows us Japan's first steps in the field of art and adds certain Korean pieces which inspired the Japanese artists or were inspired at the same period from the same sources. The object has been to give admirable reproductions, from which he leaves us free to draw our own conclusions. In the admirable letter Prof. Asakawa wrote as an introduction he says: "Let the reader turn over repeatedly the illustrations of sculpture which your volume contains, let him note if he can, the half spiritual, half sensuous devotional piety that animates the better specimens and let him, if he will, compare the singular quality of curves and cusps which runs through them all and through which the taste of the times speaks."

No better advice could be given.

S. C. BOSCH REITZ.

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A PRIMER OF MODERN ART, BY SHELDON CHENEY: NEW YORK, BONI AND LIVERIGHT, 1924. (\$6.00.)

WESTERN ART AND THE NEW ERA: AN INTRODUCTION TO MODERN ART, BY KATHERINE S. DREIER: NEW YORK, BRENTANO'S, 1923. (\$7.00.)

Enemies of the modernists may find many faults in them, but they can not complain that they are inarticulate. The movement in this country has already produced several bulky volumes and innumerable pamphlets, forewords and manifestos, while on the other side, particularly in Germany, a vast modernist literature has grown up almost overnight. These two latest contributions, while in many respects entirely different, are both intended by their authors to introduce the general reader to the new art, and may conveniently be considered together.

In her foreword Katherine Dreier states that "great confusion seems to exist in the average mind as to what constitutes Modern Art," and she goes

on to say that her intention is to help the public to a clearer understanding of the new movements.

Whether she will be successful in this is problematical. Our own feeling is that the ordinary mortal when he closes the book will be the wiser only by a few names, a smattering of phrases such as "dynamic force" and "abstract form," and the memory of some very queer illustrations.

Is the book then "too deep" for the general public and to be appreciated only by the chosen few? We do not feel that this is the case. The theorizing which occupies a considerable portion of the volume does not appear to us to contribute anything vital to our understanding of modernism, and when the author descends to specific painters and paintings we are apt to be struck more by a certain lack of discrimination than by any other quality. As examples, we might cite the casting of Turner in the rôle of a forerunner of the extreme modernists in the glorification of machinery, and the lack of any mention of Daumier, Renoir or Degas, although Menzel, Whistler and Puvis de Chavannes are each accorded the dignity of a whole paragraph. And when we come to the chapters devoted to the present movements we find that though Futurists may issue manifestos denouncing Cubists, and Vorticists may "blast" both, we hear no echo of the battle in these pages. Picasso, Kandinsky, Marinetti, Tzara, Wyndham Lewis—like the lion and the lamb, they lie down together.

Mr. Cheney begins his book with an engaging disavowal of any intention of writing an exhaustive or in any sense a final book. His qualifications, he says, are those of a man who has gone out frankly to enjoy and not to study. He chooses the primer method and title because he feels that it may lead the ordinary citizen to get on intimate emotional terms with modern art. The size of the book, by the way, is not what the title would suggest, as it runs to nearly four hundred pages.

"A Primer of Modern Art" is in the nature of a panorama of the new movements and has both the advantages and disadvantages of a panorama. We can see all the mountain-tops, but somehow all of them combined fail to impress us as much as a single mountain seen from closer at hand.

But though there is more breadth than depth in these pages, there is breadth. The reader who wishes a wide survey of the latest developments in painting and sculpture will find it here, and the book's scope is still further increased by separate chapters on architecture, the theatre and the new art of mobile color. The author's breezy, informal style, although sometimes perilously close to jour-



H A L O (Detail of statue reproduced on page 228)
Japanese Sculpture of the Suiko Period



KWANNON (Wood) KONDO HORYUJI
Japanese Sculpture of the Suiko Period

nalese, is always entertaining. There are many illustrations, and though we could wish that more of them were full-page, they are far more pleasing to the eye than those in "Western Art and the New Era," which are spoiled by the use of an unattractive shade of ink.

In matters of taste we do not always agree with Mr. Cheney. He has a strong penchant for the German expressionists, and feeling as we do that German art has always been the most conscientious but not the most interesting in the world, and that it shows no sign of any change in this essential, we cannot share his enthusiasm. Likewise we feel that his treatment of all art between Giotto and Cezanne is unnecessarily cruel, but as this is also a characteristic of the Dreier book and in fact of most modernist literature we suppose that the over-sensitive reader can do nothing except harden himself to it.

In both of these books, in spite of obvious differences, we detect a fundamental similarity of viewpoint that would indicate that the modernist creed is becoming fairly well fixed. Its main articles are familiar by this time: rejection of the representative side of art with its accompaniments of story-telling and technical cleverness; concentration on the purely aesthetic elements; and expression in some manner of the vastness and intensity of modern life.

With such a creed no one would want to quarrel. But we have feeling that the authors of these books in common with many other modernists are in danger of forgetting that it is only a creed. They tend to make adherence to it the standard for the judgment of contemporary art. For example, we do not doubt that Mr. Cheney's fondness for the German expressionists is largely due to the fact that they are the most logical and ruthless followers of the modern code of belief. It is not necessary to point out that this placing of the code above the individual is of the very essence of what is known as the academic spirit.

To put our reaction to these two books in slightly different form, we feel that they place too much emphasis on the difference between the old and the new art, which is a matter of creed, and too little on the difference between the ordinary and the extraordinary artist, which is a matter of what can only be described as genius. A vast movement like that of the present day gives many a mediocre talent a chance to shine, but as time passes and the radicals of today become the academy of tomorrow, the outstanding artists will be not those most orthodox in the new faith but those who placed individuality above any creed.

LLOYD GOODRICH.

CHINESE PAINTING AS REFLECTED IN THE
THOUGHT AND ART OF LI LUNG-MIEN (1070-
1106), BY AGNES E. MEYER: NEW YORK,
DUFFIELD & COMPANY, 1923. (\$10.00.)

Writers on Chinese art have heretofore attacked the subject mainly from the scientific angle or from the purely æsthetic one. The writer of the scientific type concerns himself with the amassing and arranging of the facts of Chinese art history, and his work must be based on immense expert and definite knowledge. Such a writer is Arthur Waley, who recently published a valuable reference work in his "Introduction to the Study of Chinese Painting." Of the second type is Laurence Binyon, whose "Painting in the Far East," in the years since it appeared, opened a new field of enjoyment to the many readers who, without expert knowledge, can be stimulated and inspired by the author's poetic sensibility to the pure beauty of an art which to a certain extent may be appreciated for its intrinsic æsthetic qualities alone.

Agnes E. Meyer, in her *Chinese Painting as Reflected in the Thought and Art of Li Lung-mien*, has undertaken a task that falls into neither of these categories. She has not merely stated the historic fruits of her researches, neither has she been content simply to express an emotional reaction to the beauty of certain works of art. She has made a serious attempt to base her appreciation of the specific works under consideration on an understanding of the philosophic system which underlies and is interwoven with the fabric of Chinese art.

Mrs. Meyer is exceptionally equipped for the formidable task. She has the disciplined intellect, the ardor, the patience, the thoroughness and scholarship which fit her to accomplish it admirably. A qualification not less essential than these, and one which Mrs. Meyer possesses to an unusual degree, is an inborn sense of quality, which enables her to value at its worth the exquisiteness of workmanship, of materials and of presentation which is so important an element in all Chinese work. With such an equipment she has written a book which is, even to the reader without highly specialized knowledge, a most illuminating and stimulating study.

Like most students who feel a reverent admiration for a subject or an historic period under their attention, Mrs. Meyer envelopes the most remote days of the past in the glamor of a golden age. This is probably inevitable to an imaginative mind, and by giving ardor to the writer's researches, and earnestness to the task of expounding the theme, it results, no doubt, in distilling for us more of the essential

truth than is possible in a purely cold scientific investigation and statement.

The subject is an infinitely fascinating one. The immeasurably great tradition of Chinese art is a thing so vast, so complete, so self-sufficing that it stands alone, like a world in itself, and must largely be estimated according to its own standards. China presents an example unique in the world of a persistent continuity of art tradition unbroken from its ancient sources. Down through the ages it has maintained its essential character with a fullness and stability given to the art of no other race.

Mrs. Meyer has a profound appreciation of the importance of this unbroken continuity in the Chinese art spirit; it is, in fact, the thread on which her thoughts are strung. She emphasizes constantly the Chinese reverence for racial tradition, and insists upon the necessity for grasping this idea as the indispensable basis for the understanding of any specific work. Feeling that the Chinese painter is comprehensible only when seen in relation to the traditional culture, she presents as a background for the paintings of Li Lung-mien an outline of the philosophies that shaped Chinese thought and civilization, defining the elements that sprang from the systems of Confucius and of Laotzu, and tracing the origins of both to the most ancient lore.

The mixture of the Taoist individualism, absorbed in self-expression, and the Confucian social discipline which must include all the cultural manifestations of the race, is represented as both existing successfully in the same mentality. As she states it: "This mingling of motives, this fostering of individual and communistic ideals that spring from a common source, became the mainspring of China's breadth and elasticity of mind." And further on: "The manner in which Taoism and Confucianism interacted from the Han period onward to inspire and preserve the creative intelligence of China is the story that can be gleaned from a consideration of the work of Li Lung-mien." According to Mrs. Meyer, all Chinese landscapes have their original and their traditional, their Taoist and their Confucian elements. To the Western mind these two elements correspond to the characteristics which we designate by the rough and ready terms (so open to inaccurate use) of classicism and romanticism.

The influence of Buddhism on Chinese art is treated as a thing apart, of comparatively superficial importance, an influence which was largely nullified by the power of the earlier philosophies on the Chinese mentality.

Against the rich background of the racial heritage, our author throws in relief the figure of the painter

whose work she has chosen for special and detailed study, and shows him in the light of scholar, creative artist and seer, who represented the civilization of his race in a commanding type. She gives an eloquent account of his intellectual and cultural equipment, presenting him as the most complete and perfect example of the mingling of the elements of the traditional culture which she has so thoughtfully analyzed.

Our ability to understand and to appreciate the great figure which is outlined for us must depend not only on our grasp of his relation to his race, but also on the qualities which his art has in common with all great art. "Whoever loves brave thinking," writes Mrs. Meyer, "the disciplined intellectualism and the triumphant objectivity of China at its broadest and best—and all those who are haunted by the search for the exquisite and the pure, these spirits will find in Li Lung-mien's art a refuge, a consolation and a reward such as life will but rarely offer them."

The book is beautifully presented and enriched with twelve plates of Li Lung-mien's paintings.

FORBES WATSON.

* * *

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF CHINESE PAINTING, BY ARTHUR WALEY: NEW YORK, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1923. (\$20.00.)

The field of art treated in this volume has been very little worked thus far, and the author is careful to disclaim any intention of writing a general history. He describes his volume as a series of essays on certain painters about whom enough is known to justify such detailed treatment, and about just so many of them as will suffice to bring out the scope and variety of Chinese painting. Such artists he attempts very successfully to place in relief against the background of their own times; he also links up these eras to a broader treatment of the earlier development of China's civilization.

The author's position in the British Museum and his honest acknowledgment of the limitations of his own knowledge form a guarantee of the quality of his scholarship. In a volume like this, which pioneers in a comparatively unknown region, debatable opinions and controversial topics are inevitable; other scholars will be found to differ in their interpretations of certain phases or inclined to emphasize different aspects. But no one can read the book without realizing that here is a trustworthy treatise which will remain indispensable to the student of Chinese painting.

With the best will the beginner yet finds it diffi-

cult to overcome the barriers of perplexing names, vague geography, and a predominant conception of art worlds away from that which has prevailed in the occident for many generations. So far as concerns the first two barriers, no writer can do away with the necessity of mere dogged acquisition of factual learning; but it is on the last point especially that the skill and tact of any writer on Chinese art are to be tested. Mr. Waley survives this test. His knowledge of European civilization enables him to

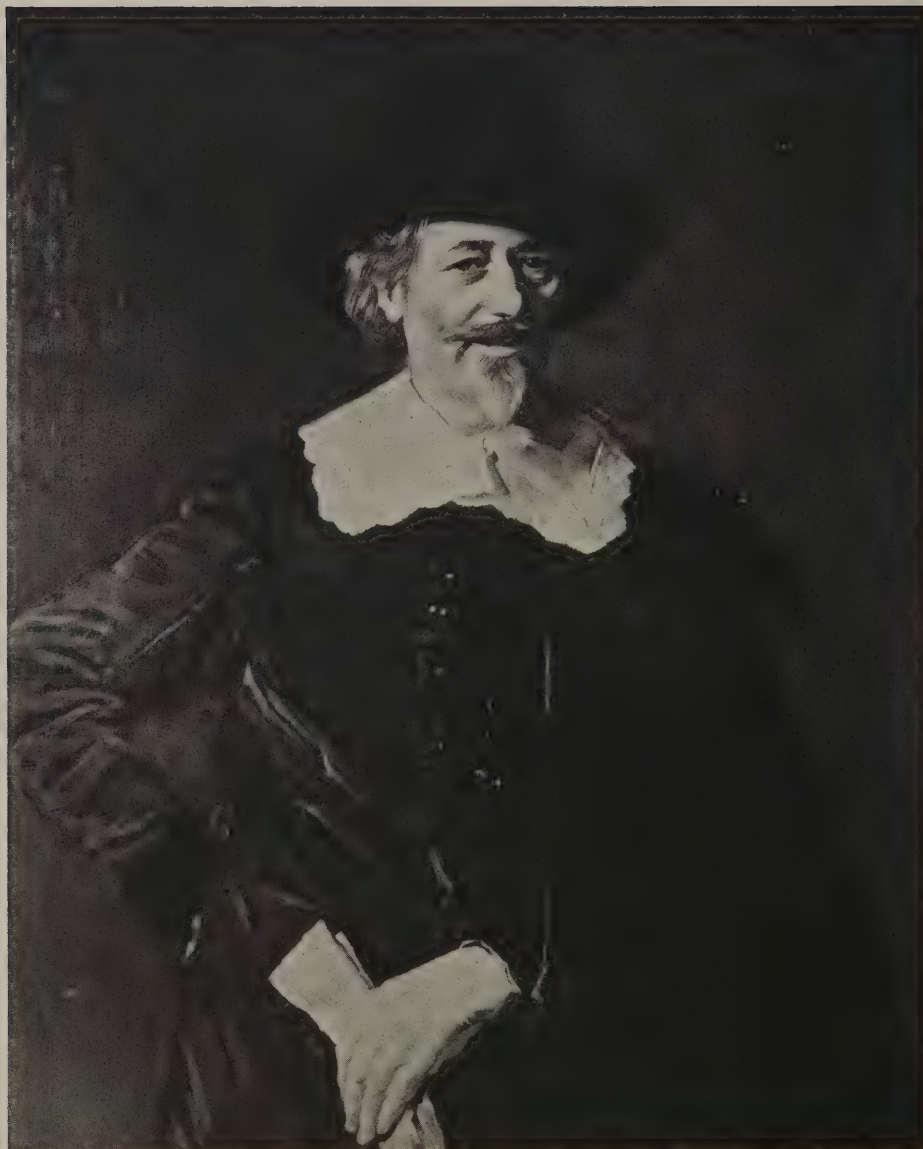
weave the net of his text back and forth between the familiar and the unfamiliar. Nor does his knowledge overbear and deaden his own rare artistic sensibility; the poet's intuition works almost unimpeded and lights the way with repeated flashes of insight into art and life. So far from being a pedantic compilation, this volume releases the mind of the reader into the serene and spacious air of a scholarship that is truly humane.

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LANDSCAPE WITH ST. ANTHONY
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SASSETTA

THE ARTS

VOLUME V

MAY, 1924

NUMBER 5

IS IT possible for a man capable of a frigid lack of response to the art of his contemporaries to have more than a literary, historical or merely bookish appreciation of the art of any past period? I, for one, always discount the quality of the appreciation of the man who is ignorant of contemporary art, even going so far as to find the basis of the failure of most art historians to do more than skirt about on the outside of their subjects in their ignorance of modern art. That such a belief is not merely arbitrary can, I am sure, be proved.

The appreciation of the essential quality of a work of art presupposes moments of direct communication between the work of art and the beholder so warm, so absorbing, and so intimate that for the time being at least all antiquarian, historical and other associations, however delightful their suggestiveness, are mere forgotten side issues. Only at the moment when one has entirely forgotten the derivation of a work of art is one in direct communication with its author. So long as the thought of its being Chinese, or early Italian, or contemporary American shares the mind with appreciation of its quality, for just so long is the appreciation a reflected light.

If one has the understanding genius to apprehend the essence of a work of art, one is bound to realize the relationship that exists between all art, past and present. Consequently, when we hear from a collector of Oriental or early Italian art that he is not interested in modern art he is telling us much more than he suspects. For he is really declaring an essential lack of interest in all art.

His interest is around and about art, not actually in art. He enjoys his trips to the Orient; he enjoys the social relations with his rival collectors; he enjoys the game of filling the blank spaces in his collection; he enjoys the poetry, literature and history surrounding his specialty, but the essence that is art always escapes him. Had he the capacity to appreciate the essence he would be so warmly allied to art itself, so much more directly in communication with art, so much more humanly understanding that it would be impossible for him not to enter into the creative problems of the men attempting in terms of art to express the life of his own time. The special collector and the special historian who overlook contemporary art are using art as an escape from life. And art itself is never an escape from life. Rather is it an illuminating light whereby we can enter more deeply into life.

FORBES WATSON.



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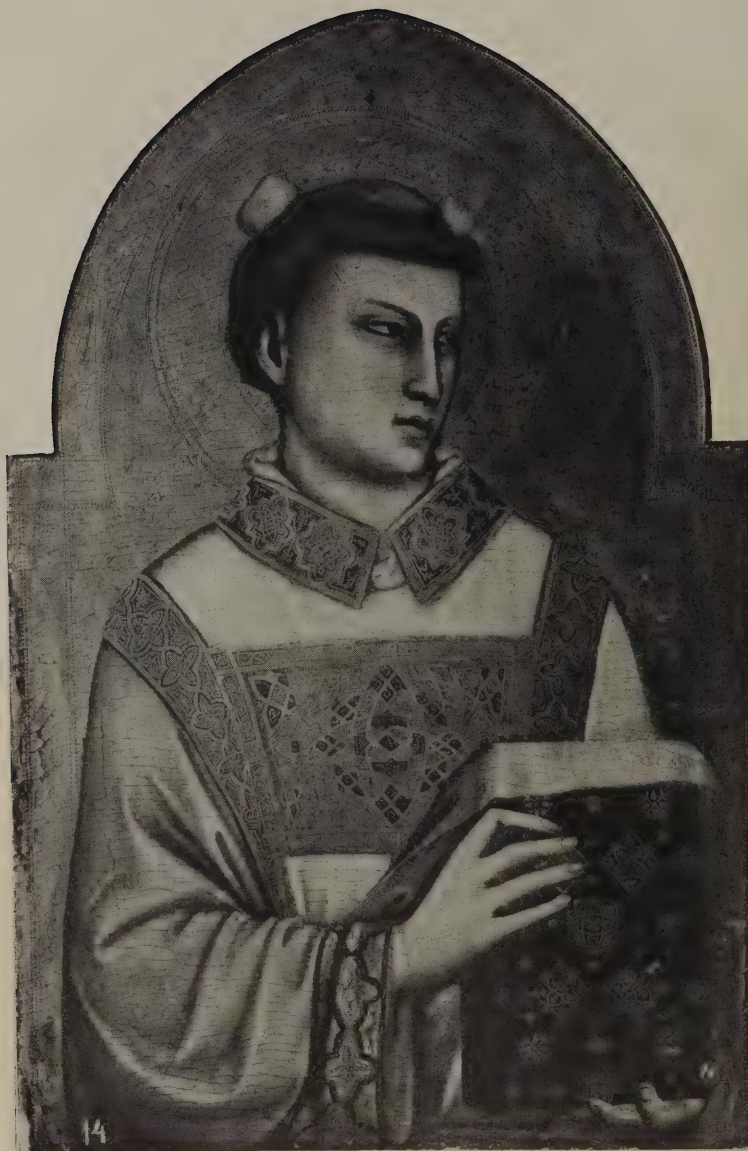
WE HAVE shown in recent years an uncommon aptitude for historic sympathy, and I suppose our exercise of it is one of the ways we have of expressing our artistic genius. Our kindness to ancient or foreign arts may be, in all frankness, the best way we have for the moment, and perhaps the only creative one. And under the circumstances it seems reasonable that it should be so, for in the absence of our own artistic tradition, we are providing ourselves with one, by borrowing from the great traditions of the world.

Such a national tendency appears, at all events, in the frequency of exhibits of non-American art and even of Italian primitives; and in the number of such pictures bought recently by American collectors. The exhibition at the galleries of Duveen Brothers is by no means representative of the extent of picture collecting here. They have hanging on their walls, however, a number of examples sold by them, of such range and quality that the exhibit

bears comparison with, and in certain respects surpasses, the Loan Exhibition at the Kleinberger Galleries in 1917, the 1920 show at the Metropolitan Museum, and a similar one at Brussels two years later. And yet it would not be unjust to the careful organizers to add how much the simon-pure idealist would like to see such masterpieces more generously spaced, against a wall of less chilling color.

The exhibition covers all the Italian schools of importance, with certain gaps here and there—in-avoidable, no doubt, and felt chiefly in the lack of Florentine pictures of the two generations following Giotto. There is an adequate and, in instances, beautiful representation of the fifteenth century, just as there are examples that are typical and hardly anything else. Let it be said, however, that before such a gathering one must incline deeply.

It reaches back to the last moment of the middle ages, when art still served exclusively ecclesiastical ends, when an unreserved acceptance of the whole



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fabric of churchly dogma still prevailed. It is the moment when the body of Byzantine conventions of representation, which since the invasion of the fifth Crusade in 1204 had reinforced its influence in Italy, was beginning to give way before the overwhelming native genius.

This moment is here represented by its noblest example in America, a triptych painted about 1290. It has been lent anonymously and is ascribed by Mr. Berenson to the great Florentine, Cimabue.

The figures yield no sense of mass or of weight or of empty space around them. They loom into the upright area they occupy, to which they bear a purely ideal relation. Each essentially flat and immobile, they unite in a single compositional plane, in a symmetry as rigid as the inflexible ecclesiastical dogma. The psychology of these figures is neither eccentric nor sentimental; they embody the obedience to dogmatized belief. But their suggestions exceed in spiritual range and gravity those of personal expression, because they draw upon a deep collective spiritual tradition. This is the reason why, although the relative positions of the figures and each gesture have a symbolic significance, the triptych is instinct with direct spiritual force. The lateral figures Peter and James attend the central figure, the blessing Saviour, and declare both by their attitudes and by their position in the composition their subordination, but the central figure is divinely impassive, exalted and absolute.

The authorship of this "Cimabue" seems to me still unsettled. And by this I am not calling its æsthetic excellence in question. Its intimate genius, however, does differ from that of the master who painted the Virgin saints and angels in the Lower Church of St. Francis in Assisi; the transepts and choir of the Upper Church; and the altarpiece at the Uffizi in Florence.

Cimabue's figures possess a higher intensity; they are more inwardly alive, and where the situation does not require dramatic assertion, they look as if they might on provocation break into the emotional vehemence of his tragic Crucifixion. Even the kindly angels of the Uffizi altarpiece strike you with awe, and the prophets below with terror. Cimabue's style possesses a great nervous vitality. His line throbs with energy; his figures swell with mass and are organized to movement.

In the triptych the type and the individual features are unquestionably Cimabuesque; but the absence of the more intimate marks of Cimabue's style commit me to the choice of one of two hypotheses. Either the design is Cimabue's and the execution some close assistant's, or else Cimabue

himself painted the grand central figure and left the lateral saints to assistants, more conservative than the master, and holding more closely to Byzantine formulæ.

The Florentine Madonna belonging to Mr. Goldman and ascribed to Bernardo Daddi, painted about a generation later, bears witness to a change in formal conception. In earlier Italian painting the figure is flat in a bi-dimensional world. But Giotto has come in the meantime and re-endowed painting with the neglected third dimension. At the stage of evolution when Mr. Goldman's picture was painted the figure is conceived as an aggregate of parts organically related to each other and their totality organically related to a supreme integration. The conception of the universe becomes physical, the human figure becomes a plastic mass wherein the weight of each part presses down upon the part under it and the total weight bears against the ground. Thus painting anticipates the much later Newtonian discovery. The figure instead of extending as formerly in two dimensions, swells plastically in all directions, creating an empty space about it in which we might fancy it moving.

It is not mere rhetoric to say that the atmosphere of our picture comes of the sense of freedom in this changed world, and the psychology of the figures is in fact a sort of irradiation of happiness, with a great dignity implicit in the human relation. It is certainly not expression in the modern sense one reads in their faces. The master did not intend self-projection, but self-completeness, and in that sense at least our picture is of classic intention.

But no one has seen it who has not thought the unfortunate frame away, and looked deep into the material quality of the stratified tempera, where the ages have spared it and mellowed it to a rich enamel. Only with such a beginning can one hope to reach its real savor.

Attribution is one way of defining that savor, and the artistic savor of our panel is certainly not due to Bernardo Daddi, but to a nameless master—also of considerable gifts—who must have worked very close to Giotto to have absorbed so much of his technique and his power. The course and gait of every line, the shapes, the style are so profoundly Giottesque that Mr. Goldman's painting can only have been painted by an assistant. Who this person was, it is for the present impossible to say, but there is at least one other painting by his hand: a St. Stephen in the Horne collection in Florence, which happens to have originally stood to our Virgin's right in the same original polyptych.

Giotto's artistic origins are Roman, and the com-

bined influence of his probable master, Cavallini, and of himself is responsible for the grave and majestic Virgin here attributed to Baronzio da Rimini.

The painter of Mr. Otto Kahn's panel is indisputably Romagnole—the association of easily recognizable pinks and greens and the tooled figure in the gold would suffice for the student—and, it may be interesting to the curious, by the same anonymous hand that painted a small Feast of Herod in the Lehman collection and a Birth of the Baptist in the house of Mr. Harold Pratt (reproduced in the catalogue of a Loan Exhibition of Italian Primitives at the Kleinberger Galleries in 1917, p. 180). It is the most impressive and best preserved panel by this very rare school and the only one of importance in private hands, save the complete altarpiece signed by Guiliano da Rimini at Mrs. Gardner's in Boston.

To correspond to these three primitives of the Florentine tradition, three Sienese panels are shown that might easily stand for the three cardinal tendencies in the painting of the first half of the Trecento in Siena. The Madonna numbered 51 in the catalogue is by some unknown follower of Duccio, who, by a few years older than Giotto, held to the old Byzantine forms, and painted beautiful masterpieces of a Hellenic purity.

Not far from it in a corner hangs a delightful little panel by Lippo Memmi, whose style was formed by his brother-in-law Simone Martini. The Virgin here shown is so close to Simone that she at once reminds one of the Uffizi Annunciation. But our picture was painted a little later, about the time of Lippo's Crucifixion at the Vatican (reproduced in Van Marle's recent "Italian Schools of Painting," Vol. II, p. 269) and a suckling Virgin in Berlin (reproduced, *ibid.*, p. 227 under an erroneous attribution)—that is, roughly, about 1340.

Our Virgin continues in the taste that begins with the idealism of Gothic art, in which the basic expressional element is line. With Simone's school, which may be said to end with Botticelli, line is to be understood as pictorial melody and, like melody, it carries emotion in its rhythms.

In the little Lippo Memmi three-quarters of the Virgin rises into the panel, which continues to rise into the steep gable. The sense of height is enhanced by the tiny scale of the Baptist and Francis and the tufted angels disposed towards the top according to their ecclesiastically formal rank. The whole imitates a gothic interior and the gold is always counted on for spatial insinuations. But the little picture is infinitely graceful decoration, the explicit beauties of which derive from the sensitive adjustment of the form to the flat panel, and the

complementary relation between the opaque figures and the translucent gold. At one moment the attenuated mass, reduced to pattern, is merely a way of animating the surface; at the next, the figures assume an existence of their own.

The Holy Family by Ambrogio Lorenzetti is by the most Florentine painter outside of Florence. It should fall into his last period around 1335. It has the mass, the grandeur and the depth of great monumental painting. Seldom has pictorial statement come to so much as it does in this instance through the vitality of the original vision. The genre scene is staged on a gorgeous Asia Minor carpet which, I might say in passing, is the earliest instance of a painted Oriental carpet in Italy. The tall central opening rises from the bobbinrack and separates Mary and Christ from Joseph, whose isolation is emphasized by his being placed against a bare wall. The wall lends solidity to the two groups.

The radical unit of the whole composition is the pyramid. The two triangular masses of the figures are united by the central doorway and thus assimilated in the major triangle. This is pulled up by the angle at the top; and this upward suction produces a double effect: it counteracts the heaviness of the masses and the architecture, and tightens the design.

The tall doorway functions at once as the axis of the central mass and as an opening to admit the receding perspective that ends at the back in the golden Gothic window. The pattern in the carpet measures the space that stretches forward, and beyond the groups; and the accent in the foremost plane of the spanning arch emphasizes one end of the deep dimension, thus raising its power.

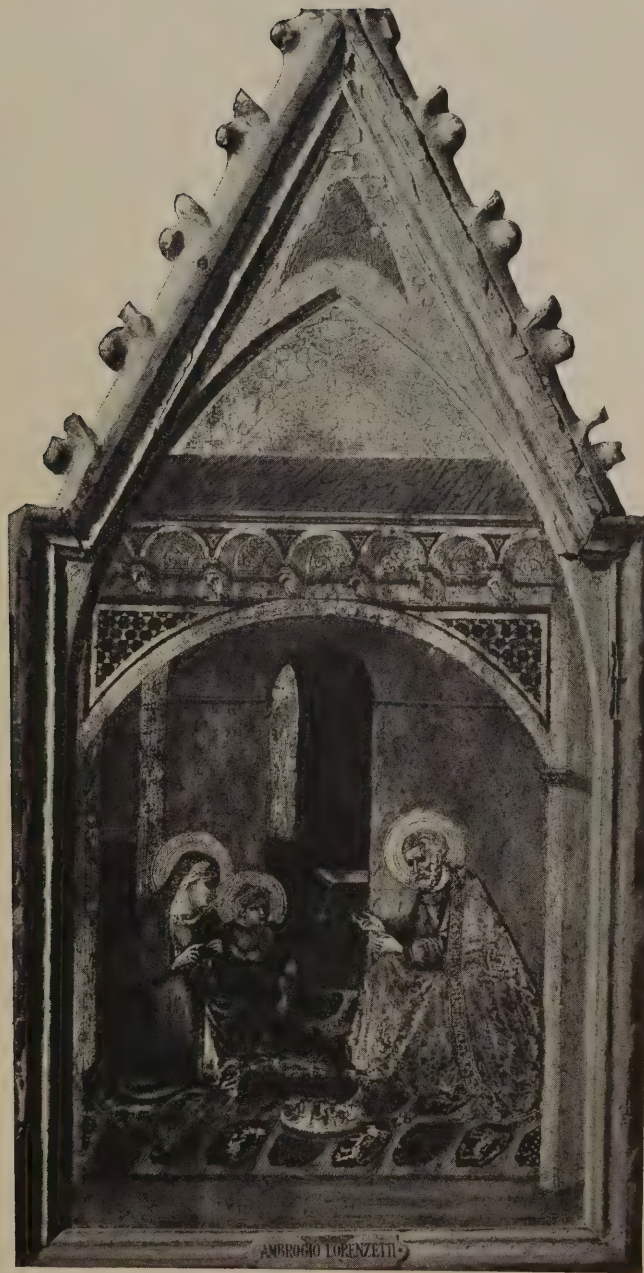
The second half of the fourteenth century is represented by one sole example, the pretty and complete little picture by Paolo di Giovanni Fei, who was the teacher of Sassetta. From this lunar world, spiritually so much older than the succeeding centuries, we pass into the gay Renaissance, when art seems suddenly to have grown to full youth. Varied, radiant, worldly, limpid, abundant and suggestive, it stands much closer to our culture and is therefore more interesting. As might be expected, it is rich in portraiture; and while the Renaissance pictures here, whatever their subject, are the most comprehensively illustrative in the exhibit, the portraits are among the finest of their kind.

Among the Florentine examples of this period the touching Deposition with some sensitive figures in it is inadmissible as an autograph work of Fra Angelico. The two fragments of an Annunciation attributed to this master lack his supple line and his touch. There is the tenderly girlish Virgin of the



VIRGIN, SAINTS AND ANGELS
LIPPO MEMMI

Collection of Mr. Carl W. Hamilton



HOLY FAMILY

AMBROGIO LORENZETTI

Collection of Mr. Carl W. Hamilton

rare Baldovinetti, with a delightful landscape seen through a marred surface; a Madonna that repeats Verocchio's Virgin in Berlin, with a radiant face that has learnt to smile before Leonardo. There is Botticelli's portrait of the unfortunate Guiliano de' Medici; and one of a sweet-faced boy attributed by Mr. Berenson to the same master; a profile ascribed to Piero Pollaiuolo with too little of the authentic surface left by the modern restorer for judgment of the original; and the "Giovanna Tornabuoni," the hard and timid line of which, its shallow modelling and insensitive surface, urge one to regard it as a studio copy of the frescoed figure at the Sta. Maria Novella. There are Mrs. Henry E. Huntington's Mainardis, and a Madonna belonging to Mr. Harold I. Pratt by a nameless follower of Fra Filippo Lippi—these three unusually interesting for their state. There is also the Virgin in Adoration by the so-called Master of the Castello Nativity.

But the effect of the great Morgan Castagno, the solemn Crucifixion by Piero della Francesca, and the dreamy Fra Filippo is deeper and more tenacious.

The Morgan portrait of a young man by Andrea del Castagno looms to dominating height in the panel. He looks as if he had been caught within the frame in a transitional movement while stalking across the picture. The flash of the eyes is compelling without being aggressive and every tension, every gesture, every feature are organized to the same expression. The master has characterized the parts to give the figure emphatic individuality and generalized the whole to give it design. The latter releases you from the tyranny of the former. The outlines cut the edge keenly in wide, swift, curves, and the planes are treated broadly. And yet line and flesh cling to the bone. Few figures can be found possessing so tightly organized a structure and such plastic intensity. Follow the expanse of the forehead, the perfectly rounded dome of the skull, the broad cheeks and the wide jaw supported by a strong neck over a powerful torso, and you will become aware with rising force of a solid mass which liberates an overwhelming dynamic energy.

If Castagno was one of the greatest masters of form the world has ever known, the genius of Piero della Francesca, who painted the small Crucifixion, was completer, profounder and more temperate. Battered and restored in parts, the panel still remains one of the supreme masterpieces in America and is the finest composition at the Duveen Galleries. It should be seen with persistence in its totality, for only so much detail has been set down

as the eye requires in order to gather the separate objects into an integral composition. Only then will everything in the panel begin to take up its function and only then will it become evident how just, clear and satisfactory is the cubic relation of figures to the empty space of the foreground, and of the foreground to the total depth. The breaks in the rocky floor take you by measurable stages to the plane of the representation and within this, by foreshortening and by modelling, by overlapping of light and dark patches, the forms rise to a high degree of tri-dimensional existence. At the same time their bounding lines and surfaces are simplified in order to be more readily assimilated in the total mass, which is stabilized by the dominating symmetry of the cross and the horsemen right and left. While the picture thus becomes an organic structure of solid masses, its patterns are locked in perfectly harmonized design. But the composition is also organized as dramatic action. At the extreme left the transported upward glance of Longinus, at the extreme right the extended baton, at the centre the impetuous fervor of John, run together in a single convergence towards the crucified Christ.

There is no violence of sorrow anywhere in the mourners, no facile eloquence of agony in the crucified. Every gesture is declared without complication or refinement by a direct act of externalization. How acute, in the midst of this impassivity, is the unaffected statement of the heaviness of that torso, the stretch of those arms and the beauty of that head!

The jagged outline and broken patches at the right are set against the quiet masses on the left, where the separate figures are held together in the triangular mass which rises to a point in the tree. Painted in the darkest tone on the surface, in a slightly withdrawn position, the Virgin is seen in a swoon.

Piero is a true Florentine in his origins. His form, his action, his gesture, his sobriety, he inherited from the great Masaccio. His decorative vision was formed by Paolo Uccello, whose painting manifests the same taste for pattern, the same orchestration of light and dark patches.

Our painting, like all of Piero's works, like the consummate Flagellation in the Urbino gallery, typifies a partial change in vision that was to be completed by Leonardo. The figure was no longer seen in plastic isolation, but as part of a given visual field. It no longer functioned merely as plastic energy, but became a factor in the articulation of space. The scale, the modelling, the painting of the figure, as of all objects, became conditional upon



MADONNA AND CHILD
Collection of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay

ALESSO BALDOVINETTI



VIRGIN AND CHILD
Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin

ANDREA DEL VERROCCHIO



VIRGIN AND CHILD

Collection of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay

Attributed to VERROCCHIO



THE DEPOSITION Attributed to FRA ANGELICO
Collection of Mr. Henry Goldman



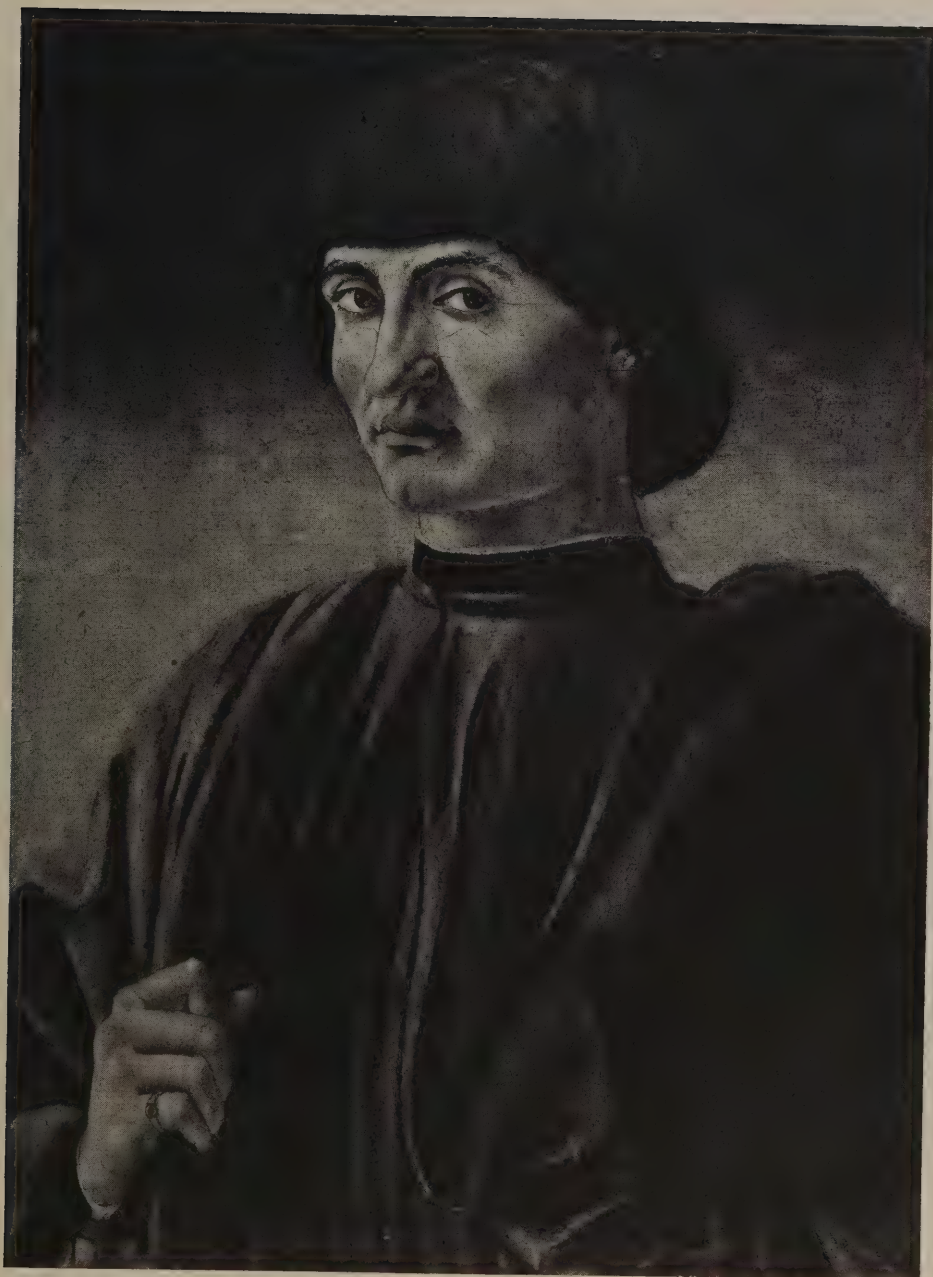
PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH
Collection of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay

Attributed to BOTTICELLI



PORTRAIT OF A LADY
Collection of Mr. Andrew W. Mellon

LORENZO DI CREDI



PORTRAIT OF A MAN
Collection of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan

ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO



THE CRUCIFIXION
Collection of Mr. Carl W. Hamilton

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA

its position in depth; and the planes were treated with reference to a definite light.

Piero's genius is perfectly harmonized and lucid. The greatest mathematician of his day, his work is eminently clear; only that with Piero clarity, which is an intellectual attribute, becomes an æsthetic value. He avoids violent expression because he would rather reveal through the acquiescent consciousness of his figures and his wide landscapes the deeper action of primal force.

The St. Laurence Enthroned, with members of the Alessandri family kneeling at his feet, by Fra Filippo, has forfeited some of its original magic with the loss of the luminous gold background. Its tenderness, its pervasive sentiment commit it to the period of the two lunettes at the National Gallery (London) painted for another great Florentine family, the Medici, and of the two Nativities, now at the Uffizi; some few years, that is, before the painting of the Louvre altarpiece of 1437. It has all the consistent poetry of that early period.

No Florentine has aimed so exclusively at intimacy of feeling unless it be his sentimental kinsman born nearly three generations later, Andrea del Sarto. Fra Filippo steepes his figures in it, and communicates a strange mood to his scenes by throwing a gray, creeping powdered light upon them.

Akin to the genius of the great contemporary Florentines, with mysterious Flemish and Germanic affinities, is the fanciful and delicate profile of a lady very probably by the Veronese master Pisanello, who worked at the princely Italian courts, chiefly for the Gonzagas, for the d'Estes, and for the Malatestas, as well as for the Pope and Alfonso II of Naples.

The profile exhibited here turned up only two years ago, and is one of the exquisite rarities of its period. Hard wear and modern restoration, which have drawn a thin veil over the surface and the subtle contours, have not been able to disguise her enchantment. The color spreads in a harmony of blue and gold with a pink, almost white, flesh, whose enamel consistency is as unexpected in pure Italian painting as it is in Pisanello. It makes us think rather of the Van Eycks, or of the much later Cranach.

The constructive principle of the design is an ellipse, repeated over the surface. Drawn in large curves below that diminish toward the top, these oval shapes are thrown on diagonals that cross, balance and cancel each other in a sort of fugue. What *élan*, what elation in the music of the line! It seems to be singing its own song, but so firmly has this been fashioned that its rhythmic units at

the same time organize and stabilize the whole structure.

The lady of our portrait is dressed for a fête in a blue velvet robe worked with a gold figure and hung with festoons of golden fretted beads. At the neck she wears a kind of golden collarette and a high turned-up collar lined with squirrel. Around her red hair, stuck with golden hair-pins and compactly held within a net, winds a heavy studded turban, in a fashion come from the East through neighboring Venice.

She comes out of a world as remote as she is fleshless, looking like some fabulous idol of tinted ivory. We may assume she is a trifle tired of observing the spectacle before her, and yet she has an ingredient of her own limited kind of sympathy in her composition. The dainty majesty of this fragile little person is the final flowering of a luxurious and sophisticated society. She is young but there is already a touch of corruption in the face, which wears an insinuating animalism, and is pointed with a delicate irony.

Pisanello's portrait has an air of finality about it that belongs to supreme masterpieces. Its quality of light, its moral decisiveness, belong exclusively to the century that ends with Leonardo's *Mona Lisa*.

It is like entering into another world to pass from these pictures to the unsubstantial delicacies of the fifteenth century Sieneese. I shall make one exception at once in the instance of the acrid Sassetta, and another in the case of the flowerlike Neroccio who, it must not be forgotten, painted the courtly Annunciation at New Haven, the rosy-hued Virgin in Mr. Berenson's villa at Ponte a Mensola, and the rapturous vision of a blond girl in the Widener collection.

The Lehman Sassetta is of a whimsical mood rendered in daringly fantastic imagery. In a gray wilderness lying against a burning sky crossed by long boat-shaped banks of clouds, stands the lone figure of the abbot Saint Anthony, beyond him his orange-red chapel. A diminishing perspective of trees with twisted branches drifts back to a horizon of barren hills, that loom like huddled sleeping monsters. Over it all wanders a low, undetermined, crepuscular light.

The state of the Matteo di Giovanni is refreshing, and the panel is interesting as an example of his relatively early style. The look about it of painted carving, the sharp, wire-drawn line, recall the altarpiece in S. Domenico in Siena, dated 1471, and should fall into the same period.

The Umbrian pictures here demonstrate their de-



THE FLAGELLATION
Ducal Palace, Urbino

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA

pendence upon Florence. The earliest of them is by one of the first Perugian painters known to history, Benedetto Bonfigli. The divine familiarity between mother and child in his fragile Virgin and Angels, the steeped sentiment and the type, are due to the direct imitation of Fra Filippo Lippi. In the course of Perugia's century of artistic history its painters looked steadily to Florence for their training and inspiration. During the first half of the century Benozzo Gozzoli, Lippi and Domenico Veneziano were the chief influences; in the second, Piero della Francesca and Verrocchio. Elements of both appear in Perugino, the most completely representative Umbrian and the traditional pupil of Bonfigli.

Perugino handed down to his great pupil, Raphael, the disposition to Florentine influence and a traditional docility. There are two panels by this master shown at the Duveen Galleries—one part of the same predella, probably, as the Pietà in Mrs. Gardner's collection, a predella belonging originally to the altarpiece owned formerly by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. It is an excellent example of Raphael's

earliest known painting on a small scale. Its execution and its impasto link it to the adolescent *Dream of a Knight* at the National Gallery (London), of about 1500. Our picture is still free of Florentine appropriations, though it may have been inspired by Piero della Francesca in an Umbrian mood.

The other Raphael, the famous "Cowper" Madonna, belongs to the first stage of his exposure to the influence of the great Florentines, around 1505. Only a nature as rich and flexible as Raphael's could have absorbed so much of Leonardo without becoming enslaved by his luminous intellectual genius. The *désinvolture*, the dress, the drapery, the right hand of the Virgin will all be found among Leonardo's handful of paintings and frequently in his drawings. The type of the Virgin, however, betrays its derivation from Perugino.

The essential difference of this panel from the earlier ones here discussed typify the collective tendency in the evolution of painting. The Virgin has come down to the green earth. She is soft and plump and genial, of a moderate holiness that does not urge us to too arduous spiritual exertion. If



PORTRAIT OF A LADY
Collection of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay

PISANELLO



MADONNA WITH SAINTS

Collection of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay

MATTEO DI GIOVANNI



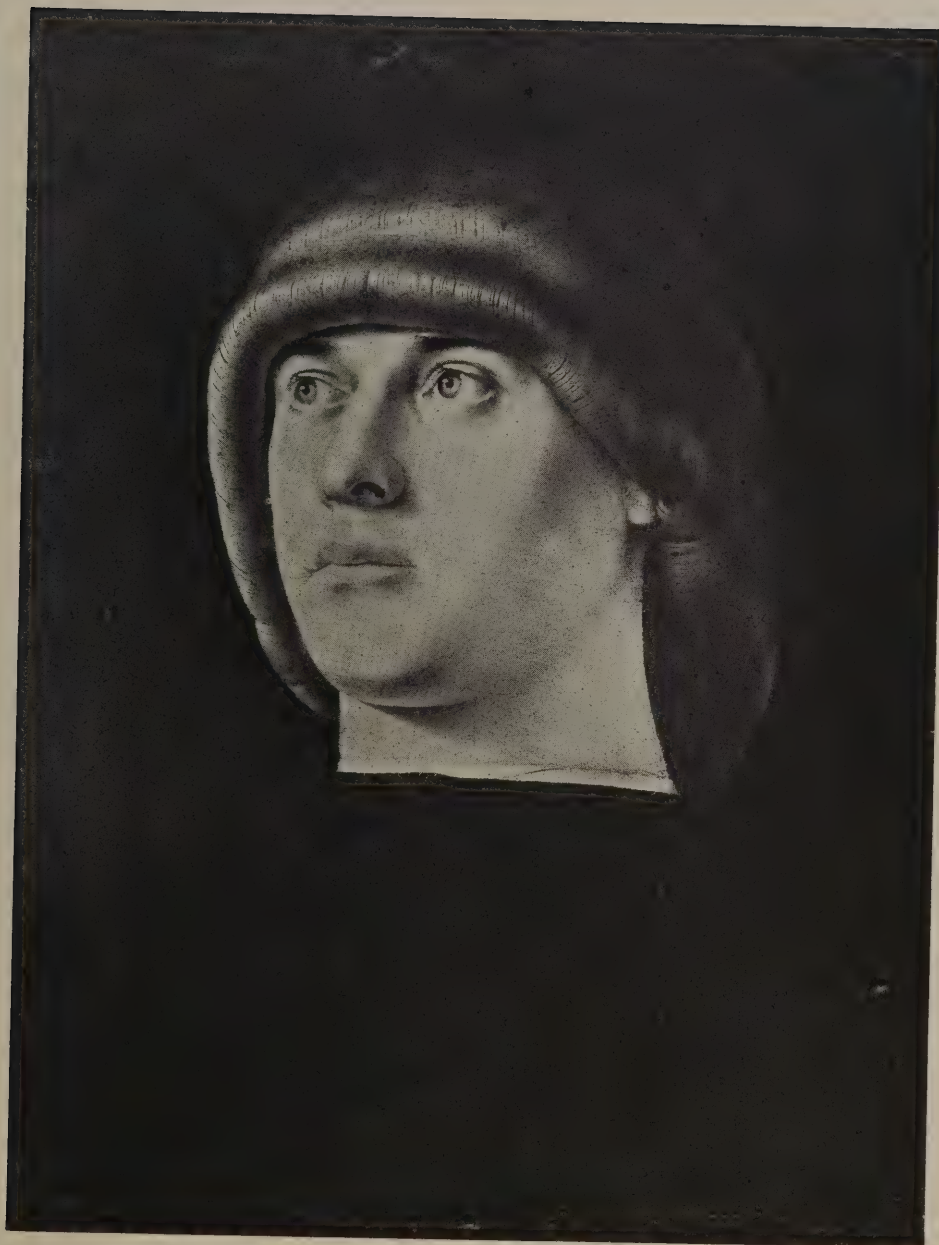
MADONNA IN LANDSCAPE
Collection of Mr. Joseph E. Widener

RAPHAEL



MADONNA
Collection of Mr. Philip Lehman

GIOVANNI BELLINI



PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH

Attributed to GIOVANNI BELLINI

Collection of Mr. Andrew W. Mellon

✓ this is the work of genius, it is in the benignity that comes of being perfectly attuned to nature.

As the two Francias very adequately represent the Peruginesque influence in the school of Bologna, so the two panels attributed to Mantegna show how much the early Paduan school owed to Donatello, who lingered in Padua for a decade, and to Florentine painting. From Giotto down to Fra Filippo, almost every generation saw some Florentine work in Padua, so that Mantegna absorbed the artistic doctrine of Florence with the air he breathed. And it would not be extravagant to say that what Giovanni Bellini knew of form came from the Florentines through this painter, who was his master.

To apprehend the exalted gifts of Giovanni Bellini in all their depth, one would have to go to Venice. But after Venice there is no country possessing as many fine Bellinis as our own (see Mr. Berenson's *Venetian Painting in America*). The Johnson collection in Philadelphia has perhaps the earliest and Mr. Widener, of the same city, one of the latest and most beautiful of his works.

The Lehman Bellini belongs to the early stage in the master's extended activity and is among his most Mantegnesque works. The festoon and the ledge are Mantegnesque properties. The schematic drawing, the long head of the Virgin, the transparent shadows and the individual colors are also derivations from the Paduan master. But the poetry of the almost identifiable moment in the day's closing, the dying glow on the horizon, the serenity of mood, the sweet reverence of the figures, their dignity, are qualities that distinguish Bellini. His, too, is the gay harmony of coral reds, blues and whites.

Another Madonna ascribed to Bellini and lent anonymously may have been by him in its original state, but only speculative recklessness would hazard an opinion about it in its repainted condition.

It is at this point that a school of painting is initiated which is destined in a remote future to exercise the most profound influence on the painting of northern Europe. Its influence, however, was for the moment fundamental nearer home; and the stunning portrait of a young man hanging next to

the Lehman Virgin owes a great deal to such a sublime but neglected one as Bellini's only portrait in the Louvre.

Giovanni's steadily progressive evolution specifies the evolution of Venetian painting in the fifteenth century. Painting with him comes nearer rendering the total visual effect in terms of pigment. The conception of natural appearance becomes fluid and infinitely varied. The definite outline tends to fall away and the objects to be seen in light and atmosphere.

While Bellini was painting his last works, his gifted pupil Titian painted one of the finest sixteenth century portraits in America, lent by Mr. Goldman (I have not forgotten the so-called Giorgione in the Altman Collection).

It is a work of Titian's early maturity painted about 1510, and it has the emphatic assurance that lingers after the first successes. The flash struck by swift vision from a vital personality quickens the representation before us. This man is ingenuously assertive. His determination and singleness of mind are inherent in both the head and the hand. He is firm and—undeniable. His hand clasps a money-bag and rests heavily on a book (his accounts?) and he looks as if his head were beckoning towards his palace across the canal (the counting-house of the Germans?).

How much the painter makes of these facts! How he deepens their suggestions! The grey tones graduated from the light-colored ledge in the foreground to the deep black of the coat enrich the soft atmosphere. The light touches the folds of the crisp silk and spreads over the back wall. Between that and the ledge the figure grows into the space, and the flat planes, the textures of the hair and the dress, heighten the effect of the finely modulated face.

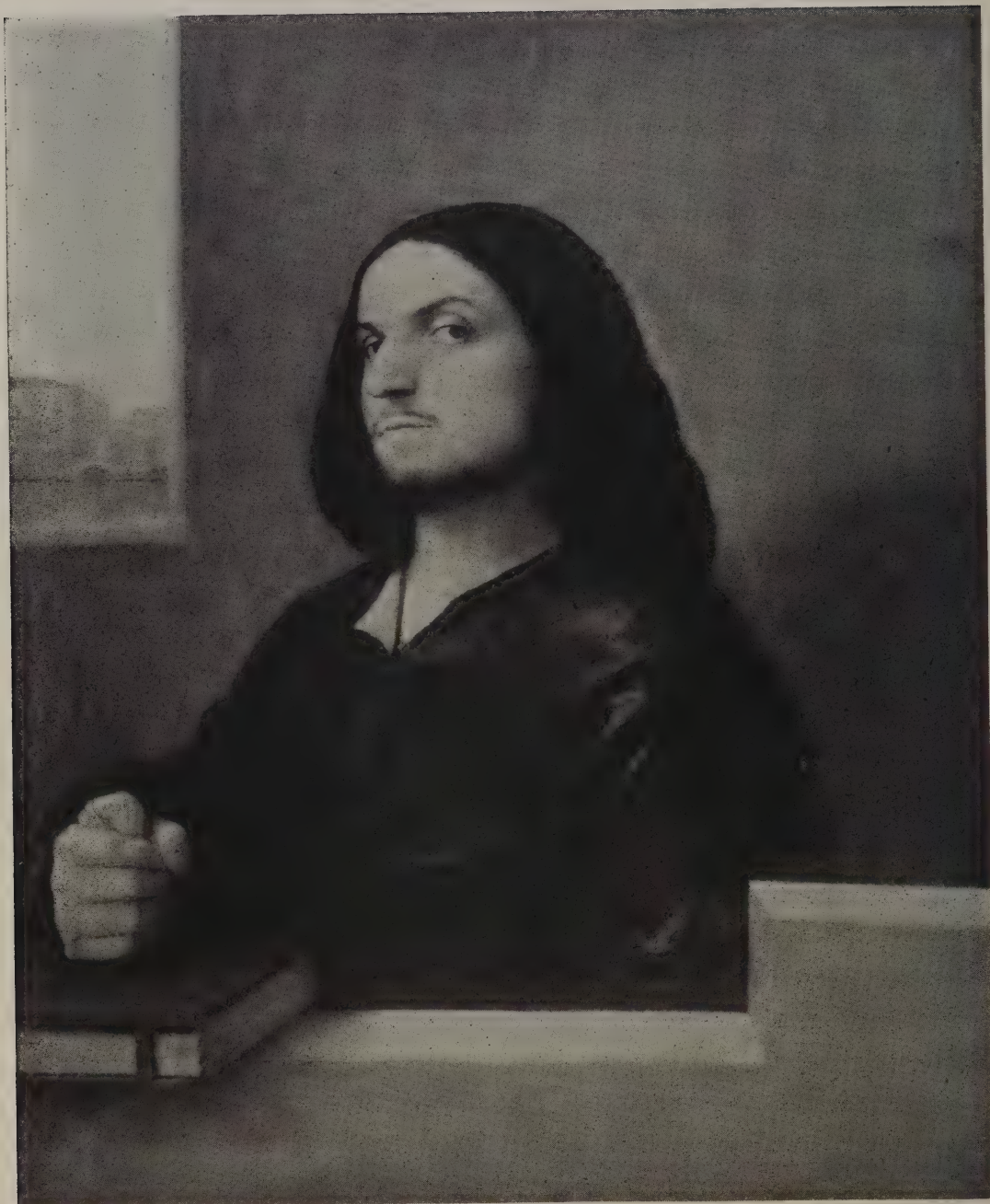
With such treasures in America one bewails the infrequency of exhibitions of this kind in a world of frequent dull ones. There may be more like it, we are told.

The illustrations accompanying this article are used through the courtesy of Dr. Offner and Duveen Brothers.



PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH
Collection of Mr. J. Parmalee

BARTOLOMMEO VENETO



PORTRAIT OF A MAN
Collection of Mr. Henry Goldman

TITIAN

RECEPTIVITY OR DISCOVERY?

By ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

THE broadcasting station bids us to "stand by" and to "listen in." Life these days is becoming largely a matter of standing by, of listening in, of looking on, of "tuning in." Each new toy introduced by science into our national nursery confirms this habit of passive receptivity. The invasion of the contemporary consciousness goes on relentlessly. Eyes are assailed by words and pictures. Forests are devastated to supply the demand for newsprint and pulp paper. With an insatiable voracity, Mergenthalers consume miles of copy, so that docile minds may be set out to graze on arid acres of printed matter. As the field of human experience narrows down to the straight path of monotonous routine, vicarious adventure is supplied by the motion pictures, and thus are primitive impulses mildly anæsthetized. Advertisements, comic strips, roto-gravure sections, all unite as first-aid to invalid imaginations. And now comes the radio to complete the standardization of mind. Like Puck, platitudes now girdle the globe. Thanks to this newest miracle of science, we are encouraged not only to think the same thoughts: we may all receive the same opinions at the same moment.

The radio is not merely a miracle; it is a symptom as well. Vividly and concretely it exemplifies the national habit of mental receptivity, the quiescent invalidism of our critical faculties. As a nation we consume endless floods of sensory impressions—and yet we suffer from malnutrition. Our intellects are sick-a-bed. Individually, we flatter ourselves, our minds are not suffering from this national addiction to the narcotics of words printed and broadcast. Yet our fatigued somnolent acceptance of everything that is brought to the threshold of our attention is nowhere more sharply accentuated than in the type of interest that passes currently as "appreciation of art."

Open and avowed appreciation of the arts is now accepted as the badge of superior refinement. To chatter glibly, with familiar and jovial condescension, about the latest plays, the latest books, or the most modern of modern art provides people with an illusion of superiority. "What bully stuff those old boys wrote!" exclaimed one of our contemporary *précieuses* after listening to something by Bach; but her enthusiasm for Gershwin and Berlin was equally effusive. Yet this "hospitality" has become so general that a newer type of snobbery is now on exhibition. Appreciation of a certain type is marked

by exclusiveness. To gain admittance to this caste one must keep predilections well groomed and dress them in the latest styles from Paris. These styles are brought to us by breathless messengers who perspire modernity and are never more than a decade behind the time with their awe-inspiring revelations. Even though deep in the heart there may lurk a secret admiration for Bouguereau, it would be fatal to one's standing to admit it. Instead, it is safe only to speak of the latest phase of Picasso or to advance the opinion that Matisse is just a trifle *passé*. Whether it is based on considerations of "good taste" and culture, or is merely the ill-concealed effort to keep up with the procession, appreciation of this type is nothing but masked provincialism, slavish and servile.

Better an honest and unashamed admiration for Bouguereau than an enthusiasm for Picasso that is predetermined by fad and fashion! Appreciation of the arts that is nothing more than defensive armor to conceal one's lack of taste is worse than no appreciation at all. If interest in pictures or music does not exist normally and healthily, it is preferable to turn over the function of appreciation to those in whom it does. This is, of course, precisely what all sensible millionaires do in employing experts.

Enthusiasm for some discarded and unfashionable painter is not necessarily the infallible sign of poor taste. It may be evidence of a genuine and active interest, independent enough and courageous enough to assert itself in splendid defiance of the current canons of "good taste." Such an attitude contains at least the germ of authentic taste, which may be cultivated and developed to fruitful maturity. In the field of the arts, as in all others, he who possesses the courage to act according to his own likes and dislikes is on the right road to salvation. However ridiculous his judgments may appear to the champions of "good taste" today, the man who dares to assert his own likes inevitably creates the taste of tomorrow.

Thus understood, appreciation is no longer a mere matter of admiring the right thing and ignoring the wrong. Nor is it the apotheosis and worship of idols approved by the orthodox. Appreciation becomes a more vital and more adventurous sport. A more intimate relation is established between the artist, his work and this audience of one who becomes its champion. The latter is no longer the passive consumer of a product; his interest is not

in the ordinary sense acquisitive. It would be nearer the truth to compare his activity in the arts to that of the explorer or the discoverer. I do not mean to suggest that this search is one solely for new artists, new talents, or new beauties. His discoveries of these may come, but they will be incidental in his endless search to find himself—and perhaps something more.

Whatever he finds, it is the going on, the seeking rather than the finding that must develop this strange power of appreciation. And in this search the work of art—the picture, the book, the monument, the composition—is of secondary importance. For the healthy growth of true appreciation it matters little whether a man begins with the fifth-rate or the first. Provided he be gifted on the one hand with a disposition for intense and passionate enthusiasm and on the other with the power of vigorous rejection, he will not be long in correcting his mistaken judgments. The picture that thrusts forward its shallow and meretricious beauties to capture the attention of the passer-by, or exposes at first glance the meagre little secret of its maker, cannot for any length of time hold the interest even of a misguided amateur. If his interest in the arts be real and not assumed (and let it be said here that it is no sign of mental defect to be devoid of this interest), he must pass on to something more solid in the way of æsthetic nutrition. Each such step—unless on the voyage of discovery he is waylaid by pirates—must mark the progressive development of discrimination and the eventual creation of a taste of his own.

Marcel Proust, the Great Unread, who is himself the victim of the fashionable and empty appreciation so common in our day, wrote that men first of all fall in love not with any women of the external world but with a doll created by their own imagination and imprisoned within their own mind. This doll may bear only the slightest and most superficial resemblance to the flesh-and-blood woman who has inspired its creation. Appreciation of art is something like this: too often we admire in a picture qualities we have brought to it, qualities we have been told beforehand all good pictures possess. We are appreciating not the real work of art but the creation of our own mind. It is well, therefore, to be often confronted with works of art upon which we can exercise our power of rejection, works the worthlessness of which we are able to discover for ourselves, no less than acclaimed and established masterpieces. Discrimination cannot spring into being full-grown and full-armed. It is conceived of disillusion, born in agony, and often dies in

infancy. Only through exercise does this faculty grow; and only by its use may we cut our way through the jungle of the trivial and the superficial.

With our growing habit of receptivity, with the spread of ladylike acceptance, the diffusion of scattered interests, discrimination is today becoming spineless and bloodless. Even when it is sincere, appreciation is too often a tepid, tame and tasteless formality, its power of verbal expression being apparently limited to the two rubber-stamp adjectives “amusing” and “interesting.” What appreciation has gained in hospitality it has lost in intensity. People admire everything mildly. But the majority have lost the divine gift of passionate interest in anything.

Passive interest in the arts inevitably correlates itself with that lamentable attitude known as æstheticism. Æstheticism places great stress on the hedonistic aspect of art. It invites a constant titillation of the senses by color, form, lights and sound. It swoons with delight; it holds its breath; it loves to drink in “beauty.” Do not make the mistake of thinking that æstheticism died out with the passing of Oscar Wilde. Addiction to this type of “beauty” is more prevalent today than ever before. It explains the popularity of those innumerable charlatans who possess the secret of satisfying this vulgar appetite and grow rich by pandering to it. Even in its most harmless aspect, this attitude reduces art to the level of a toy—a plaything for senile children.

To bring to the work of art only the yawning receptacle of an open mind is to derive from it precisely nothing. For if such a work contains nothing except what is visible to the naked eye or can be gained by sensory impression, it would be more valuable to spend one's time in studious observation of the world about us. The truth is that the artist in his work “concentrates for us the spiritual values of life.” He does not toss these truths to us. Only by probing, searching and patient interest may we uncover them. Professor Soddy tells us that from two hundred tons of pitchblende the Curies managed by tireless effort to extract almost an ounce of radium. Far beneath surface suavities, concealed by easily recognizable beauties and technical virtuositities, may lie concealed that mysterious something which animates and gives enduring vitality to those works through which the spirit of humanity has sought to express itself. Before he is repaid with any independent discovery, the adventurer in the arts must journey far, discard much, gird his loins courageously after defeat and disillusion and disappointment. But if he attain freedom from the dictatorship of external authority in taste,

if in his endless quest his own capacity for spiritual adventure be deepened, if, above all, he retain that dash of generous quixotic madness without which appreciation may degenerate into dry and bloodless pedantry, he must inevitably find his own stature definitely increased. The power of creative or productive activity may be denied him. But in his

discovery of the hidden nature of the artist, in his re-creation of the work in his own spirit, he may come to the realization that he is not merely a recipient of the work of art, but in a concretely real sense its creator. For appreciation of this type is the lifeblood of the arts. Without it they decay and perish.



WOODLAND SCENE

Stransky Collection: on exhibition at the Fearon Galleries

GUSTAVE COURBET

Painted 1865



BATHER SLEEPING

Stransky Collection: on exhibition at the Fearon Galleries

GUSTAVE COURBET

Painted 1845



ETRETAT

Stransky Collection, on exhibition at the Fearon Galleries

GUSTAVE COURBET

Painted 1867

A NOTE ON THE STRANSKY COLLECTION

THE paintings which are reproduced from the Josef Stransky collection have a double interest. Intrinsically they are of great beauty and indicate the high quality of Mr. Stransky's selection. I particularly enjoy the Courbets, the Toulouse-Lautrecs, the Matisse, the Renoirs, the Manet and the portrait of Mme. Cézanne by Cézanne. However, the paintings in Mr. Stransky's collection have already been much written about and the subject of this short note is not so much the character of the painting as it is the meaning of the collection as a whole.

After selling all of his German pictures Mr.

Stransky began to acquire French pictures. Strangely enough, though so interested in America, no American artist ever appealed to him sufficiently for him to want to own an American picture. The whole influence of living in New York seemed to push Mr. Stransky in the direction of French art. While one goes from picture to picture enjoying the rare quality of this canvas and of that, one recalls the German pictures that used to hang in the same rooms and realizes that in all the comings and goings of Mr. Stransky's pictures a far better collection has resulted.

F. W.



MADAME CÉZANNE
Stransky Collection

PAUL CÉZANNE
Painted 1880



THE WALK
Stransky Collection

EDOUARD MANET
Painted 1878



WOMAN WITH DOG

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

Stransky Collection

Painted 1893



WOMAN AT HER TOILET

Stransky Collection

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

Painted 1892

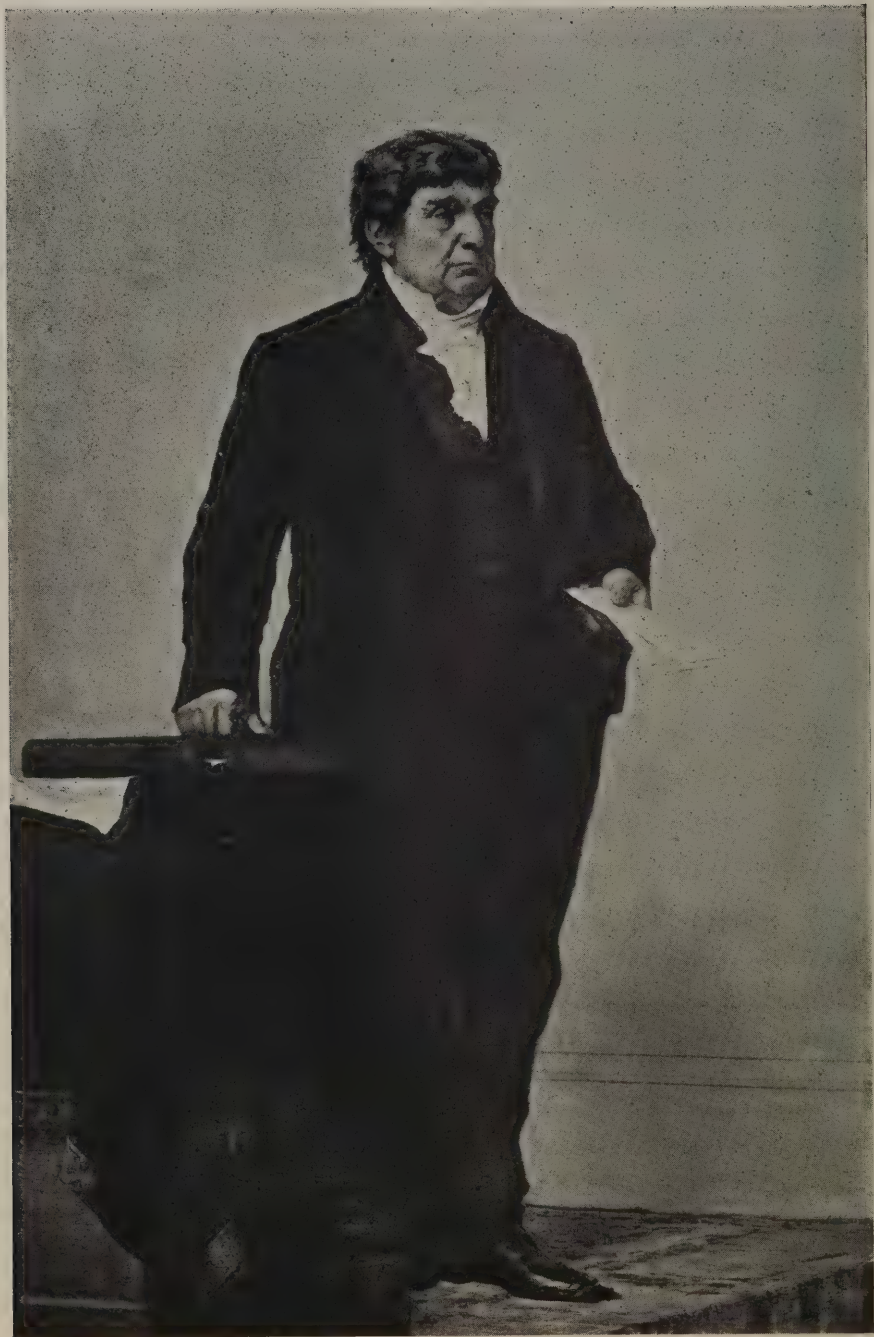


LADY WITH A PARASOL
Stransky Collection

AUGUSTE RENOIR
Painted 1878



THE WOMAN IN THE COCKED HAT HENRI MATISSE
Stransky Collection Painted 1921



CHIEF JUSTICE LEMUEL SHAW
Court House, Salem, Massachusetts WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT



THE FLIGHT OF NIGHT
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT

By LLOYD GOODRICH

This year marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Morris Hunt and thus recalls one of the most interesting figures in American art. The interest lies perhaps as much in his personality and influence as in his actual achievement, for he appeared upon the scene when the art of this country was going through profound changes, and he himself was a potent force in effecting these changes.

I

Hunt was born in Brattleboro, Vermont, the eldest of five children. He came of honorable New England ancestry, his father being a judge and his grandfather Lieutenant-Governor of the State. His mother was a woman of exceptional force of character. Left a widow when William was only eight, she gave her children the best education that could be secured in the country at the time, including lessons in drawing and painting.

At sixteen William entered Harvard, but distinguished himself more by his drawing, music and high spirits than by high marks, and was suspended. His delicate health persuaded Mrs. Hunt to take him and the other children to Italy for a year, after which he was to go back to college and subsequently study surgery, as the career of an artist was not one that would be chosen for an educated American at that period.

But Rome cast her spell over the young man and all plans of a return to America were abandoned. After a taste of the horrors of academic training at Düsseldorf, at that time the mecca of American art students, Hunt gravitated to Paris, where he was so taken by the sight of a Couture in an art store window that he declared, "If that is painting, I am a painter," and forthwith joined Couture's class. It is hard now to understand the attraction of that painter, but to the youth of the 'forties he represented a heaven-born compromise between the

Academy and the radicals, with an alluring technical cleverness of his own—a combination that is calculated to draw pupils even at the present day.

With his usual enthusiasm Hunt threw himself into the task of mastering Couture's methods, and so well did he succeed that we see the teacher's dead hand in all his work. It is safe to say that the five years that he stayed with Couture were years of thorough enjoyment. He was one of the master's favorite pupils, he had no financial worries, and his personal charm gave him entrée to the most interesting circles. Always fond of horses, he drove much behind a favorite team, Tom and Kate, and must have presented a striking appearance—tall, lean and weatherbeaten, with a hawk nose, piercing blue eyes and a full black beard.

But his mind was too alert for Couture to satisfy him for long, and when *The Sower* was exhibited in the Salon of 1850, he obtained an introduction to Millet and often drove out to Barbizon, coming more and more under the spell of the painter of peasants. Finally he took a house there, put on a blouse and sabots, and spent most of his time for the next two or three years with the serious, reserved Frenchman, painting, going on long walks, talking, listening. Through Millet he came to know, either personally or through their work, Rousseau, Corot, Delacroix, Daumier and Courbet. All of these men influenced him, but to Millet he gave the worship of a lifetime.

In 1855 Hunt decided to return to America to live. He had been away from his native land for twelve years, and was coming back to a society very different from that in which those years were spent. Very few American painters of the 'fifties had ever been abroad, and these few had gone when they were grown men, long past the plastic age. A large proportion of the profession had never received any regular art instruction beyond that furnished by carriage and sign painting. Portraits were most in demand and many painters traveled from town to town doing "likenesses" at so much a head. In landscape there had appeared a distinctly native growth, the Hudson River school. There never has been a period, and there probably never will be, when American art was so American as in the days when our grandfathers bought Durands or Coles to hang over the haircloth sofa.

Soon after his arrival in America, Hunt married Miss Louisa Dumaresq Perkins, daughter of a prominent Boston family, and settled in Newport, where he was at once swamped with orders for portraits from Bostonians in the summer colony. It was here that he began his long career as a teacher,

among his first pupils being John La Farge and William and Henry James. The latter in his *Notes of a Son and Brother* has the following Jamesian description of his instructor: "William Hunt, all muscular spareness and brownness and absence of waste, all flagrant physiognomy, brave bony arch of handsome nose, upwardness of strong eyebrow and glare, almost, of eyes that both recognized and wondered, strained eyes that played over questions as if they were objects and objects as if they were questions, might have stood, to the life, for Don Quixote." Another visitor to his Newport studio describes how, one hot July day, she found him pitching hay: "Through a whirl of gray beard, hair and wildly tossed hay, shone three bright points of light, Hunt's keen dark eyes and the diamond he always wore on his little finger."

Hunt's most important achievement while he lived at Newport, the portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, was painted largely as an entering wedge to the practice of his profession in Boston. His friends opposed the scheme on the grounds that there was already one portrait painter in that city, but in spite of their arguments and the fact that the picture excited much derision when exhibited in Boston, he established his residence there in 1862, during the opening days of the Civil War.

The Boston of that period is pleasantly pictured in *Boston Days of William Morris Hunt* by Martha A. S. Shannon (Boston, Marshall Jones Company, 1923. \$5.00), recently published as a sort of centennial tribute to the painter. Compared to the present city it was a small and simple world. Everybody knew everybody else, and there was an enjoyable lack of formality in the social life. Evening dresses were cut high in the neck. Carriages were ordered promptly at a quarter before eleven, for after eleven the fare was double. Conversation was not the light affair that it is nowadays, for at any moment one might be called upon to put the correct valuation on anything under heaven. At social functions one was likely to meet Longfellow, Dr. Holmes or Emerson.

Soon after his establishment in Boston, Hunt held a reception in his studio. The walls were covered with his own paintings and those of Millet and other French artists, and there were tableaux and impromptu acting in which the painter took part, no doubt enjoying himself hugely. The Bostonians were amused and interested, although most of them thought that the paintings were decidedly queer and ugly. Other receptions followed and Hunt's reputation as a personality grew apace. People did not like his taste or his opinions in art, but they forgave



MISS IDA M. MASON WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT
Owned by Miss Mason

him that for his brilliant talk, his wit and his ability as a story-teller and mimic. Soon every door was open to him, and people would sit up to all hours of the night listening to him. He was easily the most distinguished-looking person in any gathering, with his fine eyes and great beard, now prematurely white.

Orders for portraits began to come in, and from now on he was kept busy painting the notables of Boston. There were times when this did not seem much of a privilege, as the sitter or his family were apt to insist on a quality of literalness that was irksome to Hunt's impatient nature. For this reason, when Mrs. Shaw asked to see the Judge's portrait during the progress of the work, Hunt gently but firmly refused. "I was painting the judge of the Essex Bar," he afterwards said, "and not for the family." Another trouble was with what he called "persuaded sitters." Emerson, upon starting to pose, remarked, "For myself, I do not care to be painted. I sit to oblige my family and friends." "This remark," said the artist later, "deprived me of the enthusiasm necessary for my work," and the sittings were not resumed. But when the understanding between painter and subject was perfect, as in the case of Master Francis Gardner, Judge Shaw or Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, Hunt produced portraits that surpass any done before in this country.

The famous Hunt class for young ladies came into existence in 1868, and occupied much of his time and energy for the next few years. His witty and incisive comments have been preserved in his Talks on Art, which give us an interesting picture of his methods of teaching. Needless to say, the young ladies heard much of Millet.

But it was not only in his class that Hunt's missionary zeal showed itself. It was largely due to his persuasive powers that so many paintings by contemporary French masters found their way into the collections of wealthy Bostonians. And to any young painter going to France or returning he was unflinching kind.

In the Boston fire of 1872, Hunt's studio with all its contents was completely destroyed. In addition to his own paintings there was a whole closet filled with works by Millet and other foreign artists, which he had not shown even to his intimate friends. "Nest eggs for the children," he called them.

After the destruction of his studio he devoted himself more and more to landscape, and it is a curious fact that his work in this field seems to anticipate many of the later developments of the *plein air* school. That he was dissatisfied with his earlier

efforts is shown by his remark to a pupil, "Go out into the sunshine. Then come back and see how black we are all painting." He began to work more out-of-doors, and one sunny afternoon he returned in an exultant mood, declaring that he believed that he had painted a picture with *light* in it. This picture was Gloucester Harbor, one of the finest of his landscapes and one which even today seems curiously modern.

Among the paintings destroyed in the Boston fire had been Hunt's sole venture into the realms of the large figure-picture, Anahita, or the Flight of Night. This idea was shortly to be resurrected, for in 1878 he was commissioned to paint two large lunettes in the State House at Albany, probably the most ambitious mural decorations planned up to that time in this country. After some hesitation he accepted, and preparations were begun immediately, as the work was to be done directly on the stone wall. As subjects he chose The Flight of Night and The Discoverer.

The paintings were to be finished by December 21st, but it was not until the middle of October that the staging was in place, which gave Hunt and his assistant only about two months to finish their work, a consignment which a man less brave, or possibly less rash, than Hunt would have hesitated to undertake.

During the progress of the work he was in a continuous state of exaltation, paying no attention to fatigue. To a friend in Boston he wrote, "I can tell you, it is like sailing a seventy-four, or riding eight horses in a circus." Again, "It's fatiguing of course but it's the things that bore you that kill you, not the fatiguing ones, and I'm never bored at all. It don't take life out of me half as much as thinking whether the family would like her eyes blue or not in a portrait!" The sight of the great building, seen from forty feet above ground, the crowds of workmen, and the feeling that he was an important part of it all, acted like an intoxicant upon him, and made him forget the enormous expenditure of nervous energy that he was making.

The work was finished on time and was much admired, and a bill was passed appropriating \$100,000 for further decorations. Full of enthusiastic plans and still keyed up to the highest pitch, Hunt returned to Boston, to meet the usual polite lack of interest of his fellow-townsmen. His friends tried to induce him to take a vacation, but he plunged into portrait painting again, declaring that he never felt better. But in a little while word was received that the whole scheme of additional decorations had been vetoed by the Governor, on the ground that it

was "a wrongful waste of the public money." This was a crushing blow. Brought suddenly back to earth, Hunt began to feel the effect of the tremendous strain which he had undergone. Depression succeeded to exaltation, and when an exhibition of his paintings failed to produce even a single inquiry, he closed his studio and retired to his brother's house, a weak, broken man. That summer his friends the Thaxters took him to their place on the Isle of Shoals, where he had often visited them. He seemed to rally as the summer passed, but on the morning of September 8th, 1879, his body was found floating in a small pool on the island.

The great decorations at Albany did not long survive him. Within a few years great pieces began to flake off; the construction of the building was found to be unsound, and it was necessary to put in a new ceiling which started below the paintings. Above this ceiling *The Discoverer* and *The Flight of Night* were left to moulder in the dark.

II

When we approach Hunt's work our first feeling is apt to be one of dissatisfaction. It is always charming; at times it has much dignity and at other times a sensitive grace; but too often we have a sense of incompleteness. We miss the brilliancy and wit of the man himself.

The cause is to be found in Hunt's temperament. An enthusiast and a hero-worshipper, he allowed himself to see too much through the eyes of others. He lacked the patience and the objectivity that are required for direct contact with reality.

But sometimes the real Hunt came through, as in *The Bathers*, *Gloucester Harbor*, and some of his finest portraits; and we find a breadth of vision

and a sensitiveness that make us wonder what he could have accomplished had he been able more often to forget Millet and Couture. The way in which *The Bathers* came to be painted is illuminating in this connection. While driving one day the artist saw two boys bathing, and was so struck by their positions that he hurried home and painted the picture at one sitting. It was the direct impress of something seen, recorded at a white heat and not subsequently touched.

There can be no question that Hunt's work suffered from the lack of the right environment. There was plenty of adulation but very little intelligent criticism. If he had been a man of Eakins' type, self-sufficient and able to work out his own salvation, it would have been different; but he needed the discipline of association with his peers in the profession, and in the America of the 'sixties and 'seventies he could not get it.

But whatever shortcomings we may feel in his work viewed by itself, if we take it in conjunction with American art of its own day it stands out as a remarkable achievement. In the days when the cast-iron portrait and the Hudson River landscape were the highest development of painting in this country, Hunt fought a lonely battle for æsthetic principles which are essentially those of our own time. Reinforcements were beginning to arrive at the time of his death, but this later generation of men who had studied in France were the product of a very different and far more academic training, so that Hunt seems closer to us today than do his successors of the last quarter of a century.

The illustrations accompanying this article are used through the courtesy of Marshall Jones and Company, Boston.



STILL LIFE
Collection of Mrs. W. B. Force

PRESTON DICKINSON



INTERIOR

PRESTON DICKINSON

PRESTON DICKINSON

WHEN the drawings and paintings of Preston Dickinson first began to appear in exhibitions it was evident that the artist was interested in the search for an abstract expression of his ideas of form and color. From the beginning his work gave evidence of a clear-cut individuality, hard and positive, and of a lucid and inventive mind capable of great concentration, sure of itself and of its aims, but a little strained in the effort to attain them.

Since then his development has been toward a more concrete statement of his subject. With fuller experience he has achieved greater ease as well as a much fuller and richer range of color. Mr. Dickinson says he has no theories about painting. He simply tries to make as fine an arrangement as he can of form and color. In his work there is no thoughtless painting, not an inch that is accidental. His designs are compact, intentional and logical.

F. W.



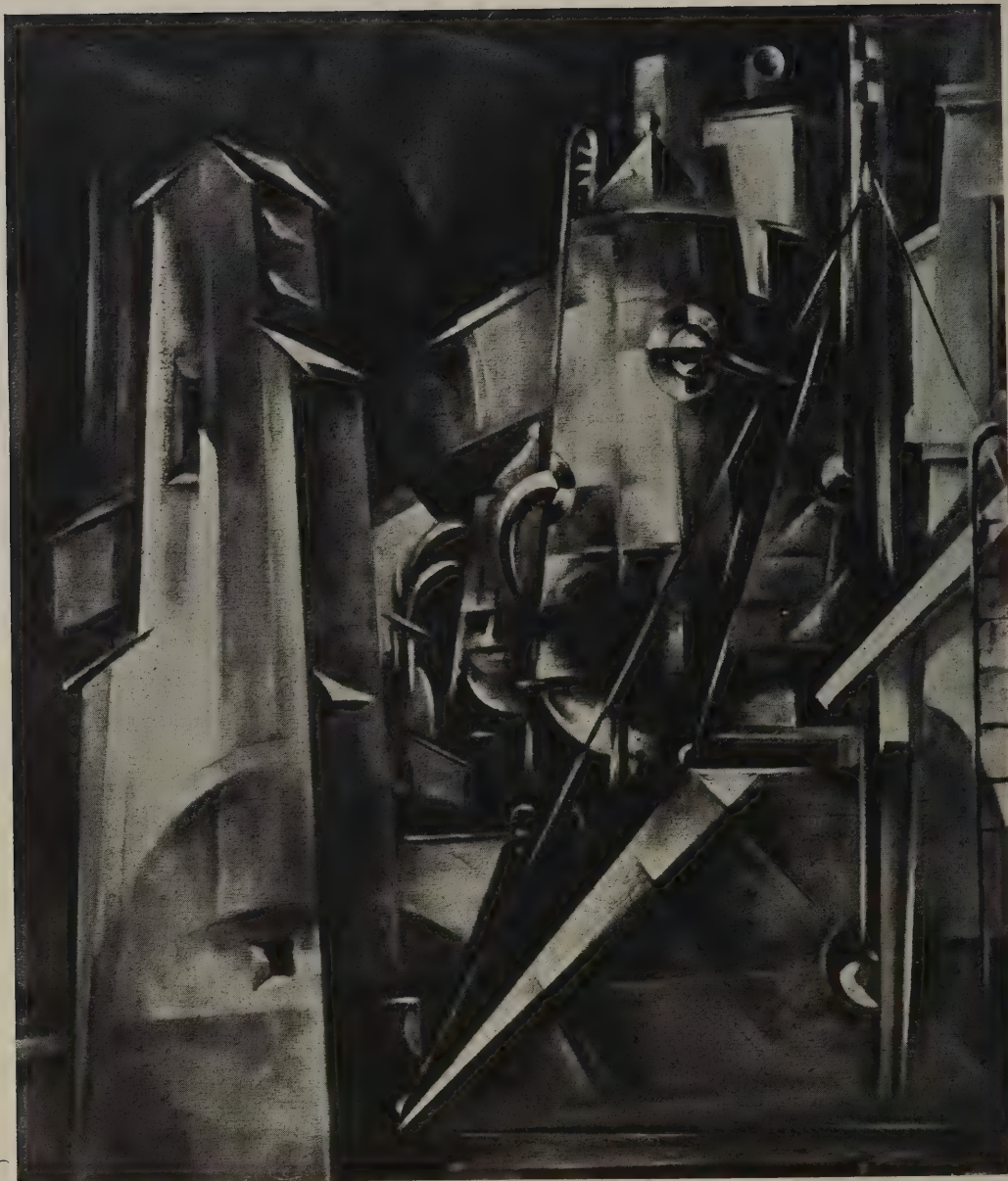
INDUSTRY
Collection of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney

PRESTON DICKINSON



THE WORLD I LIVE IN
Daniel Galleries

PRESTON DICKINSON



FACTORIES
Daniel Galleries

PRESTON DICKINSON



THE TOILET OF HELEN (Drawing)
Montross Galleries

BRYSON BURROUGHS

NOTES ON THE EXHIBITIONS

THE GROLIER CLUB JAPANESE PRINT EXHIBITION

THE great era of achievement in the block print form in Japan may properly be said to conclude with the passing of Toyokuni. He was the last Old Master and following his work came a period when the print sank rather low only to undergo a delightful change into a new and more colloquial style which may be seen at its best in Hokusai and Hiroshige. Last year the Grolier Club brought together a loan exhibition of prints which illustrated the growth and development of this art from the early outline work of Morunobu to the figures of Toyokuni. These were figure prints, for the period covered was mainly concerned with

figures. But this year's exhibition at the Grolier Club consists of landscapes, birds and flowers and it traces the brief renaissance of the print from Hokusai to Hiroshige. It is really a continuation of last year's show for the two together afford an adequate though fleeting idea of the entire development of the block print in Japan. The contrast is great and no one viewing the hundred and twenty-five illustrations of Japanese art can fail to note how abruptly the mode changed between Toyokuni and Hokusai. Instead of a stateliness and a more or less stylization of subject matter there is an almost journalistic note, a keen and satisfying com-

prehension of everyday life and humbler circumstances. This, of course, is to be discerned in the landscapes of Hokusai and Hiroshige. The bird and flower prints are arrangements in decoration and color and more imaginative, some of the birds, indeed, being sheer creations of the artist's mind and nothing that ever flew.

In order to afford a contrast for this later work three prints by artists earlier than Hokusai are hung, Koriusai, Utamaro, and Yeishi, and from them it is easy to deduce how rapid the progress in this particular genre proved to be. The last vestiges of formalization and the influences of the early painters disappear with Hokusai. An admirable idea of his delicate coloring and his sensitive poetic charm may be obtained from the comprehensive selection of his work in this exhibition. A number of his *surimono* is included and no less than seventeen fine examples from the famous series, *Thirty-Six Views of Fuji*, enable the observer to judge Hokusai's work. Among these seventeen are the more noted examples, that bravura piece, *Fuji Above the Lightning*, and the amusing *Fuji seen Through a Tub*, an arrangement that would have occurred only to Hokusai, to enumerate but two. The usual *Great Wave* is here in an especially fine printing. Perhaps the most charming of these Hokusai prints, though, is *A Cormorant Fisher on a Rock*, obviously an early printing, for it is entirely in blue and especially clear. It is easy enough to place Hokusai in the development of the Japanese print and to point out his surprising control of a naturalistic style which, before his time, was, to say the least, sporadic in its manifestations; but it is not so easy to establish his position. Because of his approximation of reality, his fine coloring, and the obviousness of his subjects, he comes closer to the Occidental mind; his appeal is greater and he is more comprehensible. But he lacked an integral something that his great predecessors in the designing of prints had and because this is so he occupies a lesser position in Japanese eyes. He was essentially a plebeian and he lacked that suggestiveness of literary finish, of graceful stateliness, and aristocratic aloofness that is so much a part of the great artists. Hokusai was more a man of the people, a popular artist rather democratic in his tendencies.

Almost the same may be said of Hiroshige who, if we skip briefly over the charming *surimono*s of Toyohiro, Hokkei, and Gakutei, is the next artist rather completely displayed. An admirable idea of the diverse qualities of Hiroshige's art may be in this exhibition. He was enormously prolific and

throughout the course of his life must have been endlessly at work both alone and with his pupils. Fan-prints, bird-prints, flower-prints, genre studies of country and city-life, landscapes, grotesques, he touched upon everything. So much has been written about Hiroshige that there is really nothing new to say and an indication of his representation must suffice. Certain of the more noted prints are hung, among them being the *Autumn Moon on the Tama River*, the famous *Bridge in Rain at Ohashi* and the poetic *Fox Fires*. All three mentioned are typical Hiroshige examples exemplative of his virtuoso qualities, a finely-balanced sense of design and his harmonious coloring. Others that might be mentioned are the charming and delicate study of a little brown owl set off against a crescent moon, an extremely beautiful white heron among reeds, and the very rare snow scene from *Wakan Royei Shu* or *Poems of China and Japan*. Four prints from the *Views of the Environs of Yedo* and seven examples of the *Hundred Views of Yedo* are included. All of these prints are in particularly fine condition and are plainly the result of an uncompromising selectiveness.

Following Hiroshige there were but few artists of any quality and but two are included to bring the exhibit to its natural conclusion. These two are Kuniyoshi, in whose work Occidental influences are plainly manifest, and a still more modern figure, Kyosai, who is represented by some rather charming ravens. Although there is much to hold the eye here and a deal of manifest accomplishment no one balancing this show against last year's exhibit will fail to note that not even Hokusai or Hiroshige could bring the Japanese print back to its high state of beauty and peculiar aesthetics. This later period was a sort of Indian Summer, mellow and heart-touching at times but always prophetic of a dwindling ardor. The great days had gone with Toyokuni, and while Hokusai and Hiroshige might properly be acclaimed in the fore-rank of the great Japanese print artists, they were of a different kidney than such masters as Kiyonaga, Sharaku, and Utamaro. It is difficult to compare, for instance, such an artist as Sharaku with Hokusai, for the quality is so different. At the same time there is a high degree of pleasure to be obtained from the work of Hokusai and Hiroshige, and although it may not be an heroic pleasure it is yet emphatic enough to definitely place these two artists in the highest group of Japanese print artists.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.



CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST
Rehn Galleries

ROBERT L. NEWMAN

The group of paintings and drawings by Bryson Burroughs at the Montross Galleries offered a relief from the over-emphasis of some of the season's one-man exhibitions. The pervasive influence of the big shows is always to be detected in the work of many painters; they seem to be trying to speak in a voice which will carry over the din and confusion of a miscellaneous lot of pictures. Even when they have everything to themselves, they cannot, from long habit, adjust their painting-voices accordingly but must still shrill and boom at their audience.

Mr. Burroughs has never done this, even for the big exhibitions; always he has been content with refinement and a certain enforced simplicity. Consequently when he has a couple of rooms to himself his carefully modulated utterance proves welcome.

His humor is true humor as distinguished from wit. It is never indulged in for the purpose of showing off; it is never made an end in itself. It

manifests itself in the by-play of details and asides almost *sotto-voce*, which render intimate and homely the remote tales in which his subject-matter for the most part consists. His drawings are more spontaneous and positive in their attraction than his paintings; they seem to be more faithful to the initial liveliness of conception, which in the painting is often forced into tight lines and chilled into pallid color.

* * *

Mr. Burroughs is a romantic who constrains his romanticism to wear a classic dress; Robert L. Newman was a romantic who allowed his romanticism the fullest play in subject, color and design. The comprehensive showing of works by this little-known painter given at the Rehn Galleries was an event to be grateful for and to remember.

Newman had no biography beyond two trips to

Europe and some service on the Confederate side during the Civil War. He painted without the incentive of public applause, content with the appreciation and purchases of friends, many of whom were themselves artists. Only one previous exhibition of his work was ever held—in New York in 1894—and this one has served to bring into greater prominence one of this country's minor artistic talents.

His range is limited, but his quality is genuine. He belongs in that small group at the head of which stands Albert P. Ryder. Newman may fairly be said to have possessed more technical resources and variety than Ryder; but the latter triumphs by his greater conceptions. Ryder's apocalyptic visions were beyond the reach of Newman, a less intense nature altogether. But he had the intelligence to

strive for truly pictorial qualities; he used a palette of rich colors richly blended; he often designed with marked subtlety; and he worked on a small scale, which was suited to his motives and which intensified his virtues as a painter.

* * *

Many illustrations from other exhibitions have been excluded from this number to make room for the important leading article.

In particular, consideration of the International Exhibition, which has recently opened at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh and which marks an advance over the previous ones of the series, is postponed until the June issue of *THE ARTS*.

VIRGIL BARKER.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN
Rehn Galleries

ROBERT L. NEWMAN

BOOKS

PICTORIAL BEAUTY ON THE SCREEN, BY VICTOR O. FREEBURG: NEW YORK, THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 1924. (\$2.50.)

If Cinema Art is to develop an entity of its own, it is evident to those who have given any thought to the subject that it must explore and develop in a direction which so far has scarcely been glimpsed.

Keenly cognizant of this, Dr. Freeburg has written a book of great value primarily to those involved in the making of motion pictures, but scarcely less important to those who constitute the audience for which motion pictures are made. In the opening chapter of his book, *Pictorial Beauty on the Screen*, Dr. Freeburg calls our attention to the fact that "many of us have slipped into the mistake of expecting motion photographs to give us the same kind of pleasure which we get from printed or spoken words. But let us understand from now on that the beauty of a design-and-motion art must of necessity be quite different from the beauty of a word-and-voice art." He then proceeds to set forth and analyze most interestingly the essential expressive qualities peculiar to the screen and the means by which they may be achieved.

In his consideration of cinema design, far from being synonymous with costly production, is his insistence upon economy of means in order that the spectator may have the greatest amount of energy remaining to experience the emotional content of the picture.

At times he seems to overestimate the desirability of the continuous optical ease of the spectator in his relation to the success of picture projections upon the screen, by his pronounced favor for the close harmony of adjacent scenes through their tonal values, scale of image and tempo. However, in seeking confirmation of his preferences in examples of paintings he overlooks the valuable example of the stimulation to be derived from contrast in shapes, values and scale.

In the chapter *Motions in a Picture* he very interestingly builds up the progress of man's desire for an adequate expression of motion design, from the first efforts as manifested in the dance, to the needs of the much more conscious and elaborate realization of cinema design. Then he proceeds to set forth some of the more essential means at the disposal of the motion picture composer, whereby the designs of forms in motion may be achieved, such as the moving spot, the moving line, the moving pattern and the moving texture. To these we

would add the moving volume as a plus to pattern.

In the chapter *Pictorial Notions at Work* he applies a test to the motion picture which is just as applicable to any other form of æsthetic expression for the judgment of its power to stir our emotions. It is best put in the words of the author, "One might say that the artistic efficiency of a motion picture may be partly tested in the same way as the practical value of a machine. In either case motions are no good unless they help to perform some work. Lost motions are a waste, and resisting motions are a hindrance. The best mechanical combination of motions, then, is that which results in the most work with the least expenditure of energy."

Almost invariably in the motion pictures which have been produced to date, with which we are familiar, there has been little or no evidence of a conscious effort in the directing mind to create a picture with a visual significance quite detached from the service of the story. In the consideration by Dr. Freeburg of the subject in the present volume the proposed new order of concept is directly related to the present type of commercial film, which from the necessity of a wide distribution must still be fettered to a plot. Until, however, a motion picture has been conceived and produced, detached from plot and captions, we cannot hope to see fully the realization of the motion picture as a new channel for the expression of visual forms.

Pictorial Beauty on the Screen opens new vistas to the director as well as the pattern. For it to be taken as a text-book, however, would be to exchange a new Academy of the screen for the old.

CHARLES SHEELER.

ROSSETTI AND HIS CIRCLE, BY MAX BEERBOHM: LONDON, WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 1922. (IMPORTED BY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY.)

THE art of Max Beerbohm is at once entrancing and discouraging. Apparently it is as easy for him to approach perfection in his chosen field as it is for the rest of us to do the opposite. While we struggle and perspire, trying to force words or paint into some semblance of what we wish to say, he strolls serenely down the avenue of art. One wonders whether he ever did any really poor work, say in his extreme youth. It seems doubtful; one cannot picture him as ever being anything but the debonair and faultless person that we know.

Mr. Beerbohm is not one of those caricaturists

who stand at a distance and deal resounding blows. He treats his victims with a degree of consideration, almost of tenderness, that reminds one irresistibly of the attitude of a collector of butterflies towards his specimens. If he sticks a pin through them and puts them away in his cabinet, it is merely because they are very rare and beautiful.

The specimens that he has preserved for posterity this time are Rossetti and his friends: Morris, Burne-Jones, Ruskin, Whistler, Swinburne—in fact, all of the gods of the middle of the century. The situations in which he has depicted them, however, are so ungodlike, not to say domestic, that we would suspect that he had been an eye-witness were it not for the fact that he assures us that he never set eyes on Rossetti and did not meet the others until they were well on in years.

To attempt to convey in words any part of the contents of this book is worse than useless. Suffice it to say that the group that Mr. Beerbohm has selected seems to have been born to be caricatured by him, and that his hand has lost none of its cunning. The publishers have done their part well, and the witty drawing and the delicate and precise color are excellently reproduced.

LLOYD GOODRICH.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING FROM GIOTTO TO THE PRESENT DAY (VOLUME I, FROM GIOTTO TO TURNER), BY C. LEWIS HIND: NEW YORK, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1923. (\$8.50.)

This latest volume by Mr. Hind is like all his others in being written loosely and amiably, but it differs from them in offering also a formidable array of names and dates in a seemingly systematic order. The amount of time spent over this last feature must have been so great that one wishes it could frame a text of greater authority. This text is only a series of notes sometimes embodying personal impressions of pictures, sometimes retelling familiar anecdotes, sometimes indulging in unwarranted sentimental conjectures. At its best, as when treating Fra Angelico, it consists of little more than a gentle paraphrase of the subject-matter which does not illuminate the painting. The author's weak sense of literary fitness allows him to speak of Giotto as *skipping* past the ancient portal of Byzantine art and to say of Leonardo: "To the myriad-minded the whither of the road was more absorbing than the finis of the goal." The text lacks substance and is too slight for the great parade of learning. Nor can the latter have any first-hand authority, since it consists entirely in accepting or reconciling

the published findings of scholarship. Altogether, the volume is the sort of thing (on a larger scale, to be sure) that would be put together for a study club of folks who like predigested culture. Its main usefulness will be as an anthology of landscape paintings, for the illustrations are abundant and fairly adequate. Another volume, which will bring the subject down to the present day, is announced for later publication.

VIRGIL BARKER.

PORT OF NEW YORK: ESSAYS ON FOURTEEN AMERICAN MODERNS, BY PAUL ROSENFELD: NEW YORK, HARDCOURT BRACE AND COMPANY, 1924. (\$3.00.)

In criticising a book of criticism there are two ways of avoiding the issue—to find fault with the author's choice of subjects and to quarrel with his opinions on those subjects.

It is useless to attempt the first with *Port of New York*, since its author has justified his choice by the best of all reasons, personal liking. He has written about these fourteen people because he wanted to, because they interested him so much that he was compelled to speak his mind about them. To complain that he chose them rather than certain others is to wish him to be a different creature; and that is about the worst of all critical imbecilities.

To take up the second line of attack is particularly tempting in the case of Mr. Rosenfeld, for it is very easy indeed to disagree with him over specific people and things. But to do that thoroughly would involve writing more essays on his subjects and not at all on Mr. Rosenfeld. Whereas, the immediate concern is with him—his characteristics as a writer and his conception of criticism.

As a writer he has certain defects which go a great way towards marring his effectiveness; they are such serious faults that they cannot possibly be glossed over. It should be said, however, that the faults would not be worth pointing out unless the merits were more important than they; and if they are dealt with so soon it is only for the purpose of getting beyond them to those very real merits.

In the first place, then, Mr. Rosenfeld is overfond of bizarre words. He is at pains to search the dictionary for archaisms with which to spot his pages—"replete" as a transitive verb, "ridently." Even more frequently he resorts to coining and compounding his own words, and the result is almost invariably repellent—"undisinterested," "quodianness," "insistful," "bloodfulness," "palp," "approfondized." All such locutions are very "strainful."

Frequently, too, his ear—that final arbiter of style—fails him. He resorts to an extra-accented word like “cursèd” and “tender-breathèd.” He can write “particularly perfectly” and “a being given up entirely in passion *for* freedom *for* growth *for* himself and other people; in desire *for* free play to all the world.” Consistency would suggest another *for* in place of the *to*. He brings one of his most ambitious essays to a good stopping-place, and then he must tag on to that this sentence: “Something spiritually thrustfuller than the skyscrapers, has come to stand.”

Last fault of all, on most of his pages he uses more words than are actually needed to express his thought. The one word “rathermore,” which recurs continually throughout the book, is symbolic. The weakness which permits that superfluous syllable also allows superfluous words, superfluous paragraphs and at least one superfluous essay. The trouble with Mr. Rosenfeld appears to be that in revising old magazine material for book publication he almost never prunes. So much is indicated by a comparison of parts of his essay on American Painting in *The Dial* with the dismembered enlargements in this volume.

A sometimes faulty grammar, affected diction, redundancy of expression, insensitiveness to the sound and flow of words—these things may well enough find place in “prosemanship” but they are out of place in genuine prose. A reading of Vernon Lee’s devastating analysis of De Quincey in her latest book, *The Handling of Words*, might help Mr. Rosenfeld, the writer, to reduce his verbal baggage. “Le vrais écrivain est celui qui écrit mince, musclé.” The true writer will never make things harder than need be for his reader. But some of Mr. Rosenfeld’s pages are as difficult as a ploughed field after a rain; lush and utter adjectives make miry going.

On the other hand, when attention is turned from Mr. Rosenfeld’s style to the substance of his criticism, his virtues become apparent. If he has not reached the goal of ideal criticism—and very few in any country have come anywhere near it—he is at least on the right road to it.

He is full of enthusiasm for his subjects. His wordiest pages are animated by an interest which is contagious; this trait in a critic would compensate for more failings than Mr. Rosenfeld can be charged with. Such an interest, though keen and strong, need not be blindly adoring; but so frank a piece of hero-worship as the essay on Stieglitz,

with its vivid picture of the life at 291 Fifth Avenue, is a cheering thing in these days of would-be sophistication.

He is after each individual’s specific quality—the exact shade of Ryder’s romanticism, the precise critical distinction of Van Wyck Brooks, and so on. Yet, in one instance, Mr. Rosenfeld gets lamentably off the road. He is, of course, entirely free to hold his own derogatory opinion of Arthur B. Davies as a painter; but he dwells upon it to an extent which interferes with his ostensible effort to define the work of Kenneth Hayes Miller. The latter might well be embarrassed by the praise of himself which derives from such pronounced dispraise of a fellow painter. For the most part, though, Mr. Rosenfeld has pursued a pretty straight course towards the heart of his subjects; and his attempts to disentangle characteristic traits will play their part in vivifying our cultural life and bringing about the new community of consciousness which is needed for continued development.

Best of all, Mr. Rosenfeld has had the courage to deal with workers in many different mediums—a photographer, a musician, an educator, two critics, two poets, a novelist, and six painters. This country is too tamely accustomed to a specialized criticism which burrows and burrows in its own little warren and never comes out on the mound to look at the whole field. Mr. Rosenfeld has followed wherever his interest led him. That fact alone would give sufficient unity to his book, so that he might have dispensed with the image of “journey’s end and land’s beginning” which he drags in too often. For after all, the concern of any real critic is with life—life more abundant and more intense. He will naturally busy himself with any form of activity which enhances life; and he will count himself happy if his criticism in turn does precisely that.

A minor merit of Mr. Rosenfeld’s book is the way in which it supplies biographical data. These notes satisfy a legitimate curiosity, and, relegated to the small type of an appendix, they do not clutter up the text.

The author freely admits that he has not written about all the genuine artists at work in America today. It would be interesting to speculate what others he will discover as he explores other regions of American culture. His relatively greater success in this volume with writers suggests the thought that he may devote his next to literature.

VIRGIL BARKER.

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- ART CENTER, 65 East 56th Street: Contemporary Commercial Printing, May 1-10; Interiors with Silver, Jewelry Designs for the Cartier Scholarship, Pastels by Warren A. Newcombe, and Work by Students of the Ethical Culture School, May 5-17; Photographs by Henry Hoyt Moore, May 6-31; Hand Decorated Fabrics, May 14-31; Craftwork shown by the Boy Scout Foundation of Greater New York, May 19-31.
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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William A. Robb, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE ARTS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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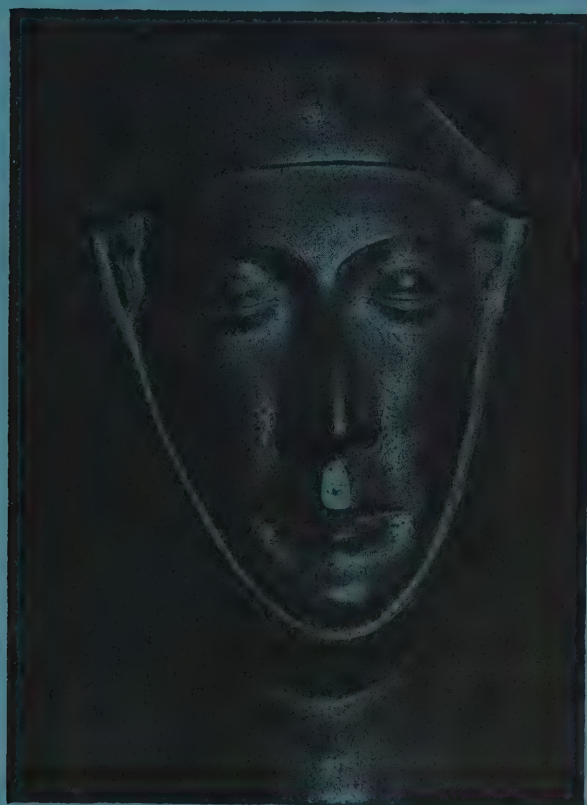
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THE ARTS

VOL. V, No. 6

JUNE, 1924



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The Individual Artist's Taste

DURING the season of 1923 to 1924 the attendance at the WHITNEY STUDIO CLUB exhibitions has doubled, the sales have increased, and public interest in general in these exhibitions has greatly advanced. The reason is not far to find. It is because the exhibitions have been selected by individual artists with a free hand to choose the work that most appealed to them, with the single proviso that no artist could contribute his own work to his own exhibition. In this way each exhibition has been a work of art in itself since it was an expression of an individual artist's taste. Having no ulterior purpose to attain, each artist has given full play to his fancy in choosing the material for his exhibition, and each one has wished to present the work to his own "discoveries."

1924-1925

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Bronze Mask of the XIV
Century, Poitiers*

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STELE: BUDDHA OF HEALING
CHINESE: NORTHERN WEI PERIOD
Recent Acquisition, Metropolitan Museum of Art. *About 500 A.D.*

THE ARTS

VOLUME V

JUNE, 1924

NUMBER 6

IT has been said that to walk through the great gallery of the Prado is a crisis in a man's life, and something very similar might be said about walking through the gallery and halls of a private house in New York where hangs a collection in which El Greco, Goya, Courbet, Cézanne, Manet, and many other masters are represented by superb examples of their work.

Such a crisis brings again vividly to our minds the breadth and variety, the complete freedom from rigidity of art. It reawakens in us the realization that there are as many different ways to say the world is beautiful as there are sensitive and perceiving eyes and imaginations capable of reconstructing in concrete terms the visions of the world that each individual brain registers and colors with its own idiosyncrasies.

How would it be possible to enjoy El Greco's view of Toledo and Courbet's portrait of a woman in a black dress, and Manet's *The Railway*, if one confined his appreciation within the limits of partisan dogmas? Naturally that would be impossible. To enjoy all three of these painters presupposes an elastic mind, a mind open to varied manifestations of art.

Nevertheless, on one occasion while visiting the famous collection that I have referred to, a painter, one of those typical American landscape specialists whose souls are still asleep in Barbizon, after enthusing over El Greco's astounding landscape and Courbet's and Manet's masterpieces inferentially attacked Cézanne. Seeing a beautiful early Cézanne *Still Life* from the distance, he exclaimed, "What a lovely Manet!" And then coming closer to the picture he discovered his mistake. He corrected himself and remarked naively, "Oh! it is a Cézanne, and now that I look at it I see it is not as good as I thought it was."

"In love or in hate," remarked the Chinese sage, "rigidity is final, in art, fatal. Elasticity means life in the plants and flowers and trees and in the wings of a bird as in the mind. When the sap goes from the branches of the great trees they become rigid and the storms break them down, and when the artist's mind closes against the new ideas that are the mind's strength, as the sap is the tree's, the brain becomes rigid and arid and neither philosophy, poetry nor painting can be produced thereby. Rigidity and death are synonymous," concluded the sage.

FORBES WATSON.



BACK OF THE FOREGOING STELE
Metropolitan Museum of Art



CHINESE STELE (Detail)
Metropolitan Museum of Art



DISCOVERY

THOMAS H. BENTON

FORM AND THE SUBJECT

By THOMAS H. BENTON

MODERN painting is passing slowly through a difficult era. The over-stressed importance of procedure on the one hand, and of psychological attitudes on the other, has very nearly stripped it of everything but a laboratory value.

Looking back today at Delacroix, Ingres, Courbet and Daumier, to say nothing of the canonized Renaissance, we can well afford to question the fundamental worth of the modern artist's conception of his work. We can afford to ask whether a tablecloth and an apple, in terms of human value, are worth all the effort expended in trying to make them pictorially interesting. There are still many of us, intellectuals as well as the more emotional painters, to whom this question will seem the worst of academic reactions, and who will, by deeply ingrained habits, bring up instantly the stale reminder that "it is not what we paint but how we paint" that makes for æsthetic value. To buttress this attitude, the intellectuals can call on a very imposing mass of record from experimental psychology, and the emotionalists on an equally large, if not so learned mass of literary appreciations and professional sympathies.

When the creative life is barren or starved, the mind tends to dignify insignificant actions with high-sounding and impressive nomenclature. With people where this kind of mental life is the rule, attention must be given to every step and every shade of emotion in order that an accumulation of details may, by its mass, offset the real futility of their concerns. America is unfortunately the home of an inordinate amount of sublimation of this order, and we see the ceremonies and the rigmarole of the Ku Kluxers and the various lodges eagerly grasped as a cover to spiritually naked lives. A spurious hurrah and mystery are the compensatory indulgences offsetting the average life of little and rather monotonous affairs. In the world of art, not only in America but also in Europe, we have a parallel condition. We have a weary professionalism existing utterly apart from the sweep of common interests, and covering a futile endeavor with big talk or a minute and querulous concentration on details which, to a healthy mind, would be regarded simply as a matter of course.

The technique of modern psychology has been a boon to this state of affairs. It has lent the interest of a complicated, unstable, but growing science to a sterile artistry. It has given value, not so much

to artistic creation, as to the timbre of the mental states associated with or involved therein, and it has enabled ingenious minds to pass off amusing technical exercises as revelations of the human soul. Among men of wit and culture, vanity is as salient and important a trait as with simpler people, and the temptation to explain the mystery offered by modern art has been too great for many to resist. We have consequently numberless volumes devoted to the subject by people who have never had any creative experience of a plastic order, but who have seen the opportunity of parading their cleverness before their less gifted friends. Some of these books have been sincere; all of them, however, bear the impress of the encyclopedia and the textbook rather than of genuine thought; and without exception have concentrated on sublimating the mechanics or psychology of processes which have been so deified as to obscure all teleological issues. These books have presented and defended the "intellectual abstractionist" and the "emotional expressionist" from the same base. They have extended the problems of psychology and pathology to the common processes of art, and have loaded the simplest factors of the craft with what is, to the uninitiated, a profound and serious significance. The result has been that the artist, overwhelmed by this evidence of his importance, has snuggled down into his rut, and has ceased to question himself. By giving a fine name to a few meticulous daubs, or simply by making the daubs, he can get into a superior class, and swamp his actual insignificance by a knowing and precious air. Form and feeling have been alternately the headlights of this new interpretive æsthetic. And form and feeling have been accepted as the watchwords of modernity in plastic expression, and have become the indispensable shields behind which the modern artist conducts his defense against the inquisitive layman.

A specific definition of form and feeling agreeable to all writers and artists for all purposes is not to be had, but in a general way, leaving aside the technical use of form as a sculptural attribute, the terms may be defined as *mode* and *tone*. Emphasis is laid upon the one or the other according to temperamental bias. With the intellectual, the mode of presentation is important; with the expressionist, it is the tone, the all-pervading emotional element. The psychological definition of form as a unique impression of the elements of experience



FORTIFICATION

THOMAS H. BENTON

existing simply in awareness, is not tenable in a discussion of the formative arts; for even in the most emotional color splashing there is some ordered construction involved which calls into play very special sorts of knowledge. These have a decided effect, in expression, on the most accurately visualized mental forms, and never leave these forms in the state of their inception. We can only speak, in an article of this nature, of objectified form—form which has been given a tangible existence, capable of as complete apprehension by others as by ourselves.

Though form may be looked upon generally as a unifying factor, it is in reality something more. Objects selected for pictorial presentation may be

unified, as is so often the case in Impressionistic painting, by mere veils of tone. Disparate objects may be apprehended as one, simply by being reduced to one general grade of intensity—as a photographer, by reducing and enclosing nature, makes possible an immediate perception of much variety. But this cannot rightly be called form. For real form demands an obvious imposition of will on the elements of experience. Form is a characteristic of the human mind; it has no prior existence in nature, and for a genuine form we must have something more than a mere makeshift reduction of intensities to a dead level. We must have in clear outlines the human imagination actually disposing and ordering relationships. The action of our imagination on our

impressions is, of course, going on continually: we are always reconstructing the world to fit our desires and conceptions, and this process inevitably colors all of our impressions. In fact, so far does it go that it is practically impossible to recall any given experience. But this unconscious activity is not enough for the formative arts. Some conception of purpose and some definite ideas of sequence are necessary to give our creations a clear form.

Now this last, in spite of all that is claimed by modern artists and their psychological backers, involves a degree of very conscious work during the period of execution. The most highly emotional response to some fact of experience is certain to have its edge replaced in the technique of expression by a concern with media. There is consequently no really true expression of experience—there is always bound to be more or less deliberation about the disposal of those elements of experience which motivated the desire to express, and beyond that, the problem of establishing an alliance between that disposal and the medium in which it is finally presented. We have to decide, that is, what is important, and then how to orientate our medium so that this importance will be felt. No mere disposition in the mind will serve to establish such an alliance. For instance, one may decide that a straight line is needed in a certain part of a picture, but until the line is actually in the picture its real value can never be determined. Lines are part of the painter's media, having laws of their own and affecting one another to an incredible degree. The optical illusions resulting from linear juxtapositions are well enough known to make this fact immediately apparent. Furthermore, masses, planes, and color-spots have this same faculty of affecting one another so that it may readily be seen that the direct transfer of emotions from experience to an artistic creation is an impossibility. The mental attitude with which an artist commences even a sketch is not the same as the attitude attending the finished drawing. The nature of lines, planes and colors in combination is too insistent to allow of so simple a thing as the pure representation of a feeling.

Among a great body of modern painters the belief in direct transfers has become a dominant superstition, and hundreds of quite senseless daubs are glorified on the ground that they represent what the artist felt before experience. The truth of the matter is that they generally represent nothing more than a whimsical delight in the peculiarities of media, and in many respects are not so serious as the work of a seven-year-old child who at least draws with a descriptive purpose. The child's



AGGRESSION T. H. BENTON

interest in giants, trains, battleships, fairies and other real things, is held to the end of his expression, and his medium, no matter how recalcitrant, is driven for his subject's and not for its own sake.

With the mature artist, however, more æsthetic

interests come in, not only in the media of expression but in the very appreciation of a motif, and quite unconsciously he begins to approach life with his experience in procedure in the very front of his consciousness. He looks for motifs allowing for the use of combinations which he has found to be attractive, runs swiftly into the rut of repetition, and varies his expressions simply by changing the proportions of his shapes. He becomes like the cuckoo in the clock for whom quantity constitutes the only variation in expression. The true character of this preoccupation with media he attempts to ignore, and obscure ideas of purpose and sequence, which have become almost entirely technical, by pretending that they reflect his experience. In this way his field becomes narrower and narrower, and we have today an astonishing array of mere still-life painters purporting to carry on the values of creative art. The giants of the seven-year-old child and the fierce engine which draws the train by the station have become, in the hands of modernity, of no more value than the kitchen pots and pans. Even man himself is treated as a piece of still-life—indeed there are painters who take pride in the fact that they see no more in the growth of humanity than in a pot of flowers.

All of this is rapidly passing. Painters will certainly realize that what their psychological backers defend as a simple and laudatory naturalism is in reality but a victory of minute technical matters over the creative spirit. And they are going to see that the very form on which they lay so much stress is one of the main sufferers from their attitude.

The connection between form and subject is far more vital than is commonly supposed. The first step to an acceptance of this fact lies in recognizing the true character of the relation between artistic form and experience; lies in seeing that significance in form can never be merely a transfer of the meaning of experience to an object. The elements of an art object and those of experience are vastly different. The elements involved in constructing an object—lines, colors, planes, etc.—have characteristics radically different from those which they possess in our perceptions of nature. As constructive items they are first of all abstract, secondly, they are controllable, and further, they can be seen and judged in isolation if need be. Though these lines, planes, etc., exist in nature, they have no such independence—it is only by a conscious analytical act that they can be made to assume any innate importance, and this act deadens the emotional intensity which makes our contacts with nature significant. To see nature is never in any sense of the word to

construct a picture. One may enclose a scene like the photographer, print it very prettily, and call it a fine name, but it remains just the same a piece of nature and not a work of art. It may be a picture but never a creation having value as a form beyond the mind of its maker. Its significance, furthermore, must inevitably be merely associative.

The artist cannot hope to transfer a meaning of direct experience to lines, tones, colors, and planes; he must create a new meaning, taking into account the natural characteristics of his constructive elements in combination. And this is exactly what he does, even though he blindly believes, or affects to believe, he is presenting a bona fide original experience. This meaning he constructs, this new thing which he gives the world, has no parallel in nature; it cannot really represent direct experiences or emotions, but it is, nevertheless, the child of both these psychic factors in that it is experience and emotion, which have by accumulation formed the temper of his mind. The character of his conceptions is dictated by the quality and variety of his experience, and though his creations never reproduce his emotions before nature, they do reflect his general emotional tendencies. His creative meanings are therefore derived only indirectly from his contacts. They are a combination of immediate constructive needs and impulses and those habitual preferences and desires which come from the whole mass of emotional experience. To this also may be added the effect of knowledge and habits of reflection.

The poetry of a tree painted by Ryder or Courbet is not the result of a single perception of nature but of long-acquired habits of mind plus certain insistent problems of construction. Now one great fault of the modern artist lies in his denial of this dual nature of the creative act. On one side the "emotional expressionists" insist on the necessity of direct contacts and instantaneous expression, and on the other the intellectuals stress the unique value of processes which they generally dignify by the name of form. The one sacrifices all precise design and the other all meaning, and both overlook the fact that in limiting themselves to subjects of small import they are limiting not only the appeal of their art but the very character of their forms. Once it is realized that expression can never reproduce the emotional intensities of direct experience and that form-construction is—whether we wish it or not—an affair of long accumulated habits, it will readily be seen that art will gain by more reflection on the value of the meanings it creates. It will be better to do away with the superstition about the danger of illustration, subject-painting



PRAYER

THOMAS H. BENTON

and the other bugaboos of modernity. It is not necessary to sit before a still-life to produce a genuine form—forms come from the mind, and the further one is from direct contact with objects the more freedom has the mind to consider the nature of its product. Experience should be regarded simply as a field of material and not as a dictator. Emotions are often quite as strong when they arise from the combinations of the imagination as they are in the field of reality, and we have the fine poetic art of Blake as evidence of how much can be done with scarcely any dependence, in the technique of creation, on external impressions. Today the fear of being anecdotal together with the naturalistic interests which have overflowed from philos-

ophy, make the artist fearful of leaving a visible model—of being imaginative. But this insistence on remaining in direct contact with a limited objectivity has not kept him from feeling a poverty in his creations. Still-lives and their geometrical counterparts, which are equally poor in meaning, are dignified by cryptic and high-sounding titles and explanations—an endeavor is made to project meaning into a totally empty vehicle. The failure to do this for public satisfaction has led to the enormous amount of obscure and futile æsthetics now on the market.

We do not need any more interpretative and psychological æsthetics. It is far better for the critic to speak and write like Taine, or for that

matter like Ruskin, than to dull the edge of endeavor by sublimating such unimportant questions as the state of an artist's mind before an apple, a piece of silk, and a couple of pretty colors. This stuff does not matter. Giotto brought St. Francis to us and through him magnificent designs without the need of any precious intellectualism. A complex and interesting subject brought a form to suit it. The naturalistic bent of Impressionism, and certainly the movements following it, have unquestionably been salutary—they have rescued us from a stale and over-ornate classicism as well as opened up new vistas. But the main issues of these movements, however, are dead, and Cézanne, Renoir and their followers have nothing further to give us. They are artists, fine artists, but they are out of it in so far as their tendencies are influential to growth for the youth of today. In place of their interests, legitimate enough for their time, larger conceptions must come—and are coming. Painters will run to more compelling themes, and these will demand a

more studied organization of pictorial elements, that is, a better and more intense form. The evasions of the abstractionist cannot stand the test of the need for clear meanings. No cryptic idiosyncrasy will be excused in the name of feeling. The artist will be forced to exercise the fundamentals of his craft, and though pretty painting will always be an asset, it will not be the all-in-all of art as the current contempt for purpose and meaning has made it.

A revival of interest in subject will get the artist out of his narrow Bohemianism, may possibly in time make him part of the world which, heaven knows! is justified in its indifference to his concern with napkins and vegetables, and certainly will start going a finer compositional activity than we have today. America offers more possibilities in the field of theme to her artists than any country in the world, and it is high time that native painters quit emulating our collectors by playing the weathercock to European breezes.



HAND COLORED WOOD-CUT EARLY GERMAN
 Printed at Augsburg by Anthony Sorg in 1476
Neumann's Print Room



DESSERT

Cézanne Memorial Exhibition, Paris

PAUL CÉZANNE

Collection of Durand Ruel

FRANCE ERECTS A MONUMENT TO CÉZANNE

By HAROLD L. VAN DOREN

EARLY in March a sign appeared in front of the Bernheim Jeune Gallery on the Boulevard de la Madeleine in Paris.

*Exhibition of the Works of
PAUL CÉZANNE
(1839-1906)*

For the benefit of the Cézanne Monument.

*Pictures loaned by the
Museums and Private Collections*

Admission: Friday, 5 francs; other days, 2 francs.

Two francs admission, indeed! And five francs on Fridays, the chic day which society sets aside for its little artistic animadversions. I could not but picture the shade of Cézanne haunting the trottoirs near the Place de la Madeleine, and wonder if he were chuckling over this final exquisite touch to the comedy of his posthumous recognition!

And yet, Cézanne longed for the fame which he never had in his lifetime. Year after year he knocked in vain at the door of the Salon. Ten years before his death he saw two of his pictures hung



STUDY FOR THE MONUMENT TO CÉZANNE · ARISTIDE MAILLOL
 Reprinted from the February issue.

in the Luxembourg—on a “fluke.” It was an encouragement, though. The Luxembourg was the “ante-chamber to the Louvre.” “Ah, when will I see a picture of mine in the Louvre!” he would sigh.

So I determined to ask Paul Cézanne *fils*, the only child of the painter, what his father would have thought of this belated project for a monument.

The man who bears the painter’s illustrious name is the father of a family, a collector of rare books, and a man of leisure. From his father he inherited a considerable fortune. Paul was for many years his only close companion, and accompanied him on many of his travels to various paintable regions of France. “Paul is my horizon,” the painter used to say. Monsieur Cézanne graciously acceded to my request that he visit the exhibition with me.

Shortly after the opening of the exhibition, the newspapers rose to the attack. Not that they disapproved of the monument; the French have a failing for that particular kind of sentimental adoration of their heroes. But they severely took to task the dealers who have made huge fortunes from the sale of his pictures. The dealers, not the public, should erect a monument, they proclaimed. The *Temps* scored especially Ambrose Vollard, who has just bought a mansion in the most exclusive quarter of

the Rive Gauche, and has two motor cars and a valuable collection of modern masterpieces which it is his probable intention to bequeath to the Louvre for the perpetuation of his own future glory.

But perhaps the writer of the *Temps* does not realize that Vollard risked on this “charlatan” a modest reputation as a dealer in conservative pictures, and that when he presented the first exhibition of Cézanne’s works in 1895 in his little shop on the rue Laffitte, he submitted to as much calumny as the Hermit of Aix himself.

Besides, Vollard has a feeling for irony, and I doubt if he thinks much of monuments. This Cézanne who fought footless battles against the stupidity of the critics and all officialdom, and died, quite aware of his own greatness, but with only the slimmest assurance of public approval! A monument for him—now? His influence and the sort of unreasoning idolatry of his admirers, is monument enough; could he have guessed the fury of his posthumous acclaim, it would have warmed the cockles of his simple heart.

Vollard has done enough for him. He at least had faith in his painter. What matter if he has fattened on his pictures? The least of Cézanne’s cares was for money—he had plenty of that, thanks

to a thrifty and industrious father. Besides, Vollard has written biographies not only of Cézanne but of Renoir and Degas which will be veritable source books for the writers of the future.

We stood in front of the small bronze figure in the center of the gallery. It is designed by Aristide Maillol. A small sign read: *Première idée pour le monument Cézanne*. It is a reclining female figure, nude, one hand behind her head, and a leg raised as if in a struggle to rise from the bonds of captive sleep. At least, that would be the obvious symbolism.

The son contemplated it in silence; it was the

first time he had seen it. Finally he smiled in a constrained manner. "A sort of Japanese tumbler," was his only comment. He was, I suppose, somewhat wilfully blind to its symbolic intent—he wondered just what relation it could have to the obscure struggles of his father. But when I urged that at any rate the committee had done well to choose France's most distinguished living sculptor, he nodded appreciatively. Even if Maillol does not outdo himself in this monument, he cannot possibly produce a work to compare with some of the horrors of Paris monuments.

The present exhibition, although excellent in



BATHERS

Cézanne Memorial Exhibition, Paris

PAUL CÉZANNE

Collection of Henri Matisse



WATER COLOR
Cézanne Memorial Exhibition, Paris

PAUL CEZANNE

many ways, does not give a complete view of his art. The *Temps* complains, with some truth, that there never has been a really representative exposition of Cézanne. When alive he practically never exhibited. The Salon seemed forever closed to him. Vollard's exhibitions were merely a *succès de scandale*; nobody took them seriously. The Luxembourg managed to side-step three of his pictures from the Caillebotte donation in 1895. Many of his best works were long ago dispersed—chiefly to Germany, Italy and America. The largest collection in France, and in the world for the matter of that, belongs to Auguste Pellerin, the Norwegian consul-general at Paris, but it has been long closed to the public. One has to move Church and State to get access to it.

Only one picture from a public museum was loaned: the splendid Landscape, Estaque, from the Luxembourg. One might have wished that the Louvre had loaned the magnificent Still Life in the Camondo Collection, and the small Card Players, a study for the several large ones of this subject that he painted, and surpassing them all in beauty.

But there were very fine things at Bernheim's: the Portrait of Geoffroy and the Madame Cézanne in a Red Dress from the Pellerin collection; the Bathers, rejected by the Luxembourg, and now belonging to Madame Martial Caillebotte, the heir of the ill-treated donor. There is also a rather complete series of watercolors. Many of them are left in an unfinished state, but even so they furnish further proof that Cézanne was the really great master of this medium. There is a certain willfulness in the persistence of the dealers and collectors in enshrining the merest suggestion of a sketch. Five pencil lines and a couple of slight washes of water color—something barely begun and abandoned because of a false line or a misplaced touch of color—is enough. The collectors pounce upon it and frame it with a pretentious mat bearing CEZANNE in neat black letters below! All the zest that is lavished on the rarest drawing of Leonardo, to be prepared for presentation to the public gaze by conscientious curators at the Louvre! But Cézanne used to tear them down from his studio walls and stuff them in the stove if the painting he happened to be working on was not going well.

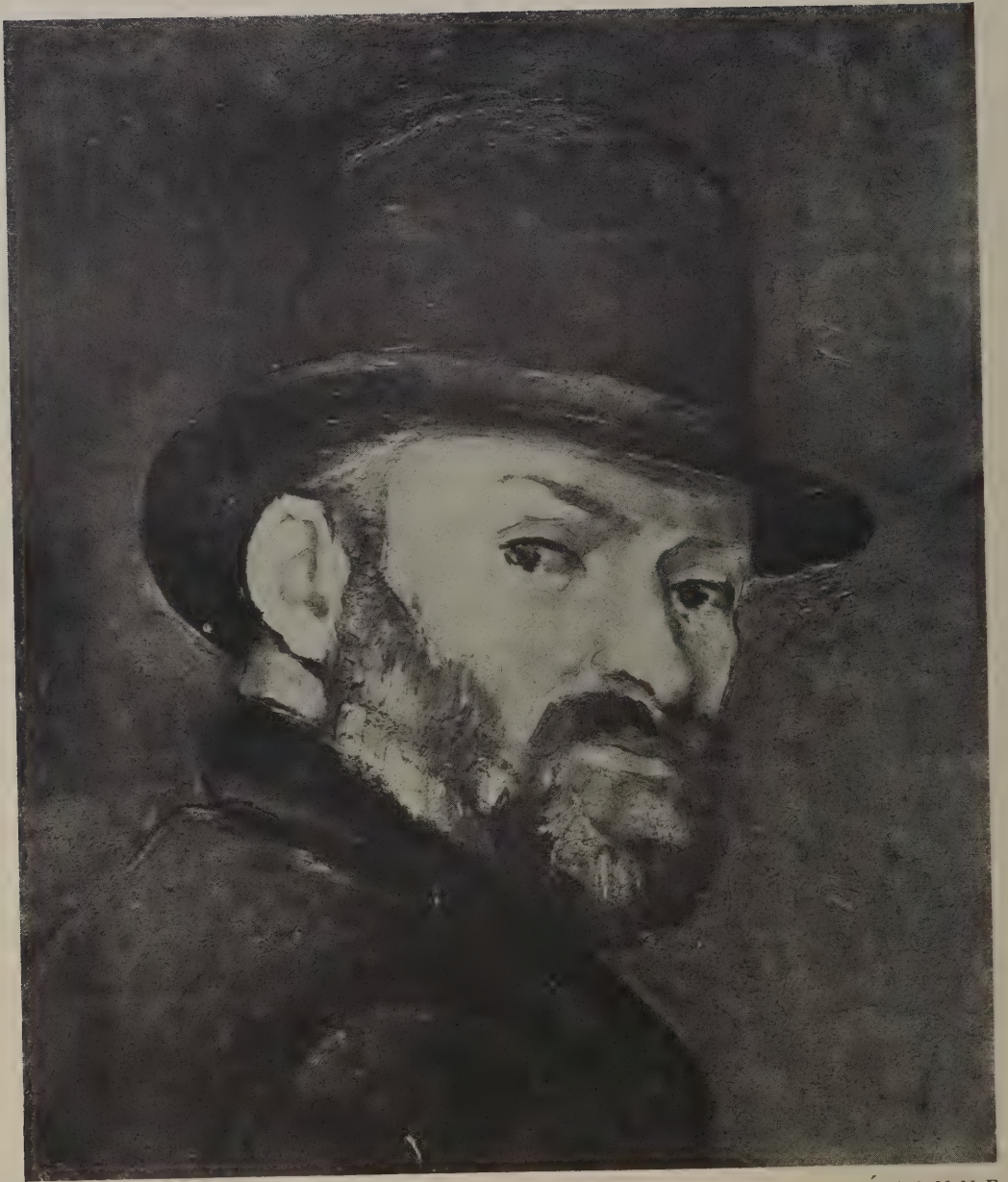
Monsieur Cézanne walked before the pictures of his illustrious father, unnoticed by the crowds in spite of his striking resemblance to the self-portraits on the walls. He gave me the approximate dates of each of the pictures, and many interesting details regarding their production.

Nearly every period is represented, covering the thirty years of his best work, from 1873 to 1903. For the first time I was able to trace the logical development of his art, and see how each successive method, albeit differing radically from those that preceded and followed, was all the consistent product of the same experimental mind.

The earliest canvas is a small street scene, very black and exceedingly crude in handling. There are many "Bathers" groups of nude figures, painted from memory or from early art-school drawings he had made, arranged in various combinations of landscapes. They frequently consist of four figures, in slightly different relation to each other—poses of the human figure which he seems to have kept in his mind and used almost as if he were using marionettes. Always his mind was tortured by the desire to produce the perfect, monumental work—to "do Poussin over after nature."

We stood before the much-reproduced portrait of Geoffroy, from the Pellerin Collection, one of the most original and fascinating compositions in all modern art. I remarked how tentative it really was, and at the same time what a feeling of extraordinary completion the ensemble gave. The entire canvas has been covered, and the color is such an extraordinary combination of warm and cool tones that the whole thing seems to breathe with a life of its own. Indeed it was unfinished, Monsieur Cézanne said; in fact the painter had represented Geoffroy wearing only a moustache, whereas at that time he had a beard! I examined it more closely and realized that he had painted the egg shape of the head first, in order not to lose the contour, and had only added the hair and the moustache after the main forms were established to his satisfaction. Some disagreement, it is said, arose between artist and sitter, and Cézanne, weary of Paris anyway, went back to his native Aix, intending of course to finish the portrait at some other time.

Hanging between the Geoffroy and the portrait of Madame Cézanne (which gives the first impression that the lady is falling sideways out of her chair) was the strange outdoor scene of Bathers in fantastically awkward positions, against a thickly painted green and yellow landscape. The sky is a deep blue and filled with wooden cloud forms. M. Emile Bernheim had assured me that this was one of the master's very important canvases. Although extraordinary in many respects, for me it is so heavy and false that its interest will always remain a purely documentary one. It was this picture that so horrified the Ministry of Beaux Arts when that august



SELF PORTRAIT
Cézanne Memorial Exhibition, Paris

PAUL CÉZANNE

body was called upon to make a decision on the Caillebotte bequest. It was rejected through the connivance of some of the heirs, who disregarded the will, which document stipulated that all should be accepted or none.

But I find that I ask myself if even the most astute of us today, lacking the perspective of Cézanne's complete work, unaware that he was to take a very high place in the art of painting, would not have been just as horrified, had we sat in the chairs of the excellent officials of the Beaux Arts? I think we would.

There is a portrait of Choquet, too, the government employee who was so passionate and discriminating a collector of Delacroix, Renoir and Cézanne. Choquet, so Monsieur Cézanne told me, left directions in his will concerning the disposition of his collection, but his wife, who was executrix, died soon after and the will was never carried out. It fell into the hands of a cousin. Thus one of the most remarkable of all collections of modern art was summarily dispersed.

Paul Signac, the painter, contributes from his collection a landscape done at Pontoise about 1875, about the time when Cézanne reluctantly gave up trying to paint like Rubens and the Venetians, abandoned his *Temptations of St. Anthony*, his *Judgments of Paris*, and his *Ledas*, and followed Pissarro to Auvers to paint in the open air. There is the influence of Pissarro in this canvas, as in several of the others of this period. It is painted in short, monotonous strokes, all in the same direction, and has a somewhat leaden tonality.

There is also a landscape done entirely in variations of blue, a view of the exquisite Lake of Annecy near the Swiss border. I saw this canvas first four years ago at the dealer Hessel's, where along with about twelve others, it had just come back to Paris from Holland. A collector in Amsterdam, who in

the course of extensive travels, had bought pictures from Vollard, finally died insane. He gave instructions that the pictures should be exhibited at a public gallery, and if they were approved by the state, they should become the property of the museum. But the authorities and the family, in agreement that the pictures were either the result of his lunacy, or the cause of his maniacal demise, promptly sold them to two Parisian dealers. Most of them, I believe, are now in the Barnes Foundation.

A landscape, painted about 1873, which had a hole in the upper middle part of the canvas, caught my eye. It was bought by Theodore Duret, the critic, for forty francs. He judged it of little value, and hung it up by the novel means of nailing it to the wall through the canvas.

There are two self-portraits, one with a full black beard painted about 1877, very coarse and rough in surface, and the other, done eight years later, with a black derby hat. The latter is a strangely intense face, looking over the right shoulder.

One of the most beautiful things in the show is a small picture of apples and peaches and a blue plate. Here is a quality of color so lyrical that it defies repetition more than a dozen times in the lifetime of even such a colorist as Cézanne. Let whoever has found Cézanne thin, heavy, or even maudlin in color, in the course of his many experiments, but look upon this to know his power.

As we left the gallery, I put the question which had been running in my mind since I first saw the announcement: "What would your father have thought if he had known he was to have a monument?" Monsieur Cézanne did not reply for a moment. Then he smiled:

"I think he would have preferred to have another picture in the Louvre." And I was convinced he was right.





DRAWING
Prado, Madrid

GOYA

GOOD DRAWING

By CHARLES DOWNING LAY

THERE is no subject on which the ordinary person feels so free to comment as on that of drawing, in painting and sculpture. He may know nothing about art and may never have taken a pencil in hand himself. He may know nothing of the problems which the artist faces; yet when he sees a statue or a painting of someone he is quite ready to say, "The hands are too large," or "The position is awkward." He can always pick out the faults of the artist at first glance and gives his judgments unsolicited. It does not matter to him that he is often wrong, nor are other people sufficiently concerned to point out to him that he does not understand what it is all about.

Yet we would be free from some annoyance if these self exposing criticisms were less frequent. If the painter has given his subject six fingers, or eyes that are not mates, the casual critic thinks it is all wrong, invalidated, like a computation in compound interest which does not come out right. It is a misstatement, but before we condemn the painter we should be sure that we know what he is trying to say to us, and not pick him up too quickly for an error in fingers when he is saying in paint something about movement or color. Perfection indeed may be desirable in all things, yet it is seldom attained, and its pursuit may divert the artist from the lucid statement of more important things. We should be thankful for what he does tell us, not object because he stammers some of the words.

It is hard to explain to the uncaring what makes drawing good or bad, but it seems to depend largely upon the kind of fact which the artist wishes to tell and on his success in doing it clearly. He cannot give us all the facts like a camera which, pointed and snapped, registers everything within its range impartially. The artist selects, simplifies, emphasizes, distorts, in order to make his point more emphatic, and he does this with a good conscience since his object is not to convey general information which is known to everyone, but special kinds of facts which he sees more perfectly than others. He should be given thanks for the light he brings our soul, and spared criticism for minor errors in things we are perfectly aware of, and in which our interest is slight.

We all know that Michael Angelo was a great draughtsman, yet there never were such muscular specimens of humanity, nor is such development possible. He was creating for his own purpose a kind of

man who should impress us by his strength and the perfection of his rhythmic organization. It is beautiful and moving but not truthful in the manner of a photograph.

Mantegna, in his picture of the dead Christ (Milan) represents the human figure on a table with the feet toward the spectator, but feet and head are both drawn the same size as if side by side. The camera would truthfully represent both, but the head being six feet further away than the feet would appear quite small. This is the fact for the camera, as Mantegna represented what was the fact for him.

Must we today, because of the camera, represent things as they are, instead of as we conceive them to be?

We know that a man's feet and head bear a constant relation to each other in size, and represent them so, disregarding the accident of position, as well as scientific accuracy in perspective which might make one or the other seem small. Drawn camerawise, the head in Mantegna's picture would appear to belong to another man, a pygmy.

Good drawing in the sense of truthful representation of insignificant facts is not to be found in Giotto or in Massacio, and many of the pictures of the Italian primitives were without perspective. It will not do, however, to conclude that they did not know how to draw because they represented a lot of things which could not be seen from one point of view. If the object were to state the precise relation of a city gate and the buildings within the walls, when seen from a fixed point outside, they did not do it and were, therefore, camera-wise liars. What they represented was a different lot of facts, not those of geometrical or topographical importance which were far from their interest, but facts of intellectual relationship with which they were deeply concerned, as, for instance, that beyond the gate was a square on which faced a church and a palace. We might see people quite too large to enter the palace in the square, but the facts which the artist cared about were truthfully stated.

Representation in art goes through many phases, all upsetting to the hard and literal minded. After the brown pictures of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, which were sufficiently truthful or wholly misrepresentative, as you like, painters began to paint light and air, and were accused of exaggeration and untruthfulness. Their yellow or



DRAWING

ROBERT HENRI

orange sunlight on green trees was thought wrong, for anyone can see that trees are always green. The color of light on objects is hard for people to see; their mental image of any colored object being a composite of many views in different lights, so that we remember only the average color. We do not, until our attention is called to it, realize how yellow the table cloth is under the electric light but see it as white. Truthful painting of color as done by the impressionists tended toward the neglect of other qualities, which their contemporaries regretted, as they also objected to the color to which they were unaccustomed. We are turning perhaps from truthful color representation, in order to put more emphasis on design, or the vital organization of our pictures. The color then may become an embellishment or symbol without attempt at truth of statement in details. We accept this readily, for we are accustomed to seeing colored things done in black and white.

Why is it so hard a step for most people, from this untruthful representation in black and white to

another kind in which few of the details of the human form are given?

We thought at one time that the Egyptians were amusingly naïve, did not know perspective, could not represent an arm foreshortened, were lacking in science, the great benefits of which were reserved by the Almighty for us today. There is, however, no lack of evidence in their art that they could draw and model with marvelous skill and with great fidelity to the facts of nature. The museums have plenty of examples of drawings on stone, of sculptors' studies, and of sculptures which show extraordinary observation and unlimited skill in the representation of natural forms.

In their larger work they abandoned naturalism, not because of inability to handle the problem but simply because devotion to naturalism would have been inconsistent with the end they sought. They were after beautiful decoration—pattern, as we might say—combined with the qualities which give themselves to rapid perception. Hence the so-called conventionalization of the human form—both feet generally on the ground, the head in profile, the eye drawn as we know eyes, in full face. In the reliefs of female figures the breast on the side toward the spectator is omitted. Must we, therefore, infer that the representation of two breasts was a problem beyond them? Movement they expressed as a matter of perception, not as a matter of fact, and their work shows no agreement with the instantaneous photograph, but does make us see at once that the man is running or the dog leaping.

We cannot consider it any advance in culture that we recognize a man in the weird attitudes of the snap shot; nothing is gained for art thereby, and much is lost. To see man represented in attitudes which require conscious mental effort for recognition makes us ponder on scientific qualities rather than on artistic ones.

The Greeks possibly reached the highest point of excellence in the statement of facts combined with artistic qualities, yet many feel that their art was better in the earlier periods when the facts were not so fully stated.

Good drawing then is not an abstract quality. It must be good for something. It must tell us, in the simplest way, the one thing which the artist wants us to know or to feel, whether it be movement, form, light; or, more simply, that the artist took pleasure in his work and wanted us to feel with him the joy of moving his hand and producing an arabesque of black lines on white paper.

A drawing or sketch can tell us, moreover, much about the artist, his personality, his quick sense of



LITHOGRAPH
Whitney Studio

EDGAR DEGAS



LITHOGRAPH
Whitney Studio

PABLO PICASSO

beauty and his attitude toward his art. It is the perfect medium, whether it be done with pencil, crayon or brush. In other mediums the artist may feel under constraint to produce completeness of statement; to produce the extraneous sensuous qualities of surface as in oil painting, or of transparency of color, as in a water color. But in drawing he is

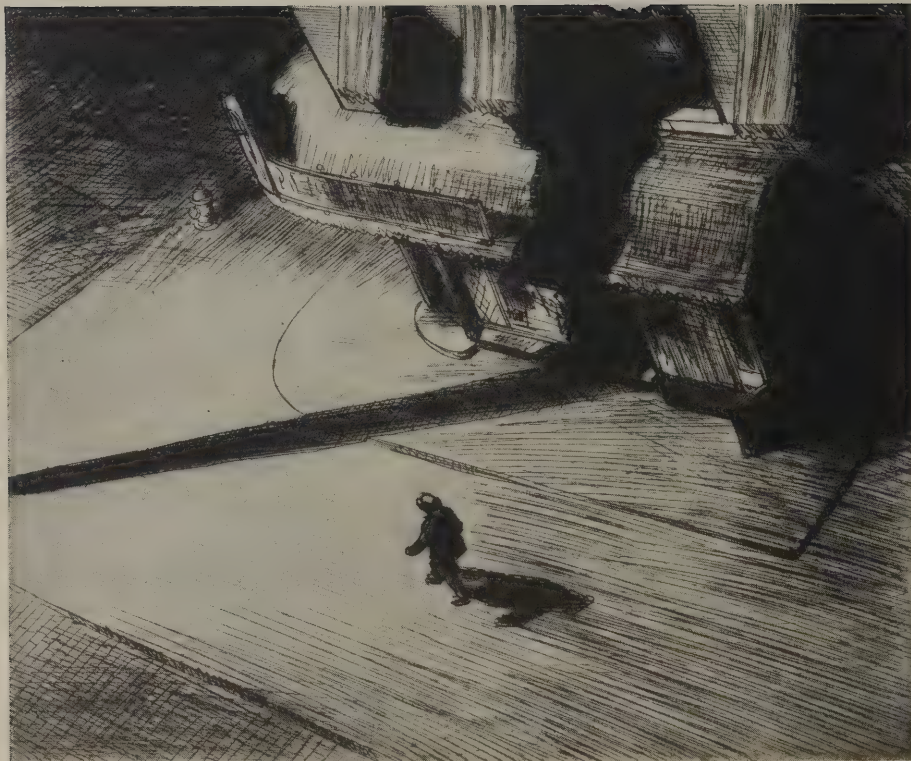
free. The hand moves as the spirit wills and few demand that it be what they call finished. He can stop where he pleases and the thing is done.

However slight, it is good drawing if it conveys to us quickly and pleasantly the message intended by the artist. This is the test of good drawing, and there is no other.



DRAWING
British Museum, London

REMBRANDT



NIGHT SHADOWS

EDWARD HOPPER



AMERICAN LANDSCAPE

EDWARD HOPPER

THE ETCHINGS OF EDWARD HOPPER

By VIRGIL BARKER

I.

TO write about the etchings of Edward Hopper is to consider only one phase of a much more comprehensive achievement, for this artist works also in oil and in water color. The reason why this phase is singled out for comment just now is that it is so far perhaps the most striking of the three. In the particular medium of etching Hopper's work is conspicuous for its originality.

The original etcher, no less than the original painter, finds himself up against the problem of an established and antagonistic conception of what is and is not proper to the medium. To find a ready market through the usual channels, an etching should be printed discreetly on mellow old paper; in this way is secured an artificial bloom which corresponds to the tone that time impartially confers on good and bad canvases alike. Such mellowness is at least superficially pleasing, to be sure. Moreover, it enables the connoisseur to expatiate upon the subtleness, upon the "quality"—upon anything except the fundamentals of conception and design.

Edward Hopper as an etcher courageously refuses to call upon the aid of such minor charms or

to stray down any of the by-paths offered by states and impressions and wipings of one sort or another. His plates are honestly bitten and boldly printed on modern paper that is unashamed of its whiteness. His etchings suffer from none of the inhibitions of genteel technical proprieties. To study them with fresh eyes is to acquire a deep respect for their creator's artistic rectitude in making them thus and not otherwise. Their very boldness is an essential part of their veraciousness.

This same boldness also makes the problem of etching technic more, rather than less, difficult. By way of comparison, there is the boldness of water color, which is quite as effective; but it, when the necessary manipulative skill is once acquired, is more easily attained. The medium is more readily responsive to the perceptions, and failure does not involve so disastrous a loss of time and effort as it does in the later steps of etching. In this art the fire of the original conception must be maintained through tedious processes of graving the plate and subjecting it to acid baths complicated with the various stopping-out stages upon which depend variety and richness of line. From the first drawing



THE EVENING WIND

EDWARD HOPPER

to the last dip in the acid, Edward Hopper's technic permits no evasions, no blurred effects; in the graving every line must count and in the biting every line must receive its exact value, since the final result is never helped by any tricks of printing whatever.

It is worth recording that Hopper does all his own work from first to last. When an artist masters a technic which requires a degree of accuracy in conception that is mathematical in its severity and which yet remains largely unpredictable in its means of materializing the conception, it is only just to admire his attainment of skill. But when he does all this and thereby perpetuates conceptions as strong and convincing as those of Edward Hopper, it is time to acknowledge with gratitude the addition of something genuine and lasting to American art.

II.

The technical resources of etching are no greater

today than they were at the time of the Renaissance. Jongkind, Goya, Whistler, Pissaro, Degas, and others have only enlarged the scope and subject-matter of the craft. The character of their contributions to the art parallels that of the Impressionists in the art of painting; they concerned themselves with the fugitive appearances of nature. In contrast, another type of artist, of which Meryon is perhaps the supreme exemplar, brought to light what may be termed the world's eternal aspect; while Rembrandt in certain of his etchings combined both qualities into an all-embracing synthesis.

It is fitting that Hopper should reverence the last two above all the rest. For he, too, in his own way, is going straight to nature, to life as he knows it, and is striving to record the permanent amid the transient—that is, both together. He has looked at reality to good purpose; he has studied it long enough to discover its unfailing newness, its ever-varied constancy.

Among the examples here reproduced Night

Shadows least stir the emotions; although it is technically perhaps the ablest of them, it remains interesting but not moving. But the etching called *American Landscape* has the tang of life as it is lived here and now. That sharp-edged house could exist nowhere else than in America, and no less characteristic is the long scar of the railroad bed; the slow swing and clumsy heave of the cows going homeward are part of nature's recurrent permanence.

In the *East Side Interior* not one detail of the vulgar room has been glossed over; but by his design of the whole, by his arrangement of light and dark, the artist has revealed the beauty hidden in commonplaceness. Such buildings as the *Lonely House* and the *House by the River* are to be seen everywhere about this country; yet who else has put them down so vividly?

These last two pictures vary curiously in their emotional appeal. At times they seem charged with bitterness; they have an air of being starkly honest renderings of hateful things. And again they will

appear infused with simple pathos, as of efforts after beauty which have been frustrated. But whatever may be the mood which for the moment colors each individual's perception of them, they have always beauty—the beauty of truth.

It may safely be affirmed that Hopper's interest is objective in its nature. The things he is impelled to put down are certain shapes which happen to interest him as shapes, certain interestingly related areas of light and dark. That would both account for the impersonality of his work and for a certain masculine authenticity which runs through it all.

Familiarity with it prompts the suggestion that the surest way of attaining lasting beauty is to forget all about "Beauty." To seek this exclusively for its own sake belongs to a world of trivialized prettiness and mere surface sweetness. It might seem as if the most vital beauty were a by-product of a search after something deeper and more serious. At any rate, that may be one way of attaining beauty—a way which has been successfully explored by the man who etched the *Evening Wind*.



EAST SIDE INTERIOR

EDWARD HOPPER



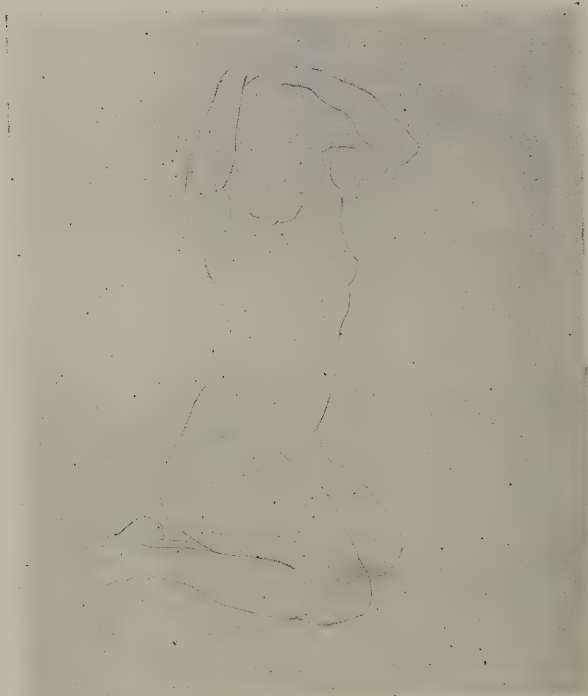
HOUSE BY A RIVER

EDWARD HOPPER



THE LONELY HOUSE

EDWARD HOPPER



DRAWING

C. WILENCHIK

CATALOGUE OF WORK BY THOMAS EAKINS (1869-1916)

By ALAN BURROUGHS

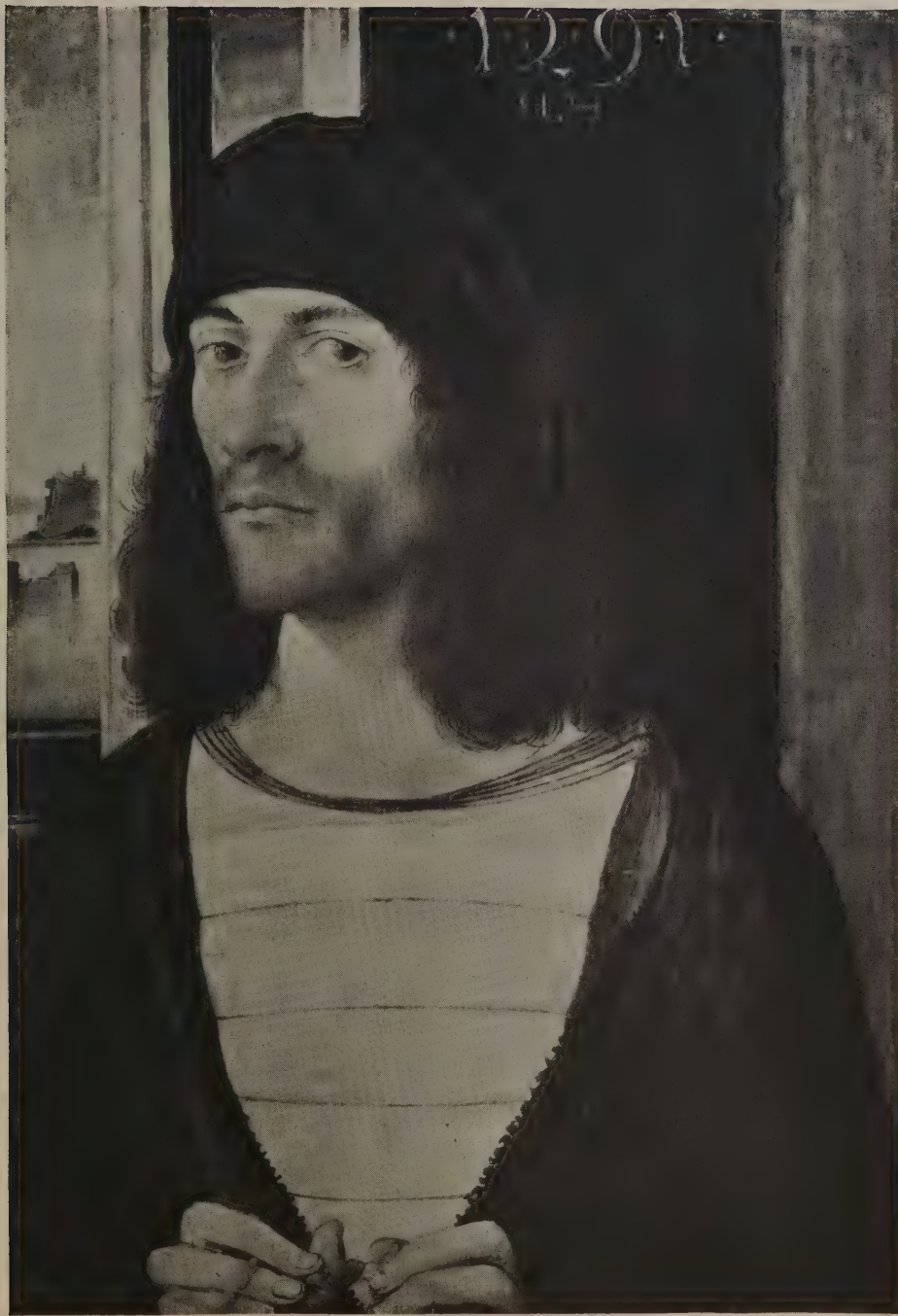
Editorial Note: THE ARTS is very glad to give first publication to the following Catalogue of the work of Thomas Eakins. Mr. Burroughs has made this as complete as it can be without the assistance of owners unknown to himself and Mrs. Eakins. Any corrections or additions which can be made by our readers are greatly desired. All such information will be published in THE ARTS, with due credit, and forwarded to the compiler of this Catalogue for inclusion in it as finally revised.

The items are oil paintings on canvas, unless otherwise stated. Dates followed by a question mark are approximate. Other dates appear on the canvases. Sizes are given in inches, height followed by width. The present (1924) owner is named last.

- | | | | |
|---------|--|--------|--|
| 1867-70 | LIFE DRAWINGS IN CHARCOAL (on full sheets) | 1870 ? | PORTRAIT CARMENCITA REQUERA—Mrs. Eakins |
| | —Mrs. Eakins | 1870 | SPANISH STREET SCENE—60 x 45—signed—Mrs. Eakins |
| 1869 ? | MAN'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS (Study) 22 x 18—Mrs. Eakins | 1871 ? | TWO SISTERS AT THE PIANO—22 x 18—Mrs. Eakins |
| 1869 ? | MAN'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS (Profile Study) 22 x 18—Mrs. Eakins | 1871 | HOME SCENE—22 x 18—signed—Mrs. Eakins |
| 1869 ? | GIRL'S HEAD (Study) 22 x 18—Mrs. Eakins | | MARGARET—18 x 15—Mrs. Eakins |
| 1870 ? | SPANISH WOMAN (Study) 22 x 18—Mrs. Eakins | | BABY AT PLAY ON THE FLOOR—about 36 x 24—Mrs. Crowell |
| 1870 ? | GYPSY GIRL DANCING—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins | 1871 ? | MARGARET IN SKATING COSTUME—24 x 20 Mrs. Eakins |
| | DANCING GIRL—David Wilson Jordan | 1871 ? | SHREIBER BOYS IN THEIR SCULL—15 x 22—Ernest Parker |
| | | 1872 | PAIR-OARED SHELL (Barney and John Biglen, Professional Oarsmen) 22 x 36—signed—Mrs. Eakins |
| | | 1872 | KATHERINE—68 x 50—signed—Mrs. Eakins |
| | | 1872 ? | LIZZIE CROWELL AND DOG—"quite small," about 14 x 10—Mrs. Sharpless |
| | | 1872 ? | MRS. WILLIAM J. CROWELL — 24 x 20 — Mrs. Crowell |
| | | | MRS. JAMES CROWELL—24 x 20—Mrs. Sharpless |
| | | | SCHREIBER BOYS AND THEIR SETTER DOG—Mr. Schreiber |
| | | 1873 ? | BOATMAN (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins |

- 1873 ? PROFESSIONAL OARSMEN (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- 1873 BIGLEN BROTHERS TURNING THE STAKE BOAT—40 x 60—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- 1873 ? BIGLEN BROTHERS READY TO START RACE—24 x 36 Mrs. Eakins
- MAX SCHMIDT IN A SINGLE SCULL—Mrs. Max Schmidt
- 1873 ? JOHN BIGLEN IN A SINGLE SCULL (Study) 24 x 20 Mrs. Eakins
- 1873 ? JOHN BIGLEN IN A SINGLE SCULL (Water color on paper, copied by the artist from oil painting presented to Gerome) — 16¾ x 23 — Mrs. Eakins
- 1874 SAILBOAT (HIKERS) RACING ON THE DELAWARE—24 x 36—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- 1874 BECALMED—10 x 17—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- 1874 ? BECALMED (Lighter treatment of same subject, dated 1874)—10 x 17—Mrs. Eakins
- DRIFTING (Water color) lost?
- 1874 PROF. BENJAMIN H. RAND—60 x 40—signed—Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia
- 1874 ? SAILING (Inscribed to William M. Chase) 31½ x 45¾—Alexander Simpson, Jr.
- 1874 ? HUNTER (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9 Mrs. Eakins
- 1874 ? STARTING OUT AFTER RAIL—Miss Janet Wheeler
- 1874 ? THE ARTIST AND HIS FATHER HUNTING—18 x 27 Mrs. Eakins
- 1874 PUSHING FOR RAIL—13 x 30—signed—Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
- 1875 ELIZABETH AT THE PIANO (Portrait of Elizabeth King Crowell) 72 x 48—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- THE GROSS CLINIC (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- 1875 THE GROSS CLINIC (Pen and ink and wash on paper) 24 x 20—signed—Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
- 1875 THE GROSS CLINIC—96 x 78—signed—Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia
- 1875 ? WILLIAM RUSH CARVING THE ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- 1875 WILLIAM RUSH CARVING THE ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER (First version, figure heavy) 20 x 24—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- 1875 ? BASEBALL PLAYERS (Water color on paper) 10 x 14
- 1875 ? WHISTLING PLOVER (Water color)—Owned in Philadelphia?
- 1875 ? WHISTLING PLOVER—Owned in Paris?
- 1875 ? NUDE STUDY—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
- 1875 ? DR. GROSS (Study) 24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
- 1876 THE CHESS PLAYERS — 12 x 17 — signed — Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
- 1876 THE ZITHER PLAYER (Water color on paper) 10½ x 8—signed—Miss M. A. Williams
- 1876 ARCHBISHOP WOOD — 16 x 12 — signed — Samuel Murray
- ARCHBISHOP WOOD (Study) 14 x 10—Mrs. Eakins
- ARCHBISHOP WOOD—"life size"—The Cathedral, Philadelphia
- 1877 WILLIAM RUSH CARVING THE ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER (Second version; model thinner) 20 x 26—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- 1877 YOUNG WOMAN LOOKING AT A PLANT (Water color on paper) 9¼ x 6¼ — signed — Mrs. Eakins
- GIRL LOOKING AT A PLANT—8 x 4—Mrs. Eakins
- 1877 ? SEVENTY YEARS AGO (Study)—Charles Bregler
- 1877 ? SEVENTY YEARS AGO (Water color on paper) 20 x 16—R. D. Morsham
- 1878 NEGRO BOY DANCING (Water color on paper) 17¼ x 21½—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- 1878 IN WASHINGTON (View from President Hayes' window)—(Sketch on panel) about 9 x 13—Mrs. Eakins
- 1878 ? PRESIDENT HAYES — about 40 x 30 — Ordered by Union League, Philadelphia
- 1878 ? IN GRANDMOTHER'S TIME (Also called "Spinning" and "The Red Apple") 20 x 16—Owned in Utica?
- 1879 MRS. ROGERS } (Both sides of panel)
- THE FOUR-IN-HAND } about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- 1879 HORSE (Sketch for Fairman Rogers Four-in-Hand) panel, about 9 x 13—Mrs. Eakins
- 1879 FAIRMOUNT PARK (Sketch for Fairman Rogers Four-in-Hand) panel, about 9 x 13 — Mrs. Eakins
- 1879 THE FAIRMAN ROGERS FOUR-IN-HAND — 24 x 36 signed—Mrs. William A. Dick
- 1879 ? A QUIET MOMENT—11 x 9—William G. Macdowell
- HEAD OF CHRIST (Study) 20½ x 18½—Samuel Murray
- 1880 THE CRUCIFIXION—96 x 54—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- 1880 RETROSPECTION — 14¼ x 10¼ — signed — Bryson Burroughs
- 1881 MENDING THE NET — 45 x 32 — signed — Mrs. Eakins
- MENDING THE NET (Water color on paper) Dr. Horatio C. Wood
- 1881 TAKING UP THE NET (Water color on paper) 9 x 13½—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- SEWING (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- SPINNING (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—David Wilson Jordan
- 1881 ? THE SPINNER (Study) 30 x 25—Mrs. Eakins
- 1881 SPINNING—FULL VIEW (Water color on paper) 11 x 8—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- 1881 ? THE ARTIST'S WIFE AND HER SETTER DOG—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
- 1881 ? MENDING THE NET (Water color on paper) Dr. Horatio C. Wood
- 1881 ? THE ARTIST'S WIFE AND HER SETTER DOG (Water color on paper) Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
- 1881 ? SPINNING, (Side view) Water color on paper) Mrs. Eakins
- 1881 ? TREE AT GLOUCESTER, NEW JERSEY (Sketch on panel) about 9 x 13—Mrs. Eakins
- LANDSCAPE (Sketch on panel) about 9 x 13—Mrs. Eakins
- LANDSCAPE—about 24 x 40—Mrs. Eakins
- 1882 DRAWING THE SEINE ON A WINDY DAY—12 x 18 —signed—Mrs. Eakins
- 1882 ? THE WRITING MASTER (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins

- 1882 THE WRITING MASTER (Portrait of Benjamin Eakins) 30 x 34½—signed—Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
- 1882 ? DRAWING THE SEINE ON A WINDY DAY (Water color on paper) John G. Johnson
- 1882 ? THE COURTSHIP—Dr. Horatio C. Wood
- 1883 ? PROFESSIONALS AT REHEARSAL—John D. McIlhenny
- 1884 ? SPINNING (High relief, oval plaster cast) Mrs. Eakins
- 1884 ? KNITTING (High relief, oval plaster cast) Mrs. Eakins
- THE SWIMMING HOLE } (Sketches on both sides
GROUP ABOUT A PIANO } of panel) about 9 x 13
—Mrs. Eakins
- NUDE BOY LYING DOWN (Sketch on panel) about 9 x 13—Mrs. Eakins
- 1884 ? THE SWIMMING HOLE—27 x 36—Mrs. Eakins
- 1885 ? THE VETERAN—23 x 17—Mrs. Eakins
- 1885 ? J. LAURIE WALLACE—50 x 32—Mrs. Eakins
- GEORGE F. BARKER (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- 1886 GEORGE F. BARKER—74 x 55—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- MRS. WILLIAM SHAW WARD—48 x 30—W. S. Ward
- "CLASSICAL" FIGURES ON HORSEBACK (Both sides of panel) about 9 x 13—Mrs. Eakins
- 1886 ? ARCADIA—Given to William M. Chase
- 1886 ? FRANK MACDOWELL—24 x 20—Walter Macdowell
- 1886 ? DR. TALCOTT WILLIAMS—24 x 20—Dr. Williams
- 1886 ? THE BLACK FAN (Portrait of Mrs. Talcott Williams) 80 x 40—Mrs. Eakins
- 1886 ? WILLIAM H. MACDOWELL (Wearing His Hat) 28 x 22—William H. Macdowell
- 1886 ? DR. HORATIO C. WOOD—60 x 50—Mrs. Eakins
- WALT WHITMAN (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- 1887 WALT WHITMAN—30 x 24—signed—Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia
- 1887 ? LILLIAN HAMMITT—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
- 1887 ? BLANCHE HURLBUT—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
- 1888 ? THE ART STUDENT (James Wright) 48 x 36—James Wright
- 1888 ? CHARLES LINFORD—48 x 36—Mrs. Eakins
- 1889 SAMUEL MURRAY—24 x 20—signed—Samuel Murray
- 1889 ? COWBOY ON BAD LANDS (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- 1889 ? COWBOY ON HORSEBACK (Sketch on panel) about 9 x 13—Mrs. Eakins
- 1889 ? HEAD OF COWBOY (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- 1889 ? COWBOY IN THE BAD LANDS—Lost?
- 1889 ? COWBOY AND HORSE (Study) 20 x 24—Mrs. Eakins
- 1889 ? HEAD OF COWBOY (Study) 24 x 20—F. L. Schenck
- 1889 ? HOME RANCH—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
- 1889 ? COWBOY SINGING (Water color on paper) 18 x 14—Mrs. Eakins
- 1889 ? COWBOY SINGING—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
- 1890 ? DR. HUGH CLARKE—24 x 20—Hugh Clarke
- 1890 ? MISS VAN BUREN—40 x 30—Miss Van Buren
- 1890 ? MRS. RICHARD DAY—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
- 1890 ? THE DEAN'S ROLL CALL (Portrait of Prof. James W. Holland) Mrs. James W. Holland
- HARRISON S. MORRIS (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- 1890 ? HARRISON S. MORRIS—Harrison S. Morris
- 1890 ? DR. EDWARD J. NOLAND—24 x 20—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- 1890 ? THE RED SHAWL—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
- 1890 ? THE BOHEMIAN—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
- 1890 ? WILLIAM H. MACDOWELL (Study) 28 x 22—Mrs. Eakins
- 1890 ? WILLIAM H. MACDOWELL—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
- 1890 ? GEN. E. BURD GRUBB—30 x 22—Mrs. Eakins
- 1890 ? THE AGNEW CLINIC—74½ x 130½—University of Pennsylvania
- 1890 ? DR. AGNEW (Study)—Dr. Albert C. Barnes
- 1890 ? A. B. FROST—27 x 22—Mrs. Eakins
- F. L. SCHENCK (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- 1890 ? F. L. SCHENCK—F. L. Schenck
- 1890 ? F. L. SCHENCK AS A COWBOY—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
- HENRY A. ROLAND (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- 1891 PROF. HENRY A. ROWLAND—68 x 54¼—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- THE CONCERT SINGER (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- 1892 THE CONCERT SINGER—75 x 54—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- 1893 ? DIXIE BORIE—"life size"
- 1893 ? DR. MAURY LEIDY—50 x 30—Mrs. Eakins
- 1893 HORSES ON BROOKLYN MEMORIAL ARCH (Riders modelled by William H. O'Donovan)
- 1893 THREE RELIEFS FOR THE BATTLE MONUMENT AT TRENTON
- 1894 ? JAMES WOOD—24 x 20—James Wood
- 1894 ? RITA FITZGERALD (Study) LeRoy Ireland
- 1894 ? RITA FITZGERALD—Miss Geraldine Hubbard
- 1895 ? STUDY FOR SALUTAT—Emil Carlsen
- 1895 ? MRS. LEONARD—48 x 36—Mrs. Leonard
- 1895 ? MRS. HUBBARD (Life size) Mrs. Hubbard
- 1895 ? MRS. HUBBARD (Study) Mrs. Eakins
- 1895 ? F. J. ST. JOHN—24 x 20
- 1895 ? ELIZABETH R. COFFIN—24 x 20—signed—Mrs. Eakins
- 1895 ? STANLEY ADDIX (Study) 24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
- 1895 ? FRANCIS J. ZEIGLER—24 x 20—Francis J. Zeigler
- 1895 ? PROF. GEORGE W. FETTER—Board of Public Education, Philadelphia
- 1895 ? DAVID WILSON JORDAN—David Wilson Jordan
- MISS JORDAN } (Sketches on both sides of a
MISS LEONARD } panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- 1895 ? MISS JORDAN—David Wilson Jordan
- 1895 ? MRS. EAKINS—20 x 18—Mrs. Eakins
- 1895 ? THE CELLO PLAYER (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
- 1896 CELLO PLAYER (Study) 17½ x 14½—Samuel Murray
- 1896 THE CELLO PLAYER (Portrait of Rudolph Henning) 64 x 48—signed—Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia
- THE VIOLINIST (Sketch) 24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
- 1896 ? DR. CHARLES LESTER LEONARD—24 x 20—Mrs. Leonard
- 1896 ? MRS. CUSHING—26 x 22—Mrs. Eakins
- 1896 ? FRANK HAMILTON CUSHING (Study) Mrs. Eakins
- 1896 ? FRANK HAMILTON CUSHING—Mrs. Eakins
- 1897 ? ANNA LEWIS—33 x 28—Mrs. Eakins



PORTRAIT OF A MAN
Recent Acquisition, Metropolitan Museum of Art

H. H.
German School

- 1897 ? BENJAMIN EAKINS—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
1898 SALUTAT—50 x 40—signed—Mrs. Eakins
1899 BETWEEN ROUNDS—59 x 48—signed—Mrs. Eakins
1899 ? GERTRUDE MURRAY—24 x 20—Samuel Murray
1899 ? WILLIAM H. CHASE—24 x 20—John F. Braun
1899 ? ADDIE—24 x 20—Miss M. A. Williams
1899 ? MRS. HUSSON—24 x 20—Mrs. S. M. Horstick
1904 ? ANNA HUSSON—24 x 20—Mrs. Horstick
1899 ? LOUIS HUSSON—24 x 20—Mrs. D. M. Horstick
1899 ? BILLY SMITH BETWEEN ROUNDS—24 x 20—William Smith
1899 ? WRESTLERS (Study)—Mrs. Eakins
1899 ? BOXER RESTING (Study)—Mrs. Eakins
1899 ? LUCY LEWIS—Miss Lewis
1900 MRS. FRISMUTH, COLLECTOR OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—96 x 72—signed—Mrs. Eakins
1900 THE THINKER (Portrait of Louis N. Kenton) 82 x 42—signed—Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
1900 ? ALFRED WATCH—24 x 20
1900 ? MONS. J. F. LOUGHLIN (Life size)—J. F. Loughlin
1900 ? STEWART CULIN—48 x 48—Stewart Culin
ROBERT LINDSAY (Sketch on panel)—about 13 x 9—Ernest Parker
1900 ? ROBERT M. LINDSAY—24 x 20—Ernest Parker
1900 ? PROF. WILLIAM SMITH FORBES—Jefferson Medical College
1900 ? CAPT. JOSEPH LAPSLEY WILSON—Capt. Wilson
1900 ? HEAD OF REFEREE (Study)—Mrs. Eakins
1900 ? COUNTING OUT (Study for figures)—Mrs. Eakins
1900 ? COUNTING OUT—Mrs. Eakins
1901 ? E. H. BURBANK—24 x 20—E. H. Burbank
1901 ? SIGNORA GOMEZ D'ARTZA—Mrs. Eakins
1901 ? JOHN H. FEDIGAN (Life size)—J. H. Fedigan
1901 ? RT. REV. PHILIP R. McDEVITT—24 x 20—Rev. McDevitt
1901 PROF. LESLIE W. MILLER—Prof. Leslie W. Miller
1902 ? REV. DR. HUGH T. HENRY—Rev. Henry
1902 ? WILLIAM H. LIPPINCOTT—24 x 20—W. H. Lippincott
1902 ? MISS REYNOLDS—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
1902 ? COL. ALFRED REYNOLDS, U.S.A.—24 x 20—Miss Betty Reynolds
1902 ? MONS. TURNER (Study) 24 x 20—Mons. Turner
1902 ? THE TRANSLATOR (Portrait of the Rt. Rev Mons. H. T. Henry)—American Catholic Historical Society
1902 ? THOMAS EAKINS, SELF PORTRAIT—National Academy of Design
1902 ? MRS. LESLIE MILLER—24 x 20—Prof. Leslie W. Miller
1902 ? CARDINAL MARTINELLI—Catholic University of America, Washington
1903 RUTH—24 x 20—signed—Mrs. E. H. Harding
1903 PORTRAIT OF AN ACTRESS (Suzanne Santje) 82 x 60—signed—Mrs. Eakins
1903 ? WALTER COPELAND BRYANT—W. C. Bryant
1903 ? DR. AYER—24 x 20—Mrs. Ayer
1903 ? DR. WILLIAM WHITE—24 x 20
1903 ? ADOLPH BORIE—"life size"
1903 ? MOTHER PATRICIA—34 x 24—Convent of Mercy
1903 ? ALICE KURTZ—24 x 20—Miss Kurtz
1903 ? WILLIAM KURTZ—40 x 30—William Kurtz
1903 ? REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES D. SIGSBEE—24 x 20
1903 ? BEATRICE FENTON—Mrs. Eakins
1903 ? DR. THOMAS FENTON—60 x 30—Mrs. Eakins
1903 ? PORTRAIT OF A GIRL—20 x 16—Mrs. Eakins
1903 ? MOTHER—24 x 20—Miss M. A. Williams
1903 ? MRS. ANNA A. KERSHAW—24 x 20—Samuel Murray
1903 ? E. O. TANNER—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
1903 ? MOST REV. WILLIAM HENRY ELDER—Cathedral of Cincinnati
THE NUN } (Sketches on both sides of a
MISS PARKER } panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
1903 ? MISS PARKER—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
1903 ? MISS PARKER—60 x 40—Mrs. Eakins
1903 ? MISS WILLIAMS—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
1903 ? WALTER MACDOWELL—28 x 22—Mrs. Eakins
1903 CHARLES F. HASELTINE—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
1904 MRS. SEARIGHT—22 x 18—signed—W. G. Macdowell
1904 REAR ADMIRAL G. B. MELVILLE, U.S.N.—48 x 30—signed—Mrs. Eakins
1904 J. CARROLL BECKWITH—83 x 48—signed—J. Carroll Beckwith
1904 ? MR. RENBOLT—24 x 20
1904 ? MISS EINSTEIN—24 x 20
1904 ? DR. BENJAMIN SHARPE—30 x 22
1904 ? MRS. CARVILLE—24 x 20—James G. Carville
1904 ? JAMES G. CARVILLE—24 x 20—James G. Carville
1904 ? ELIZABETH BURTON—28 x 20—Elizabeth Burton
1904 ? F. B. LINTON—24 x 20—Mr. Linton
1904 ? SAMUEL MYERS—24 x 20—Mr. Myers
1904 ? ROBERT C. OGDEN—"life size"—R. C. Ogden
1904 THE YOUNG MAN (Portrait of Keen Dodge) 45 x 26—Mrs. Eakins
1904 ? CHARLES L. FUSSELL—50 x 40—Mrs. Eakins
1904 ? REAR ADMIRAL A. B. MELVILLE, U.S.N. (Facing front)—40 x 28—Mrs. Eakins
1904 ? MUSIC—George H. McFadden
1905 MONS. DIOMEDE FALCONIO—72 x 54¼—signed on back—Mrs. Eakins
1905 JOHN B. GEST—40 x 30—signed—Fidelity Trust Co., Philadelphia
1905 ? MRS. ARTHUR—24 x 20—Miss Arthur
1905 ? DR. HENRY BEATES—38 x 26
1905 ? MRS. NICHOLAS DOUTY—24 x 20
1905 ? MASTER DOUTY—24 x 20
1905 ? MRS. GEISH—24 x 20
1905 ? MRS. MACKNIGHT—24 x 20
1905 ? CHARLES PAUL GRUPPE—24 x 20
1905 ? MRS. EDITH MAHON—24 x 20
1905 ? MRS. WILSON—28 x 22
1905 ? DR. W. R. WILSON—24 x 20
1905 ? MR. BUCKLEY—48 x 36—Mr. Buckley
1905 ? BISHOP PRENDERGAST—48 x 30—Bishop Prendergast
1905 ? WILLIAM HALLOWELL—24 x 20
1905 ? MRS. GEORGE MORRIS—24 x 20—Mrs. Corlees
1905 ? GEORGE MORRIS—24 x 20—Mrs. Corlees
1905 ? FATHER GARVEY—24 x 20—Father Garvey
1905 ? MR. SNOW—24 x 20—Mr. Snow
1905 ? CLARA—24 x 20—signed—Mrs. Eakins
1905 ? A. W. LEE—40 x 32—Mrs. Eakins
1905 ? YOUNG GIRL—18 x 12—signed—Mrs. Eakins
1905 ? YOUNG WOMAN (Study)—Mrs. Eakins
1905 ? DR. THOMSON (Study)—Mrs. Eakins
1905 ? DR. WILLIAM THOMSON—67 x 48—Mrs. Eakins
1905 ? WILLIAM H. MACDOWELL (As an Old Man) 24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins

1906 ? MRS. BARS DEN—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
 1906 ? MARY HALLOCK GREENWALT
 1906 ? EDWARD H. SCHMITT—48 x 30—Edward H. Schmitt
 1906 ? GINGERO YETO—24 x 20—Gingero Yeto
 1906 ? REV. JAMES R. TURNER—"Life size"—James R. Turner
 1906 ? MARY HALLOCK—34 x 24—Mrs. Mary Hallock Greenwalt
 1907 ? MAJOR MANUEL WALDTENFEL—24 x 20—French Society, Philadelphia
 1910 DR. GILBERT PARKER—24 x 20—signed—Ernest Parker
 1910 MRS. GILBERT PARKER—24 x 20—signed—Ernest Parker
 1910 ? GILBERT S. PARKER—24 x 20—Ernest Parker
 1910 ? JAMES MCALLISTER—54 x 40—Drexel Institute, Philadelphia
 NUMEROUS STUDIES IN ANATOMY (plaster, clay)
 —Mrs. Eakins
 JOHN MCLURE HAMILTON—80 x 50¼—signed—
 —Mrs. Eakins
 HARRY LEWIS—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
 MRS. JOHN H. BRINTON—24 x 20—Mrs. Brinton
 DR. JOHN H. BRINTON—"life size"—Mrs. Brinton
 BISHOP D. J. DOUGHERTY—24 x 20
 WILLIAM R. O. DONOVAN—28 x 22
 GEORGE WOOD—24 x 20
 FATHER O'NEAL
 DOUGLAS M. HALL—24 x 20—D. M. Hall
 RICHARD WOOD
 EDWARD A. BOULTON—E. A. Boulton
 EDWARD W. REDFIELD—Mr. Redfield
 MRS. POTTS
 MR. POTTS—24 x 20
 MRS. SCHLICHTER—24 x 20—Mrs. Schlichter
 MR. FORTE
 MAURICE FEELY—Maurice Feely

JUDGE THORNTON—24 x 20
 MISS PUE—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
 E. TAYLOR SUEN—24 x 20
 CHARLES E. DANA—24 x 20
 MRS. MCKEEVER—28 x 22—"Thrown away, it is said"
 DR. GETCHELL—24 x 20—Dr. Getchell
 THOMAS EAGIN—24 x 20
 1885 ? MRS. F. WALLER
 DETWILLER
 BENJAMIN COMEGYS
 WILLIAM D. MARKS—"life size"
 WM. WOODWELL
 DUET (Vanden-Burnt)—50 x 40
 OBOE PLAYER (Dr. Benjamin Sharpe) 30 x 22
 MR. BAER—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
 B. J. BLOOMERS—24 x 20
 WEDA COOK—24 x 20—Charles Bregler
 MAUDE COOK—24 x 20—Miss Cook
 MR. STOKES—24 x 20
 MRS. STOKES—24 x 20—Mr. Stokes
 MRS. JAMES C. DODGE—24 x 20—Mrs. Dodge
 MRS. KEEN DODGE
 PORTRAIT OF A SINGER—24 x 20—Mrs. Eakins
 MISS GILLESPIE (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9
 —Mrs. Eakins
 ELIZABETH DUANE GILLESPIE—Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art
 JAMES A. FLAHERTY—Knights of Columbus
 THE PATHETIC SONG (Sketch on panel) about 13 x 9—David Wilson Jordan
 THE PATHETIC SONG—Edward Hornor Coates
 DR. JACOB M. DA COSTA (Sketch on a panel) about 13 x 9—Mrs. Eakins
 DR. JACOB M. DA COSTA—Pennsylvania Hospital
 MRS. GREEN (From a photograph)
 GEN. CADWALADER (From a photograph)
 DR. BEATES (From a photograph)
 UNKNOWN PORTRAIT (From a photograph)



SKETCH ON LIMESTONE
 EGYPTIAN (XVIII Dynasty)
Metropolitan Museum of Art



THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN
Collection of the Art Institute of Chicago EL GRECO



THE ANNUNCIATION

EL GRECO

In the Recent Loan Exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago



PORTRAIT OF MADAME X.
Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh

ANDRÉ DERAÏN



ENTRANCE TO LA ROCHELLE HARBOR
Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh PAUL SIGNAC

• NOTES ON THE EXHIBITIONS

IT would be an interesting experiment to transform these notes from comments on the exhibitions into comments on the criticisms of the exhibitions. There is, for instance, the International at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, and the varied reactions it has produced among the critics who journeyed out to see it.

The fact about this year's exhibit which has the greatest news value is that a sizable group of the Parisian modernists are represented for the first time during the twenty-eight years of the International series—among them Van Dongen, Vlaminck, Derain, Marie Laurencin, Matisse, and Picasso.

Mr. Royal Cortissoz admits a sense of disappointment on viewing the paintings by the conservatives and a keener interest on turning to the modernists; but he concludes that the latter "are without any fresh creative power, that they have no vision of beauty to communicate, that their standard of workmanship is in no wise superior to the one they seek to invalidate, that instead of being notable individualities they make a rather commonplace lot." The trouble with this verdict is that it is based on pictures which for the most part inadequately represent these painters. As Mr. Henry McBride puts

it, ". . . in proportion as the artist is 'dangerous,' the examples are anæmic and negligible."

Mr. Cortissoz's own way of expressing this fact is to say that these painters "are represented at their sanest, at their closest point of contact with the accustomed movement of French painting." The amount of truth in this statement to that precise extent undermines the validity of the previously quoted judgment by Mr. Cortissoz; because whatever virtues may be possessed by the painters in question are just those qualities which take them farthest away from the *accustomed* movement. The movement of which they are a part is nothing if not a violent break-off from the movement which gives the world Salon machines and the sort of picture which still predominates at Pittsburgh.

On the other hand, Mr. McBride's opposing judgment needs also to be qualified. He writes: "The modernists . . . are not effective in this exhibition. They are scattered here and there, but scarcely emerge above the ocean of academic performances." Surely the modernistic canvases have something to do with the greater animation which pervades this exhibition as compared with the preceding one.



EARLY SPRING
Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh

PIERRE BONNARD

And, after all, in view of the ultra-conservative character of all the big official exhibitions both in America and Europe, it is a great gain to have those painters represented in any fashion on this occasion. Certainly it is one step more towards fulfilling Director Saint Gaudens' conception of the International as an unbiased yearly report of the state of painting—a conception which is far more difficult of realization than is generally conceived. In a place where simple precedent counts for so much, the inclusion of the modernists once will make it easier to include them again, and securing anything at all by them now will make it easier to secure something better by them next year.

Conclusions of this nature are reached with some difficulty. There must be first the rather tedious task of examining so large an assemblage of pictures—an examination which should be controlled by a pretty definite conception of what would constitute an ideal exhibition of this sort. But there must also be due consideration of the still more prolonged and tedious task of getting the pictures together on such short notice from so many different sources. Only one who has been behind the scenes during the formation of such shows can realize the

obstacles which must be overcome and which are in no way lessened by a cumbrous arrangement of committees and juries and the consequent necessity of arriving at compromises between widely differing judgments.

What institution of outstanding importance in this country will be the first to recognize that the surest as well as the most economical way to the ideal art exhibition is to commit the responsibility for it *and the power to get it together* to one man? Of course, the primary problem is to catch the man. Once he is caught, the next problem is to treat him so well that he will stay caught and do the job. But the mere possibility of this last problem has occurred to very few in a country where every art institution, large or small, is only another opportunity for the American business man, in the rôle of museum trustee, to flirt with culture and play politics on the side.

All this may seem remote from this year's International in Pittsburgh; but writing about so important an example of the present-day system of giving art exhibitions is bound to develop the argument that radical changes should be made in the system.

Thus recurs the sober judgment that, for being a part of the contemporary museum system, the International this year is a praiseworthy achievement. This unexciting conclusion puts a critic in an uncomfortable position between opposing battalions, just as an acknowledgment of finding genuine pleasure both in Tarbell and in Matisse brings upon him the anathemas of radicals and conservatives alike. However, there is ample compensation to be found in the act of appreciation itself, which involves clear-headed recognition of the kind of pleasure which any particular picture gives but which need not involve the banishment of that pleasure because it does not stand approved by the æsthetic fashions of the moment.

Several of the most rewarding paintings now at Carnegie Institute are here reproduced. It will be

noticed that none of them received a prize. The Derain and the Signac were ineligible under the terms of award, and the others could not compete with the prize-winners in just those attention-attracting qualities which secure prizes in miscellaneous exhibitions.

The young lady in charge of giving out photographs commented on the fact that the writer did not ask for any of the prize-winning paintings for reproduction in these pages. One who heard her consoled her by saying "That's the kind of critic he is." But the simple truth is that that's the kind of pictures they are.

They are competent examples of their type and deserve the prizes for which they bid so openly. They give a decided fillip to even so large an exhibition as this. But to detach them from their



RED BARN S
Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh

ALLEN TUCKER



BOY
Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh

BERNARD KARFIOL



THE RAGGED ROOM
Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh

JAMES PRYDE



PAINTING (Gouache) MAX WEBER
Neumann's Print Room

surroundings might raise some question as to the nature of the pleasure they do give; they should be seen *in their present company* to be appreciated.

* * *

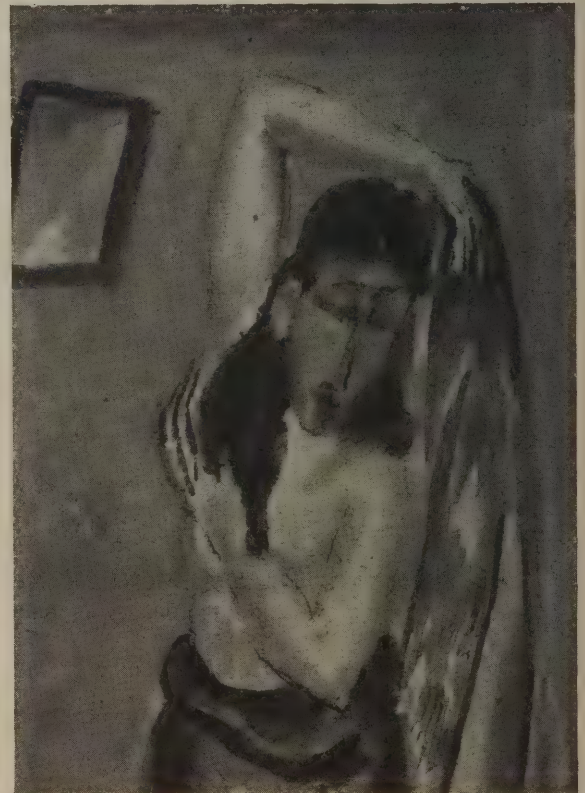
In New York, the season has drawn nearer to its close with several interesting exhibitions. The two outstanding one-man affairs were a group of small paintings in gouache by Max Weber, and a large retrospective exhibit of works by Rockwell Kent.

Max Weber has long been established as one of America's most intelligent and accomplished modernist painters, and the present showing at Neumann's Print Rooms, bears out this general judgment. Weber is one of the comparatively rare painters in this country who are modernistic from inner compulsion. So many, even some who have done interesting work, have come to modernism because it was in the air, because they wanted to be in the movement. But Weber was one of the pioneers, and has all along set a pace for the rest.

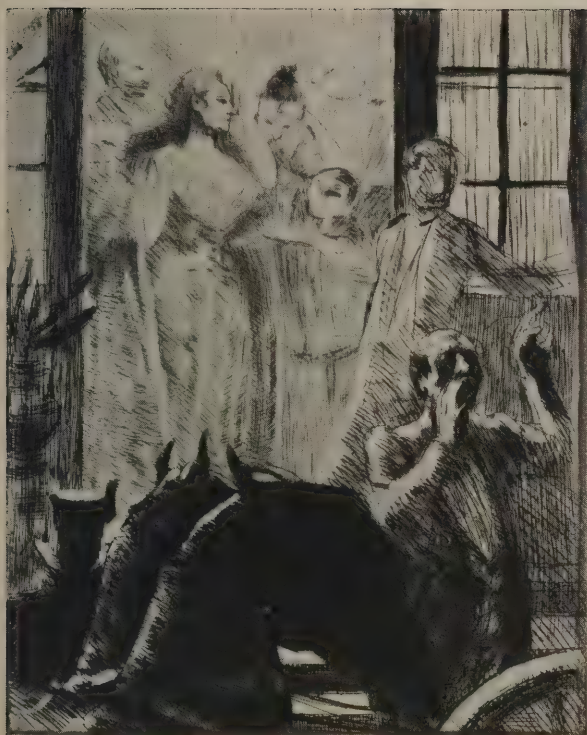
Rockwell Kent, from a quite conservative pupilage, has also worked his way on to a distinctively personal utterance. He is unquestionably a force to be reckoned with in contemporary painting—a fact evidenced, if by nothing else, by the degree of recognition he has already received from the conservatives. His retrospective exhibition, held at Wildenstein's, made it clear that he is successful in proportion to his faithfulness to the objective world. His way of rendering his vision is in itself so per-

sonal that he can never succumb to optical imitativeness; so stylized that the more he abandons himself to the imagination, the more he is in danger of falling into stylistic recipe. Once given this personalized vision, an artist has nothing to lose and everything to gain by wrestling with what is commonly called the "real" world, with the difficulties of giving the essential qualities of specific scenes and objects. For instance, some of the drawings brought back by Kent from Terra del Fuego are deeply refreshing in their penetration into the character of the region. Of course, in the group as a whole, which was exhibited at Weyhe's, could be found echoes of the Alaskan manner; but also a goodly number which could fairly be said to evidence greater maturity in the artist's development.

At Young's Galleries, during May, were to be seen a group of oils by the Venetian woman-painter, Emma Ciardi. To the historical purist she may seem out of place in the world of today, and the derivative elements in her work may for some outweigh any pleasure to be secured from it. But for all that she has a very charming way with her—a delightfully rococo mannerism, which, pushed not



PAINTING (Gouache) MAX WEBER
Neumann's Print Room



LA TRIOMPHE MONDAIN (Etching)
Keppel Galleries ALBERT BESNARD

too far nor analyzed too rigidly, can contribute its share of pleasure to life.

Among the group exhibits, the New York Exhibition at the Belmaison Gallery brought back to notice several familiar canvases and introduced other new ones. In the former division, Charles Sheeler's New York Elevated was the most distinguished, singing out with bell-like clarity; and in the latter Edward Hopper's picture called Apartments stood out as a sincere and thoughtful achievement.

At the Dudensing Galleries were shown a notably interesting group of artists who were discovered by this firm at the last Independent Exhibition—a group comprising Henry Mattson, Louis Eilshemins, Warren Wheelock, Judson Smith and others. At the same time a group of specific paintings chosen from the Independents was on view at the New Gallery. As was remarked two months ago in the note on the Independent Exhibition, it is fulfilling a definite function in the art world today by leading on to just such smaller and more homogeneous shows as these two.

The closing Exhibition at the Whitney Studio Club consisted of one hundred and seventy-nine works in all mediums, including sculpture, by members. There was unevenness, as was to be expected

when the contributors ranged from students to the long-established. But there was life in the exhibition, and unmistakably an air of aspiration; even the examples contributed by mature artists had, generally speaking, no perceptible trace of fatigue or boredom.

The Salons of America, based on the principle which proves so appealing to many nowadays—the principle of "no jury, no prizes"—held its exhibition at the Anderson Galleries. Its more reasonable size as compared with The Independents—some three hundred items as against more than a thousand—made it the more welcome. The proportion of matured and disciplined artists was also higher in the Salons.

Some recent accessions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art are illustrated in this number. One that would stand out in any Museum is the beautiful Chinese Stele, views of which form a triple frontispiece. From the Museum Bulletin may be quoted a brief passage:



LA FEMME A LA PELERINE (Etching)
Keppel Galleries ALBERT BESNARD



LANDSCAPE
Dudensing Galleries

JUDSON SMITH



WINTER LANDSCAPE
Salons of America

ERNEST FIENE

During the summer the Museum is holding a very remarkable Exhibition of the Arts of the Book. The items on view range from the Seventh through the Nineteenth Centuries, and constitute so exceptional an opportunity to become familiar with one of the most important phases of Western Civilization that more extended comment is reserved for another month.

During the recent visit of M. Albert Besnard to this country to serve on the Jury of Award for the

International Exhibition, Pittsburgh, were held two exhibitions of his work—one of paintings at Knoedler's and one of drawings and etchings at Keppel's. Three of the latter herewith reproduced show his technical mastery of the medium and the nature of the subjects that interest him. These also form a part of a similar group now being shown at the Carnegie Institute in connection with the International.

VIRGIL BARKER.



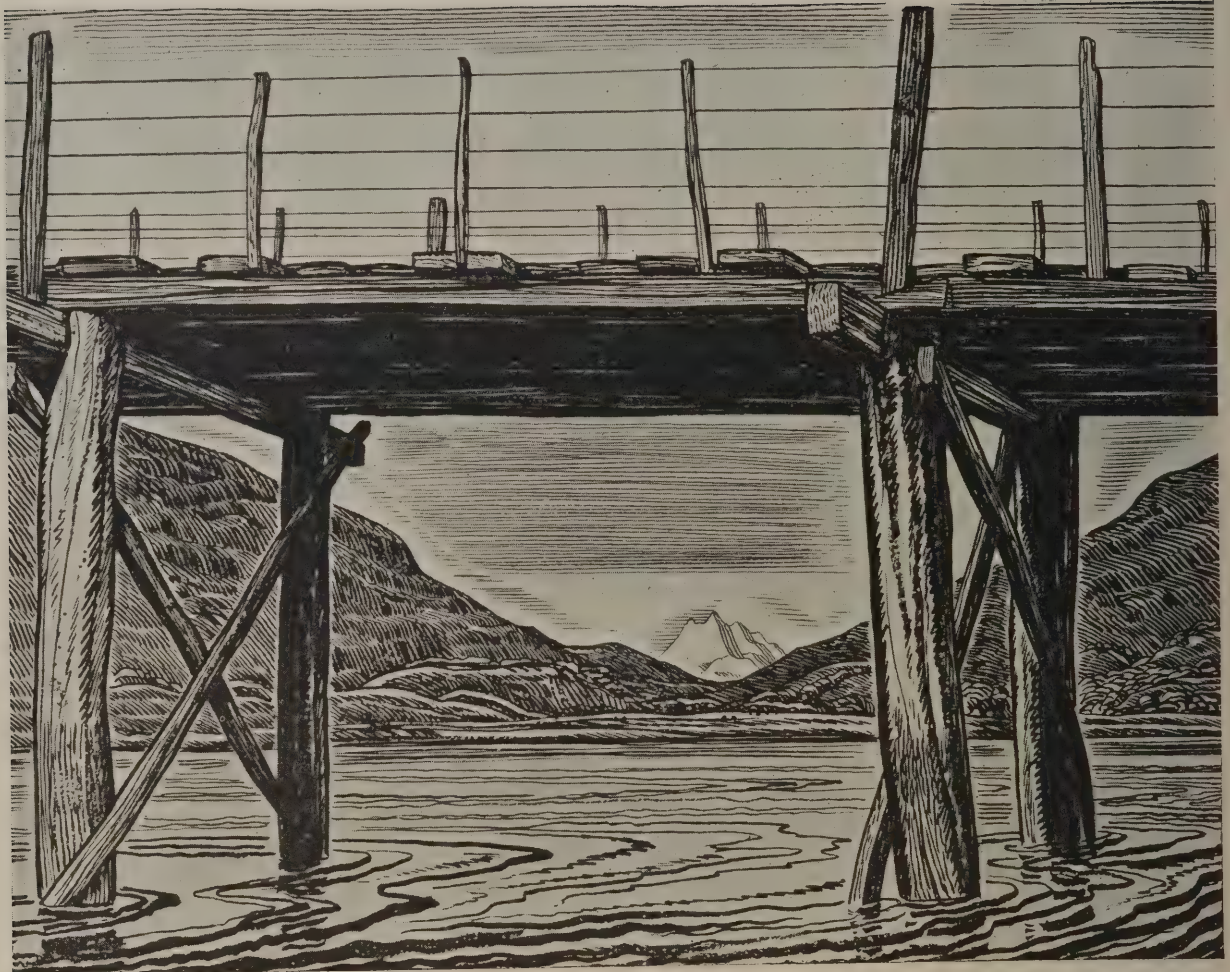
SYMPHONY IN BLUE
Young's Galleries

EMMA CIARDI



BAILEY ISLAND (Drawing)
Weyhe Galleries

ROCKWELL KENT



AZAPARDO RIVER (Drawing)
Weyhe Galleries

ROCKWELL KENT



LA FEMME A L'AIGRETTE (Etching)
Keppel Galleries ALBERT BESNARD

BOOKS

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF CHINESE SCULPTURE, BY LEIGH ASHTON: NEW YORK, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1924. (\$15.00.)

Leigh Ashton's volume is a welcome addition to our collection of books on Chinese Art. It is one of the handsome series of volumes originated by Ernest Benn (London), who has given us in the last few years:

R. L. Hobson's *Wares of the Ming Dynasty*.
Hobson & Hetherington's *Art of the Chinese Potter*.

A. L. Hetherington's *Early Ceramic Wares of China*.

Dame Pope Hennesy's *Early Chinese Jades*.

Arthur Waley's *Introduction to the Study of Chinese Painting*.

All of these together form a set of handbooks on the different branches of Chinese art, plentifully illustrated and with short appropriate historical notices, adapted to the use of the reader of each special volume.

These books do not mean to go very deep into the scientific side of the different subjects. The particular one under review is called an introduc-

tion; and, as becomes an introduction, it shows us the possibilities and pleasures of a nearer acquaintance, approaching near enough to the serious sides of the study to show us that they are there ready to be taken up, but not insisting upon them enough to frighten the timid beginner.

Mr. Ashton's book has one great advantage over the others of the series. He has taken the trouble to come over here and see for himself what the American museums and collections contain. Knowing all the examples, he has chosen his illustrations from the best available. Thus his book escapes the criticism made of some others of the series—namely, that the authors judged only by the pieces they happened to have seen at home, and described and illustrated those only. The quality of Mr. Ashton's illustrations and therefore their usefulness has gained much by his more cosmopolitan outlook.

One quality which this book has in common with its relations is that it is well printed with very large margins; it is heavily bound and has many blank pages. This makes a handsome book but a weighty one for the student to handle, and takes up more space in the library than it should.

The illustrations are good and interesting. They give a consecutive and well grouped general view of Chinese sculpture—something greatly needed, as nothing on the subject had been published. The general history of China and of the sculpture of the different periods is given in a series of short essays, which contain a great deal of useful and interesting information.

S. C. BOSCH REITZ.

JOHN MARTIN, PAINTER: HIS LIFE AND TIME,
BY MARY L. PENDERED: NEW YORK, E. P.
DUTTON & COMPANY, 1924. (\$5.00.)

"Martin, as a painter, is, perhaps, the most original genius of his age. . . . In conception he is more original, more self-dependent than either Raphael or Michaelangelo. They perfected the style of others; Martin has borrowed from none."

A hundred years ago, these words of Bulwer Lytton represented an almost universal opinion among English critics. Today they arouse no response in us except the question: Who was Martin?

Those who had God-fearing grandparents may recall a series of tremendous steel engravings that were the terror of their childhood. The one that they would be most apt to remember, perhaps, is *Belshazzar's Feast*. Amid vast and gloomy perspective of Babylonian architecture, tiny figures flee or stand transfixed, pointing at a great hand which writes on the wall in letters of fire. Another one is *The Deluge*, in which a poor remnant of humanity seeking refuge from the universal ruin is about to be engulfed by the raging waters, while mountains totter on their bases and the blackness is lit with lightning flashes. These scenes of horror were engraved from paintings by **John Martin**.

Born in 1789 at Haydon Bridge, Northumberland, Martin came of a family all the members of which were remarkable in their several ways. His eldest brother William was an inventor of sorts and a writer of innumerable religious pamphlets, in which he gives himself the title of "Philosophical Conqueror of All Nations." Another brother, Jonathan, made a partially successful attempt to burn down York Minster as a "warning" to the Church of England, as a result of which he spent the rest of his life in an asylum.

The fanaticism that wrecked the lives of William and Jonathan was sublimated in John. Living far more in the world of reality than they did, he had the gift of self-expression in the grand style, by which he was enabled to record vividly the horrors bequeathed to him by a Calvinistic theology. The

result was fame and fortune instead of an asylum.

Practically self-taught, he made his first success with *Joshua Commanding the Sun to Stand Still*, awarded the chief prize at the British Institution exhibition of 1816. This was the beginning of a series of immense Biblical paintings culminating in *Belshazzar's Feast*. We are told that the latter "produced an overwhelming effect on the public," so that the exhibition was kept open three weeks longer than usual to accommodate the throngs that wished to see it. Voicing the general opinion, a critic of that day declared that the painter was "among the great geniuses of all time," and the only question in most minds was whether Martin or Turner was the one to succeed to Michaelangelo's crown.

One indication of his popularity was the enormous sale of his engravings, particularly in America. It was said that he made a small fortune from this branch of his art. But appreciation was not confined to the great public. Louis Philippe, the Czar Nicholas I and Leopold of Belgium bestowed decorations and gifts; and the Academies of Brussels, Antwerp and Scotland elected him to membership.

The Royal Academy alone withheld its honors from this dazzling innovator. Martin would not go through the social kow-towing necessary for admission to that august body, nor would he suppress his heretical opinions on social and political questions. But to console him for the lack of academic recognition he had the friendship of some of the most interesting men of his day, among them Dickens, Leigh Hunt, Turner and Constable. New ideas, in whatever field, attracted him; he had that curious combination of scriptural fundamentalism with scientific curiosity that marked so many of the great men of the early Victorian era.

But his interest in scientific matters was not merely that of an amateur. If we may believe all that we hear of him, he was one of the first to agitate for such engineering schemes as an underground railway for London, a municipal sewage system, and "iron ships." Toward the end of his life a large part of his time and energy was consumed in denouncing various villains who, he claimed, had stolen his ideas on these subjects.

The most important later paintings were *The Deluge*, *The Eve of the Deluge*, and *The Assuaging of the Waters*, exhibited in 1840 with a characteristic brochure explaining them, full of quotations from Scripture and the poets—Milton and "my friend Mr. Galt." At this time his vogue

was beginning to wane a little among the cognoscenti but to the great public he was still second to none, and his engravings were as much in demand as ever.

In 1854 he had a paralytic stroke and died two months later. The end was hastened by the fact that toward the last he refused all nourishment, for what reason we cannot tell. As one of his biographers put it, "Whether this drastic course was taken in hope of a cure, or from impatience to renew his creative activity in a higher sphere, must remain conjectural."

His last three paintings, *The Great Day of His Wrath*, *The Last Judgment*, and *The Plains of Heaven* were exhibited around the world after his death, being shown in New York in 1856. The curious may still see in the New York Public Library a "Descriptive Key to the Three Great Paintings of the Late John Martin, K. L.," containing an outline drawing of *The Last Judgment* and a sort of Who's Who to be used in connection with it.

Seldom has a reputation collapsed in such a short time. Within a generation after his death most of his paintings disappeared from public collections, and at the present time he is not represented in any large museum except South Kensington. Even the name seems to have been forgotten. There is an almost uncanny silence in the literature of art on the subject of John Martin.

The present book is an attempt to break this silence and to rescue his name from oblivion. On the critical side it is a curiously half-hearted attempt. Miss Pendered obviously does not trust herself sufficiently to venture an independent opinion on his work, and she confines herself mostly to quoting from the opinions of Martin's contemporaries. It is evident that she turns with relief from his work to his life, and she gives us many pages filled with entertaining if inconsequential talk about his habits, his characteristics and his friends. As a picture of his social life and of the times in which he lived this is interesting and amusing; but somehow John Martin seems to be out of the picture. The gentleman whom she describes may be the gentleman whom his friends and his family knew, but he is not the misdirected genius who painted *The Deluge*. To do justice to that strange figure would require biographical talent of no mean order.

LLOYD GOODRICH.

NICOLAS POUSSIN, BY ESTHER SUTRO (WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN): BOSTON, THE MEDICI SOCIETY, 1923. (\$1.75.)

In spite of the high regard in which the work of Nicolas Poussin has been held by almost every artist and critic of note for the last two hundred years, including men so diverse in their tastes as Ingres, Delacroix and Cézanne, the amount of literature devoted to him is surprisingly small. His austere, uneventful life and the severity of his art have kept him from becoming popular, and he has been overshadowed by his more spectacular contemporaries, Rubens, Van Dyke and Velasquez. There is no book which attempts to reproduce his entire work, and those that approach nearest to doing this are portly volumes intended primarily for the scholar and the wealthy amateur and quite beyond the reach of the average reader.

Mrs. Sutro's aim is far more modest. She makes very little attempt at criticism—in our opinion wisely, as her excursions in this field are marked by a pleasant talent for appreciation rather than by insight. And yet she has produced a book of considerable charm, merely by giving a plain, unadorned account of an artist devoted to his art. Poussin's life was singularly devoid of those picturesque and exciting incidents which are the joy of biographers. He was a student and a hard worker and his only contact with the *grand monde*, at the court of Louis XIII, ended disastrously. His was a life well calculated to disprove the popular belief that an artist's existence is composed of equal parts of wine, women and song.

Out of these unpromising materials Mrs. Sutro has succeeded in creating a quiet, contemplative picture of the man himself, which should serve to introduce many readers to an artist who will amply repay closer study.

As a piece of typography the book is very attractive and the twenty-four reproductions of Poussin's work are well chosen; but they are too small to satisfy the more thorough student and are printed on unnecessarily glossy paper, which has some of the disadvantages of glass over a painting.

In spite of the admirable way in which Mrs. Sutro has treated her subject, we cannot help wishing that she had the critical ability to carry out a more ambitious plan. The need for a generously illustrated and reasonably priced book on Poussin is still unsupplied.

LLOYD GOODRICH.



WINTER

JUDSON SMITH

PAINTING IN THE FAR EAST, BY LAURENCE BINYON: Third Edition, Revised Throughout: New York, Longmans, Green and Company, 1923. (\$10.00.)

It is very heartening to know that this notable work has been so much in demand that another and revised edition is justified. It is the best of introductions to the art of the Far East. It is the work of a poet and philosopher and appreciator; its author writes not as a pedantic compiler of lists and debater over fine points of chronology but as a complete man who conceives of art as a vital experience. This all-important attitude he is able to pass on to his readers, so that the latter obtain a real initiation into another manifestation of life.

Should any reader of this note be about to begin acquaintance with Eastern painting, of which that of China is admittedly the greatest, he would be wise to read this book by Binyon first of all. Let this be followed by Arthur Waley's recently published *Introduction to Chinese Painting*, and this in turn by Agnes E. Meyer's *Chinese Painting as Reflected in the Life and Art of Li Lung-mien*. This course of reading proceeds from the general to the particular, and as it goes progressively deeper it gains correspondingly in intensity, until it focuses upon one individual a whole universe of art.

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE, BY LORADO TAFT: New Edition, Revised and with New Matter: New York, The Macmillan Company, 1924. (\$6.50.)

The work of which this constitutes a new edition is well-known; but that is not so much because of its own intrinsic merits as because it happens to be almost the only volume in its particular field. As long as the author is dealing with the dead he can write freely and honestly about their shortcomings; and this does much to offset his inclination to treat mere good intentions too leniently. But in regard to the living an uncritical amiability goes far to disqualify the professed historian. The revision of this book apparently consists in omitting the photographic plates of the first issue, but not the references to them in the text. The new matter consists of an additional chapter intended to bring the work down to date. In this chapter the author's stock of pleasant and non-committal adjectives is as astonishing as his supply of unknown names. How curious it is that room could be found for page after dreary page of catalogues printed as reading text and nowhere any mention of Gaston Lachaise!

THE BOOKPLATE ANNUAL FOR 1924, EDITED BY ALFRED FOWLER: Kansas City, Alfred Fowler, 1924. (\$5.00.)

This annual is the most artistic creation which comes out of Kansas City. The format is very handsome and the contents most attractive. The current issue contains an appreciation of the designs of Sidney L. Smith by Gardner Teall, another of the designs of Sidney Hunt by James Guthrie, and a plea by Ralph M. Pearson for making bookplates works of art in their own right. On the strictly useful side there are the catalogues of the Ninth Annual Exhibition of Contemporary Bookplates, the Directory of Bookplate Artists, and the Bookplate Exchange List. It is worth noting that the exquisite bookplate by Sidney Smith for A. Edward Newton is printed from the copper plate and that Sidney Hunt's strikingly modern and successful designs are printed from the original blocks. Such

features in a very limited edition render this volume a collector's item.

ON MAKING AND COLLECTING ETCHINGS, EDITED BY E. HESKETH HUBBARD: New York, Boni and Liveright, 1920 (with additional notes, 1923). (\$2.50.)

By means of a series of essays by specially qualified individuals, this volume covers every phase of etching—its nature, its history, its making, its printing, its decorative uses, and its bibliography. The fact that a second issue has been called for is indication that the book is of real help to beginning etchers and beginning collectors.

THE ETCHINGS OF ANDERS ZORN, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND CRITICAL NOTES BY ERNEST M. LANG: New York, Empire State Book Company, 1923. (\$4.00.)

These one hundred and one half-tone reproductions of Zorn's etchings are fairly well printed on a mellow toned paper. They constitute a repertory of Zorn's best known prints and afford an opportunity, lacking the originals, to study his amazing dexterity in forcing the medium to yield its most sensational effects.

NEW PICTURES AND THE NEW GALLERY, WITH A FOREWORD BY JAMES N. ROSENBERG: New York, Privately Printed for The New Gallery, 1923.

This book, which contains reproductions of fifty-eight of the one hundred and twenty-two pictures sold from November, 1922, to May, 1923, at The New Gallery, is published partly for the members of The New Gallery Art Club, partly to indicate the aims and characteristics of art of the present time. The foreword contains a short history of The New Gallery, together with an account of its purpose and organization, and a few words on each of the artists represented. There is also a chronology of activities, a list of members of the Club, and the names of officers and directors.

VISION AND DESIGN, BY ROGER FRY: New York, Brentano's, 1924. (\$2.50.)

It is an excellent thing to reprint Mr. Fry's thoughtful book in a cheaper form. Of course, one misses the handsome illustrations on the large pages of the first edition, but the reduced cost of the present one will doubtless prove ample compensation for many who could not afford the former. The eight illustrations in this issue are for the most part freshly chosen, only two being repetitions. The *Negro Head* (p. 99) and the *St. Peter* by El Greco (p. 208) are especially handsome.

Mr. Fry's volume is one of the most helpful pieces of art criticism which England has recently given us. This author is never guilty of the absurd extremities of language with which Mr. Clive Bell too frequently regales us. He is more honest with himself and his readers in his refusal to over-state, his care never to falsify his thoughts and emotions by a merely startling expression of them. Verbal cleverness is never indulged in for its own sake. Attention is always fixed on the aesthetic emotion itself; nor is this safe ground ever quitted for the clouds of metaphysics and the violences of foreshortened history. *Vision and Design* is a definite contribution to art thought, and in its new dress it will prove its worth to a wider audience.



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Scholars from many countries are appealing to save the Allgemeines Kunstler-Lexikon. Ulrich Thieme, the founder of the great Lexikon, died in 1922. After fifteen volumes of the work had been published; and in June, 1924, the sixteenth volume was published by Messrs. E. A. Leomann. In order to continue this enterprise of inestimable value to art students it is necessary that financial aid be secured to pay the expense of the forthcoming volumes and to save work already done which, unless the Lexikon is continued, will be lost.

To quote from a communication recently sent out by Professor Fiske Kimball, of New York University: "It is believed that \$10,000 will maintain it for two years and produce three further volumes, by which time it is hoped that financial conditions abroad may improve. Two contributions of \$500 each have already been pledged, conditional on the raising, here and abroad, of a total of \$10,000 for this object. Large and small amounts will be equally welcome, but prompt action is necessary to prevent the loss of this invaluable instrument of scholarship in the study of art." Thieme-Becker

has the unqualified backing of many scholars here and abroad, as shown by the fact that among those who have signed appeals to contribute to its support are: Edward W. Forbes, Paul J. Sachs, Allan Marquand, Campbell Dodgson, C. R. Morey, Richard Offner, D. C. MacColl, The Burlington Magazine, and many others.

In the past the following institutions have contributed: The Art Institute of Chicago (Ryerson Library), The Brooklyn Museum, The Cleveland Museum of Art, The Fogg Art Museum, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, The Boston Museum of Fine Arts, The New York Public Library, Princeton University, The Public Library of the City of Boston, The Toledo Museum of Art, The University of Virginia, The Worcester Art Museum.

THE ARTS is glad to give space to these appeals, knowing that its readers will appreciate the great importance of making it possible to complete The Lexikon.

Contributions may be sent to the American treasurer, Fiske Kimball, New York University, 32 Waverly Place, New York City.



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C. W. Keenan, 447 Fulton St.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Max F. Drewelow, 17 W. Chippewa St.
William Hengerer & Co., 465 Main St.

CARMEL, CAL.

The Seven Arts.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Brentano's, 218 South Wabash Ave.

Fanny Butcher's Shop, 75 E. Adams St.

Kroch International Book Store, 22 No. Michigan Ave.

Marshall Field & Co., Book Section.

The Chicago Book Store, 62 East Monroe St.

Walden Book Shop, 307 Plymouth Ct.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Richard Laukhuff's Book Store, 40 Taylor Arcade.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

McClelland & Co., 141 N. High St.

DENVER, COLO.

Herrick Book Co., 934 15th St.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

Fidler & Pearlman, 511 Grand Ave.

Hyman's News and Book Store, 407 Sixth Ave.

DETROIT, MICH.

Macaulay Bros., 1268 Library Ave.

John V. Sheehan & Co., 1550 Woodward Ave.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Print Rooms, 1748 Sycamore Ave.

J. W. Robinson Co., Book Dept.

MIAMI, FLA.

The Community Bookshop.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Hampel's Book Shop, 221 Wells St.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Mabel Ulrich's Bookshop, 71 So. Twelfth St.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Beacon Book Shop, 26 W. 47th St.

Belgorod, Sixth Ave. and 11th St.

Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 27th St.

Clinton Bookstore, 62 West 8th St.

Hotel Brevoort, Fifth Ave. at 8th St.

College Book Store, 1224 Amsterdam Ave.

Columbia University Press Bookstore, Broadway at

116th St.

Einsel, 34 E. 58th St.

I. Ginsburg, 75 West 9th St.

Gordon & Margolis, 32 East 59th St.

Hanfstaengl, 153 W. 57th St.

Jimmie Higgins, 127 University Place.

Holliday Book Shop, 10 W. 47th St.

Montross Gallery, 550 Fifth Ave.

Sunwise Turn, 53 E. 44th St.

Times Building, Basement.

Wanamaker's, Broadway at 9th St.

Washington Sq. Book Shop, 27 W. 8th St.

M. J. Whaley, 749 Fifth Ave.

Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave.

OMAHA, NEB.

Holtz News Co., 103 N. 16th St.

McLaughlin & Barnhart, 206-208 South 14th St.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Centaur Bookshop, 1224 Chancellor St.

George W. Jacobs & Co., 1628 Chestnut St.

Wanamaker's, Market St.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Jones' Book Shop, 437 Wood.

Kaufmann's, Fifth Ave.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

J. K. Gill Co., S. E. Cor. 5th and Stark Sts.

Rogers' Candy Store, B'way and Yamhill St.

RICHMOND, VA.

L. P. Levy Co., 603 East Broad St.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Artemesia Book Shop, 1155 6th St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Paul Elder, Books, 239 Post St.

French Book Shop, Stockton St.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Brentano's, 11th and F Sts.

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